



EMPRESS EUGÉNIE



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT KILLARNEY, 1909,
With the Princesse de la Moskowa, *née* Princesse Eugénie Bonaparte.

Frontispiece.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

1870—1910 : HER MAJESTY'S LIFE SINCE "THE TERRIBLE YEAR." TOGETHER WITH THE STATEMENT OF HER CASE · THE EMPEROR'S OWN STORY OF SEDAN · AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXILE AND LAST DAYS · AND REMINISCENCES OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL · FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES

By EDWARD LEGGE    

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILE LETTERS

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“ I am left alone, the sole
remnant of a shipwreck ;
which proves how fragile
and vain are the grandeurs
of this world . . .

“ I cannot even die ; and
God, in His infinite mercy,
will give me a hundred
years of life.”—EUGÉNIE.

PREFACE

“It is all very beautiful—for the moment,” said Alfred de Musset, as he descended the stairs at the Tuileries one night, “but I would not give two sous for the last act!” And the Empress Eugénie, when asked, at the Hôtel Continental, if she would receive some comparative strangers, is credited with replying: “They only come from curiosity; they want to see the fifth act!”

Of some of the scenes comprising “the last act,” I was an insignificant spectator. One was the illusory French “victory” at Saarbrücken, when the boy-Prince first saw the realities of war; another, the day long combat round Sedan, described in these pages by the Emperor Napoleon himself. I owe this document to the good offices of M. Adrien Hébrard, Editor of the *Temps*.

To M. Gaston Calmette, Editor of the *Figaro*, I am doubly indebted: first, for his eloquent and convincing defence of the Empress Eugénie; and, next, for M. Lucien Alphonse Daudet’s picture of the Empress in her Hampshire home—a romantic narrative, fascinating alike by its poetical charm and its verisimilitude, and worthy of the distinguished name of its creator.

Yet another eminent Parisian has largely contributed to make the volume something more than an ephemeral production; this is M. Arthur Meyer, Editor of the *Gaulois*, to whose kindness I owe the privilege of printing Comte Fleury’s vivid narratives of the Emperor at

Sedan and at Wilhelmshöhe, written from the notes, letters, and conversations of his celebrated father, the General, whose name is treasured by many, His Majesty the King included.

Nor must I omit to pay tribute to M. le Comte d'Hérisson, M. Alfred Darimon, M. Pierre de Lano, M. James de Chambrier, and the Comte de La Chapelle, from whose painstaking historical works I have cited valuable information—unobtainable elsewhere, after the lapse of many years—bearing upon the lives of the illustrious exiles in England. M. Augustin Filon shows us, as none but himself could show, his much-loved little pupil, the Prince Imperial, long ere the Emperor and Empress dreamt that Lowell's dread warning,

“A shout from Paris, and thy Crown flies off!”

would one day apply to them as it had applied to another Sovereign of France, Louis Philippe.

Thirty-seven years after the event, Dr. Debout d'Estrées, a well-known practitioner at Contrexéville and Nice, generously contributes important evidence concerning the precise cause of the death of Napoleon III., and records the advice given by Sir William Gull to the Emperor not to submit to an operation. The Emperor disregarded the warning; and Dr. Debout d'Estrées now assures us that His Majesty's death resulted from blood-poisoning—not, as the Comte de La Chapelle asserted, from “an overdose of chloral” administered, at the request of some of the doctors, to induce sleep.

I enjoyed from the day of the Emperor's death the friendship of the late Monsignor Goddard, of St. Mary's Church, Chislehurst, to whom the Emperor confided the religious education of the Prince Imperial. The boy

"was as a son to me," said the worthy priest. To Mr. George Goddard (one of his two brothers) I owe the numerous "papers" left by the Monsignor; and I gratefully acknowledge the gift. Among the documents were the original letters written to the priest by, and on behalf of, the Empress, and some addressed to the priest by the Prince Imperial.

I informed M. Franceschini Pietri, the Empress Eugénie's secretary, precisely how I had become possessed of this imperial correspondence, adding that, should the Empress disapprove of the publication of any part of it, I desired to present the whole of the letters to Her Majesty. Had my offer been accepted, none of the letters would have been published. But it was not accepted; nor was it communicated to the Empress, for a reason explained in M. Pietri's courteous letter to me which is printed elsewhere. Every letter written by and for the Empress to Monsignor Goddard reveals the imperial lady's kindly feeling and unfailing generosity. Those who have passed harsh judgments upon her will be softened by them; and for that reason I am glad that the responsibility of giving them to the world was imposed upon me. Monsignor Goddard's will, I was informed by the solicitors, Messrs. Russell and Arnholz, 3, Great Winchester Street, contained no reference to these letters or to any other of his "papers."

Remembering how often he had expressed to me his dislike of "interviewers," I was agreeably surprised at finding among the Monsignor's manuscripts one boldly headed, "My First Interview with the Empress Eugénie," which now sees the light nearly forty years after it was written. At the end of February, 1910, there appeared in the Paris *Matin* "a conversation

with the Empress Eugénie," recorded by the well-known Italian journalist, M. Antonio Scarfoglio; and, by the courteous permission of the Editor of the *Matin* and of M. Scarfoglio, I have been able to give some extracts from this literary *tour de force*. M. Scarfoglio may not know that he enjoys the distinction of being the first professional writer to "interview" the Empress; for Monsignor Goddard is, of course, *hors concours*. I venture to assert that Her Majesty has, until now, remained in blissful ignorance of the fact that in the first months of her exile she unconsciously posed to the Chislehurst Mission Priest for a portrait which is throughout of a very striking character.

The object originally aimed at was to record the most noteworthy events in the lives of the august exiles from the dates of their arrival in England—the Empress and the Prince Imperial in September, 1870, and the Emperor in March, 1871.

The scene at Camden Place on the day of the Emperor's unexpected death has been dwelt upon—not, it is hoped, at undue length. For, as M. Jules Claretie, writing in the *Temps* on the last hours of the late King of the Belgians, has well put it: "It is that which is not reported, it is the intimate and poignant detail, the *ensemble* of the *menus faits*, of which Stendhal speaks, which compose the real tragedy." Some may recall, too, Comte Albert de Mun's recent article, in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, descriptive of the funeral of the Comte de Chambord ("Les Derniers Jours du Drapeau Blanc"), in which he narrates the discussions, the rivalries, the pretensions, the terror, the bewilderment, the bitternesses, around a coffin.

The Comte de La Chapelle relates what he saw and heard at Chislehurst on January 9, 1873, and to his

grim story I have added my own "intimate and poignant details" of the sombre picture at Camden Place that winter afternoon. It was "the last day," not of the Monarchical White Flag, but of the Tricolour. And less than seven years later a gun-carriage rumbled over the Common, and the bright folds of the Union Jack drooped caressingly over another coffin, with our Princes as pall-bearers, the while a Queen and her daughter bore a childless Empress tender company at gloomy "Camden." As in 1879 a knot of fellow-workers joined me in recording the valour and the virtues of the "little Prince," so now, thirty years after the tragedy, I have striven to perpetuate and keep for ever green and untarnished his fragrant memory.

From Monsignor Goddard's literary remains, and from a variety of other sources—all, I trust, duly acknowledged—I have woven a comprehensive narrative of the futile "conspiracies" at Chislehurst and in Brussels for the restoration of the Bonaparte dynasty. It is difficult to arrive at the exact truth of these Imperialist plottings. Confirmation of some of the more important passages appears in the entertaining and instructive "Notes from Paris" published in *Truth* on February 10, 1910, *à propos* of the Baron and Baronne de Bourgoing :

"The Baron had an unlooked-for effect as a political agent of the Empress Eugénie and her son [when, of course, at Chislehurst] in bringing the Versailles Assembly to vote the Republic. A former soldier in the Baron's service, whose family had been under an obligation to Gambetta, used to give the latter information as to the Bonapartist agitation in the Nièvre. He came upon a paper, which he or somebody else purloined, giving figures and other details that

more than confirmed all his communications. It was shown confidentially to the principal men on both sides of the Assembly, save, of course, those few who clustered round M. Rouher. They all saw how serious the conspiracy had become, and they agreed to feign belief in the paper having been dropped in a railway carriage by Baron de Bourgoing, and picked up by a fellow-traveller, a Republican. This led to all the Moderates of every section agreeing to draw up a Constitution. M. Wallon, a religious Gallican candidate, framed that instrument, which a Select Committee of the Assembly had thrashed out. It was voted by a majority of a single voice, and we have lived under it thirty-four years."

The above, then, is a valuable item of evidence concerning the restoration plot at Chislehurst. The Baronne de Bourgoing (as the writer reminded us) is the lady who was pre-eminent at the Français in her day, first as Mademoiselle, and then as Madame, Reichenberg.

The facts respecting the intended issue, after her death, of the pretended "Memoirs" of the Empress Eugénie were courteously communicated to me by M. Franceschini Pietri.

The Bonapartist Princes have very courteously aided me by gifts of new portraits. A lady who has been a devoted friend of the Empress Eugénie for many years generously placed at my disposal her valuable collection of rare photographs of the imperial family; and from other ladies who have long enjoyed the intimate friendship of Her Majesty I have received generous encouragement and advice. It was not possible to utilize in this volume a tithe of the valuable portraits of the Empress, the Emperor, and the Prince Imperial presented or lent to me.

E. L.

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EMPERESS EUGÉNIE

CHAPTER I

AT HOME IN ENGLAND

“When, the day after the battle of Sedan, the Prince de la Tour d’Auvergne officially informed the Empress Eugénie that the Emperor was a prisoner, she exclaimed: ‘You lie, sir! He is dead!’

Later, M. de Vougy handed her a telegram, and she read: ‘The army is defeated. I am a prisoner.—NAPOLEON.’”

THE war was raging, the siege of Paris had begun, Napoleon III. was still the King of Prussia’s prisoner at Wilhelmsöhe, when, in the autumn of 1870, the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial took up their abode at Camden Place, Chislehurst.

The mansion received its name from the famous antiquary and historian, William Camden, who, whilst residing at Chislehurst, wrote his “Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.” After the death of Camden, who was buried in Westminster Abbey in November, 1623, the estate passed into the hands of the Pratt family, one of whom, Sir Charles Pratt, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was raised to the peerage some century and a half ago as Baron Camden of Camden Place, Kent. Antiquarians of the past found in the little park an object of interest in the shape of a celebrated piece of archi-

ecture known as the "lantern of Demosthenes" or "choragic monument of Lysicrates."

Before "Camden" passed into the hands of Mr. N. Strode, it was uninhabited for many years, probably because a double murder had been committed there. The tenants, an old couple, were the victims of an undetected, though not an unsuspected, criminal. With the aged pair their son and one servant had lived. The latter disappeared immediately after the murder; the son was arrested, but no evidence connecting him with the crime was forthcoming, and, after the inquiry, he continued to reside in the house until his death. By his own wish he was buried in the tomb which contained the remains of his parents, and on the stone he caused to be engraved the mystic words: "Fear not; it is I." The Prince Imperial, strolling through the graveyard, discovered the epitaph, and was then told the story of the crime.

"Perhaps," said the Prince, "that inscription was the murderer's confession. Entering his parents' room, he may have exclaimed, to allay their suspicions and to render his ill-deed the easier of execution: 'Fear not; it is I.'"

The Prince often discussed the tragedy with those friends who visited the Emperor and Empress, and sought their opinion of his theory.

A new version of the Empress's departure from the Tuileries on September 4, 1870, has been recently published. Here, then, it is only necessary to note that Her Majesty, accompanied by Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki, was safely escorted by Mr. Evans to Deauville, and was landed at Ryde by Sir John M. Burgoyne on the 8th. The little party rested at the York Hotel for a few hours, and then crossed in the ordinary

steamboat to Portsmouth. During the day it had been ascertained that the Prince Imperial was at Hastings, and thither the Empress at once proceeded.

On the day of his mother's arrival at Ryde the young Prince had reached Dover, and had immediately been taken to Hastings by Commandants Duperré and Lamney and Comte Clary, who had escorted him from Ostend. The Emperor had parted from his son shortly before the fighting at Sedan, and the poor boy had been taken from place to place until the final stage of his wanderings, Ostend, was reached. The sojourn of the Empress and the Prince at Hastings lasted from September 8 until September 24, when they left for Chislehurst.

As descriptive of *choses vues*, the impressions of a lady who witnessed the arrival of the illustrious exile at Hastings may be cited from the *Westminster Gazette* :

" I was strolling on the East Parade, when I noticed that loungers halted in evident anticipation. 'The Empress Eugénie is coming from the station,' said someone to me. Soon, in an open fly, there appeared two ladies in black, one of these, very pale, but perfectly serene, middle-aged, and handsome still, gracefully acknowledging the salutations of the onlookers. It was the Empress. Joined by her son and his tutor, the little party spent some days at the Albion Hotel. Their wishes for entire privacy were respected ; indeed, very little interest was taken in the imperial refugees. Every morning, in fine weather, mother and son would climb the East Hill (not then, as now, disfigured by a lift), and revel in the sea-blow and the view. On the eve of departure the little Prince called upon the Mayor to thank him for the undisturbed quiet they had enjoyed, and for the respectful aloofness of the population. . . . In

1855 I was at a Peckham boarding-school, and I remember that all the girls were called up to some spot—I forget where—to see the Queen, Prince Albert, the Emperor Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie pass on their way to the Crystal Palace. Never shall I forget that vision of a loveliness which seemed positively to scintillate. The Spanish are notably a handsome race, and in the person of this golden-haired Andalusian was realized the perfectibility of form, feature, and colouring."

A moving scene was enacted at Dover one March day in the following year, and it was witnessed by a curiously-composed crowd of French and English. The gaze of the assemblage was riveted on a beautiful, stately woman and a slim youth, who were anxiously awaiting the incoming of the Ostend boat. The woman was the Empress of the French, the boy the Prince Imperial, the central figures in a group of relations and friends—Prince Murat, Prince (Jérôme) Napoleon, and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte (a resident in London) amongst them.

As the steamer came alongside, the excitement of the watchers became more intense, for they had already recognized on the deck Napoleon III., General Fleury, Baron Hekren, and another of the Murats—Prince Achille. A few minutes later the Emperor, all smiles, was clasping his consort in his arms, and "passionately" kissing his son. The boy saluted his father on both cheeks.

To officially welcome the former ruler of France, there came—of all men in the world—the Coroner, Mr. W. H. Pain, who, addressing the Emperor, said :

"As Mayor of Dover, I received your Majesty on

the occasion of your visit to England, as Queen Victoria's guest, fifteen years ago, and I now repeat my salutations."

The Emperor smiled, said a few words of thanks, and then, with the Empress (who could not restrain her tears, and looked somewhat frightened at the extraordinary "demonstration") and the Prince Imperial, slowly moved towards the South-Eastern terminus. The crowd pressed round the imperial trio, and progress was slow; sometimes all three were almost lifted from their feet. However, aided by the police, they at length forced their way to the Lord Warden Hotel amidst vociferous cheering, the waving of hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, and shouts, by French and English alike, of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" The Emperor and his son shook hands impartially with friends and strangers, and pressed the tiny palms of children; ladies and men kissed the imperial lady's hand. When the party entered the special train, there were seen with them Comte Davilliers (the equerry who had been by the Emperor's side throughout the campaign, never leaving him, in fact), Drs. Corvisart and Conneau (also his companions), M. Raimbeau, M. Franceschini Pietri, Mme. Conneau and her son, Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki, Major Dickson, M.P., and Lady North (who had accompanied the Empress from Chislehurst to Dover). A warm greeting awaited the exiles at Chislehurst, and to the accompaniment of more cheers and salutations they drove to Camden Place, eighteen waggon-loads of luggage preceding them.

As the Emperor set foot on English soil, he once more tasted the joy of freedom. To a man who had known six years' imprisonment in a French fortress,

detention in a German château—a palace, rather—for less than seven months was comparatively pleasurable. As he had entered it—very corpulent, grey-haired, sallow-complexioned, with bright piercing eyes and turned-up moustache, wearing the full uniform of a general minus a sword—so he had departed from it with all the honours accorded to Sovereigns. The last day of his captivity was March 19. It was a Sunday, and, although the preliminaries of peace had been signed, no order from headquarters for the release of the prisoner was received until the Friday previous. On Saturday Marshal Bazaine and his wife arrived to take leave of Napoleon. Prussian officers assembled early, and the Catholic Dean of Cassel was there to celebrate Mass in the château for the last time. The guard of honour was composed of men of the 83rd Regiment, and when the Emperor appeared at the portico they presented arms and the fifes and drums played. He inspected the guard, and then entered one of the eight royal carriages which had been provided to take him and his attendants to the railway-station. The carriage containing Napoleon was drawn by four superb Trakhene stallions, sent from Berlin by the Emperor William's orders. General Count Monts sat on the left of Napoleon, General Vaubert and Commander Heff opposite. At the station a full band, with six drums, played the great "Zapfenstreich," which had greeted the captive on the day of his arrival, four days after the battle of Sedan; and, said an eyewitness of the last scene of all: "I never saw him so moved before. He walked up and down in front of the soldiers presenting arms, then took off his hat in salutation of the troops, not being able to suppress a tear in his eye.

He shook hands with General Monts ; and then he was gone."

Wilhelmshöhe had a familiar ring in the ears of Napoleon III., and he could recall the time when it was Napoleonshöhe, the residence of his uncle Jérôme, King of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon I., and grandfather of Prince Victor, the present Bonapartist Pretender. King Jérôme was so far from being a pillar of morality that the good folk of Westphalia cried aloud at his doings. The tale of his evil courses naturally penetrated to the Tuileries, arousing Napoleon I. to a show of indignation. "Brother Jérôme Napoleon," said his elder, "you are fond of good cheer and of the ladies : the first intoxicates you ; the second make you talked about." Napoleon III. chanced to be visiting his cousin, Elise Baciocchi, in the Morbihan, when news was brought him that Jérôme was seriously ill—that his end was approaching. The Emperor sent for Cardinal Morlot, begging him to go to the King immediately. "Napoleon I. died a Catholic," said the Emperor, "and I wish my uncle Jérôme to die 'properly.'" The Cardinal started forthwith for Napoleonshöhe, and so the wicked old monarch's last moments were solaced "with all the sacraments of the Church."

The crowd at Dover had cheered the Emperor as if there stood before them some great English captain fresh from victory.

"What are we to think," asked the *Times*, "and what will the Germans think, and what will the French people think, of all this effusive and unqualified admiration ? What, indeed, will Louis Napoleon himself think of it when the quietude of Chislehurst enables him to review the events of the

day ? For the last six months he has been treated as the scapegoat in a great national calamity. The French sympathizers in this country, conscious of the weakness of the French cause, visited all its faults on the ex-Emperor's head. It was he, they said, who had plunged France into war and conducted her to inevitable ruin. They would not even recognize the provocation drawn from the aggrandizement of Prussia, or the satisfaction with which, until its disasters began, the war was held by the most prominent classes of Frenchmen. They laid at his door every piece of misfortune. . . . It is hard to discover in the terrible events of the last eight months any one incident or purpose which entitles Louis Napoleon to the applause of popular acclamation. . . . What becomes of all the lavish sympathy with France 'after Sedan' if the 'Man of Sedan,' after all, is found to be the idol of the hour ? . . . It must appear, we imagine, to Germans, Frenchmen, and all other people who read the story, that Englishmen lend themselves to the work of the moment with most unthinking minds. We, as a nation, have less complaint against him than any other, and it would certainly be hard if a refuge which is never denied to political exiles should be rendered unpleasant to one who has so often proved himself our friend."

When the Emperor landed, it was seen that he was somewhat stouter, and much greyer, than he had been before his captivity—before that September morning when he tendered his sword to the victorious monarch, and telegraphed to the Empress :

"I am the King of Prussia's prisoner. Take the Prince to England."

Camden Place was not unfamiliar to the Emperor. He remembered it as the home of a charming girl, with whom he had been smitten in his earlier days.

Miss Emily Rowles, who at that period in the history of Louis Napoleon resided with her father at "Camden," had looked favourably upon the young Prince—had, in fact, accepted him. All the arrangements for the marriage were made. Miss Rowles had received numerous presents, amongst them being some valuable furs and other things which had belonged to the Empress Josephine and to Louis Napoleon's mother, Queen Hortense. But Miss Rowles no sooner heard of the infatuation of her wooer for one Miss Howard than she broke off her engagement to the Prince, and subsequently married the Marquis Campana, an Italian nobleman. The Marquis was at a later date involved in a financial scandal, in which the Italian State pawnshop, the *Monte di pieta*, figured, and was imprisoned. In her wifely distress, the Marquise appealed to her old flame, and the Marquis was liberated as the result of an urgent request from the Tuileries, where, by this time, the rejected of Emily Rowles was beginning to attract the world's attention as Napoleon III.

The large house facing the common had been taken, furnished, for the imperial exiles by the late Mr. Thomas W. Evans, an American dentist then, and for many years subsequently, practising in Paris. The owner of the property was the late Mr. N. Strode, whose place of business was in Trafalgar Square. It has been told of him (I know not with what accuracy) that he had predicted that "something would happen" to cause the Emperor to take refuge in this country, and that "Camden" would one day become His Imperial Majesty's home.

Until the Emperor's death, the semblance of a

Court was maintained at Camden Place. A number of relatives and friends made it their occasional home. The best known of these partisans of the overthrown dynasty were the Princes Murat, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, Baron Gourgaud, Baron Jérôme David, M. Lavalette, M. Henri Chevreau, the Casabianca family, and M. Clément Duvernois. M. Rouher flitted to and fro, and his word was law until the Emperor's arrival from Germany. But he was always a power at Chislehurst.

Prominent official members of the imperial household were the Duc de Bassano, the Comte and Comtesse Clary, Dr. Baron Corvisart, Dr. and Mme. Conneau, M. Franceschini Pietri (still the secretary of the Empress, as he had aforetime been secretary of the Emperor), the Comte Davilliers (formerly premier écuyer), Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki (sister of General Bourbaki, who had commanded a corps during the war, Mme. de Arcos, and Mlle. de Larminat. Mme. Lebreton, Spanish by birth, was for years a great favourite of the Empress. She had lost her son, a delightful young man, in the war, and had made many sacrifices in order to reside with the Empress in England. The Rev. I. Goddard (afterwards raised to the dignity of a Monsignor), who was in charge of the Catholic Church of St. Mary, was a daily visitor at Camden Place. Later came the Duc de Cambacérès.

A legion of domestics soon came into being ; amongst them were Delafosse, maître d'hôtel ; Uhlmann, the Prince Imperial's valet ; and Alexandre, the chef, with two principal assistants. It was a large establishment, necessitating the employment of a numerous staff of servants. On September 10 there had reached

Harwich twenty-two of the Emperor's horses, two carriages, and a portion of the imperial cortège at Sedan. Sixteen servants accompanied this contingent, of which Comte Dauré had charge.

Shortly after the defeat at Sedan, M. Augustin Filon came to England, and soon became a well-known figure in literary and social circles. He was the young Prince's tutor. M. Lennheim taught the Prince German, and M. Richards mathematics. The Emperor himself instructed his son in history and "the art of government." In October the Prince became an occasional student at King's College in the classes for mathematics and physics, going to and fro daily. Then he passed into the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich with his friend, young Conneau—Louis Napoleon Eugène Jean Joseph Conneau, son of Dr. and Mme. Conneau (the lady with the beautiful voice, who later entered the ranks of professional singers and teachers, and was first heard at the Crystal Palace).

Shortly before the Emperor's arrival at "Camden" the Prince Imperial joined the Chislehurst troop of the West Kent (Queen's Own) Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by the Earl of Darnley. The Prince, in plain clothes, attended one drill of the troop on Chislehurst Common, and Quartermaster Holland was instructed to prepare his uniform and accoutrements as a "ranker." A Bonaparte serving as a full private in an English yeomanry regiment—this was what to-day would be called a "record." But I fancy that the Prince's connection with the Chislehurst troop was a brief one, only a prelude to the "Academy." Later in the year the Prince welcomed the arrival of a dear old friend—Tambour, his

favourite pony, which Princesse Mathilde had purchased at one of the sales of the imperial effects, amongst them being the horses and carriages which had formerly belonged to the Sovereigns. During the siege the animals had been worked very hard, and had greatly depreciated in actual value, yet they all realized high prices, and the carriages and the mess plate of the old Imperial Guard were eagerly bid for when they, too, came under the hammer.

The Emperor spent most of his time in his study, writing much and reading much, and devoting all his leisure to the instruction of his son. For many years—long before the war—he suffered acutely from an internal malady; this caused him unspeakable agony when in the saddle, and during his scarcely two years' residence at Camden Place he was seen on horseback only three times. One saw him, on a handsome "mount," inspecting the cadets from Woolwich, drawn up in parade order before Camden Place; once he rode slowly to Bickley, but when he had got back to "Camden" he was so exhausted that he had to be almost lifted from the saddle. A good rider, with a perfect "seat," he was an attractive figure on horseback. He liked to stroll on the common, usually leaning on the Empress's arm, and sometimes accompanied by the Prince. The favourite walk was to St. Paul's Cray Common. Everybody seemed to know them, and gave them respectful greeting. Sometimes the Emperor would stop at a certain shop, and have a familiar talk with the parrot, Jacob, the joy of the establishment. Clubmen read, with not a little amusement, that the Emperor had been elected a member of the "Corinthian," in Regent Street! Many people had recognized the Emperor and

Empress as they drove through the crowded West End to Buckingham Palace on the great day of the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

It was a life of quiet dignity that was lived at the big house. Monotonous it assuredly was not. A man who has ruled a great empire cannot, even if he would, suddenly assume the character of a humdrum country gentleman. The crown had been trampled into the mire, Alsace and Lorraine torn away from France, an indemnity of £200,000,000 levied, and the country "occupied" by the Teutons, who were in partial possession when Napoleon III. landed at Dover. But there were many who, as will be narrated, dreamt of, and worked for, a restoration of the overthrown dynasty, remembering that, if anything happened to the fallen Emperor, there was the boy-Prince growing into manhood. The Emperor could not avoid seeing and conferring with those who "dreamt dreams," as he himself had done aforetime. An army of courtiers and officials, of ambassadors, generals, and admirals, with crowds of the smaller fry, had been, by the chances of war, expelled from their posts and reduced to nothingness. What more natural than that these clamorous "out-o'-works" should besiege Chislehurst? Every week saw them crossing the Channel and demanding admittance to Camden Place. De-throned Cæsar had to receive them, even had to assume a certain cheerfulness, *nolens volens*. It is pleasant to know that there were also many, very many, genuine friends who came on a mission of consolation and affection; and what a warm welcome there was for such!

That Napoleon III. had a rare capacity for making,

and keeping, friends was one of his virtues, tacitly admitted by even his bitterest adversaries, and he had them in abundance to the end. He had his English friends, too, and others who, although not of our own country, resided here. Of the former (to name only two or three) were Lord and Lady Sydney and the Mr. and Mrs. Borthwick of those distant days. Mr. Borthwick (the late Lord Glencesk) was a sage counsellor as well as a cherished friend ; in fact, the editor-proprietor of the *Morning Post* had been *personâ grata* at the Tuileries for some twenty years before the war, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Sovereign.

Napoleon III. was indifferent to what are called the pleasures of the dinner-table. He preferred plain fare when he could get it. His favourite dish was *perdreux aux choux*, but it was seldom placed on the table owing to the obstinacy of Alexandre (the chef at Chislehurst) and his wife. Comte Clary would go to the kitchens and personally tell the cook that His Majesty wished to have partridges (with sweet cabbage) for lunch or dinner. Alexandre called the gods to register his vow that the birds should be served in obedience to the Emperor's command. But the partridges seldom, if ever, appeared, a frequent excuse being that none could be got.

"I thought we were to have *perdreux aux choux* to-day," the Emperor would say, in his mild, drawling tones. And there would be an explosion of wrath from the other side of the table, for Clary was less disposed than his imperial master to put up with the chef's whims and crotchets. It required something more than the absence of partridges from the menu to disturb the equanimity and phlegm of Napoleon III.

There was not a little quiet entertaining at Camden Place in 1871 and 1872, although less than there might have been had it not been more and more recognized that the Emperor's health was visibly declining. His indomitable will seemed to enable him to defy the insidious march of his malady, and many share the opinion of those who knew him best that but for the bitter humiliations consequent on the disasters of 1870 his life might have been prolonged.

He was a most melancholy contrast to the Emperor whom I first saw in Paris one 15th of August, the Festival of the Assumption, the great Bonapartist fête-day. Emperor, Empress, and little Prince were together. Streets and houses were flagged, bells rang, bands pealed, troops of all arms swarmed (to young eyes and vivid imaginations there appeared to be millions), the crowds (those *must* have been "in their millions") cheered, gesticulated, and waved hands, hats, and pocket-handkerchiefs in a delirium of pleasure. I recall the pointed waxed moustache (so grey and limp at Chislehurst), the tuft on the chin, the keen eyes, the calm, melancholy, inscrutable face, and the dignified pose. I had heard much, and read more, of the dash and pluck of his soldiers when they stood shoulder to shoulder with ours in the Crimea; and for this I felt—we felt—that it was due to him to shout with all the force of young lungs: "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Impérial!" The Empress was lovely; no need to dwell upon that. She was the most divine creature we had ever seen—with one exception, nearer home. The bonny Prince smiled all over his sunny face—smiled, and saluted most correctly.

I had seen Imperialism in all its splendour and

magnificence. In the long-after I was to see it in its tragic humiliation, through the smoke and fire and blood of the battle-field, and to hear the requiems chanted for the father and the son.

Chislehurst all at once sprang into fame, and when it became known that the imperial family attended church on Sunday mornings, the early trains from Charing Cross and Cannon Street invariably took down varying numbers of curious and interested people, of all classes and all creeds, Catholics perhaps being in the minority. Father Goddard did not at all appreciate this incursion of sight-seers. It required the exercise of not a little diplomacy to gain admittance to the church. The priest was a very outspoken man, and thoroughly sincere in all he said and did. He disliked to see paragraphs about the church in the newspapers, and there was consequently very little love lost between him and the unfortunate reporters. He was one of the best-informed men in England and France on Bonapartist happenings. For some reason or other he did not seem quite to "hit it off" with Archbishop Manning, who had not at that time received the Cardinal's hat. Perhaps Father Goddard did not display quite as much deference to the famous prelate as the latter expected, and exacted, from all his clergy. The appearance, in after-years, of volume upon volume from the pens of French authors of note, rending the veil which had hitherto concealed the skeletons of the last Empire, vexed and annoyed the worthy priest.

The people who flocked to Chislehurst Sunday after Sunday were actuated by natural curiosity to get a glimpse of the dethroned Emperor and Empress and their child-son on their way to church. The

friendly relations which had existed for upwards of a quarter of a century between Queen Victoria and the imperialist couple counted for very little, if indeed for anything, with our public in 1871, and by hundreds of thousands in this country the Emperor was still regarded as an adventurer who had waded through blood to a throne.

But the Empress! Every woman in the land, from the Duchess to the milliner's errand-girl, had "something nice" to say of the imperial lady. It was enough, and more than enough, that she had "set the fashion" as long as most women cared to remember. Even the outrageous crinoline was sanctified in the eyes of the British matron and her daughters from the moment of its adoption by the beautiful arbitress of fashion. There was a time when to wear the hair *à l'Impératrice* was a sign of social distinction. And was there not the "Eugénie lift" (of the dress)? When she came to Chislehurst she was only forty-four, and still lovely. All Englishwomen had a tender word for her and for the Prince, who in a couple of years shot up into a young man, dignified, yet the reverse of stiff, gaining the affectionate friendship of his fellow-students at Woolwich, and, indeed, of all who were brought into contact with him. In build and vivacity he resembled the late King Alfonso of Spain.

Those who visited the Empress at Chislehurst, shortly after her arrival, noticed, to their surprise, that she looked well and cheerful. She talked very hopefully of France, and evidently believed that the majority of the French people still regarded Napoleon III. as their lawful ruler.

"The Empress," said one of the guests—a lady—

“loves France more than she loves power, and anyone who will aid in saving France from Prussia she looks upon as her friend.”

This favoured person noted that on the day of her visit Her Majesty's dress was a brown walking costume. The petticoat was of brown silk, trimmed with three flounces of velvet, over which were a tunic and jacket of brown merino of the finest texture. The tunic was trimmed with flounces of silk of the same shade; the jacket, like the petticoat, trimmed with velvet. It was a “simple little jacket, fitting her lovely shoulders most perfectly; slashed at the sides and back, and trimmed all round with one row of velvet ribbon, an inch and a half wide. At the wrists were deep pointed cuffs, with little gold buttons extending from the bottom of the sleeve to the point of the cuff; and at the neck a small velvet collar. The tunic was very full, and looped up most gracefully. Around the throat she wore a white tie, with a large bow in front. Her gloves were of silk, very long at the wrists—the shade a light buff. Her sun-umbrella was similarly buff-coloured, lined with green silk. Her small black straw hat was bound round the rim with black silk—the rim narrow and drooping; on the left side was a large bow. The veil was of black thread lace.” In her right hand the Empress carried a substantial brown cane, not for ornament, but for use. She wore no jewellery of any kind. The ladies in attendance had black hats similar to that of the Empress, and all wore silk petticoats, with tunics and jackets of some other material. Some of them, imitating their imperial mistress, carried walking-sticks; others used their umbrellas as canes. The men wore dark grey trousers, black coats, and round-

toed boots. The Empress walked about the grounds, escorted by one of the gentlemen, and the other members of the party followed in couples.

I have heard it said that, until the Emperor's death, the imperial family's expenditure at "Camden" was at the rate of £12,000 a year. An intimate friend of the exiles waxed pathetic on their *faibles ressources*, and seemed surprised that the stables contained not more than three or four carriage horses, two serving as the mounts of the Emperor and his son. The same gentleman had observed, too, that the lodge-keeper was a woman. As a matter of fact, the lodge was kept by a man—a perfect Cerberus—and his wife. The imperial finances, so far as they are known, are detailed in a later chapter. When the Empress first inspected Camden Place, she told the owner, who looked more French than English, that she feared it would be beyond their "mediocre resources." They could not, she said, afford to pay more than 12,000 francs a year for a house.

"Well, your Majesty," replied Mr. Strode, a generous-minded man, anxious that the illustrious exiles should be suitably housed, "I am only asking £500 a year" (12,500 francs). And at that rental the furnished mansion passed into the hands of the Sovereigns.

When the amiable landlord married, in 1872, the Empress offered to surrender the lease, but Mr. Strode declined Her Majesty's gracious suggestion. The story, narrated on the authority of Mme. Octave Feuillet, that the Empress had to exercise the strictest economy in the expenses of her table, lamp-oil included(!), need not be taken too seriously. There is reason, however, in the remarks which fell from the

lips of an attached French friend of the imperial trio : “*Malgré* the certainty that the resources of the Emperor’s private domain were notoriously sufficient, and more than sufficient, to pay the debts of the civil list, M. Thiers persisted in retaining under sequestration the *biens privés* of the Empress, even her furniture. Thus we had the strange and deplorable spectacle of the representatives of their Majesties being forced to present themselves at the public auctions which took place at the Louvre, for the purpose of buying porcelain, linen, and everything that was necessary for the residence at Camden Place.”

What a mournful New Year’s gathering was that at Camden Place in 1871 ! The Empress held a levée, her first, and assembled around her between fifty and sixty of the principal French families then residing in England, some of them exiles, like herself and her son. To meet them there were the Duc de Persigny, the Marquis de Lavalette, Baron Jérôme David, M. de Bonville, and M. Rouher. The absent one at Wilhelms-höhe was in the minds of all. The Empress had thrown off the depression which had weighed her down after the failure of her efforts to obtain an honourable peace, and was almost cheerful. The young Hope of France was overwhelmed with congratulations upon his bravery under fire.

CHAPTER II

FIRST MONTHS OF EXILE

FROM the earliest days of her arrival in England, the Empress devoted herself to the greatest task of her life—the effort to arrange terms of peace. It was still September, the month of Sedan. The Germans were marching on Paris, which they girdled on the 19th, eleven days after the Empress had found a refuge at Hastings; Metz and Strasburg were besieged; Gambetta was organizing the army of national defence; many months of warfare were before the combatants.

Hastings was the scene of an episode which, trivial almost farcical, in its origin, speedily assumed dramatic importance, and had a resultless termination.

In the second week of September, on or about the 13th, Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki received a letter, signed "Regnier," of whose existence she had been hitherto unaware. The writer simply announced that he "placed himself at the disposal of the Empress." M. Regnier wrote simultaneously to Count Bernstorff, the Prussian Ambassador to our Court, asking if the King would not prefer to discuss terms of peace with the Imperial Government rather than with the chiefs of the Republic. If the Ambassador approved of the suggestion, the amateur diplomatist expressed his readiness to start forthwith for Wilhelmshöhe, and

requested the Count to furnish him with a passport.

The identity of this audacious intervener became of deep interest to the diplomatic body, and of course to the Empress Eugénie. Regnier, who had studied law and medicine, was, it appeared, the partner of a business man in this country, and desired to shine in politics. Whether he was inspired by pure patriotism, or by a less worthy motive, still remains an enigma, without any prospect of absolute solution.

Mme. Lebreton informed M. Regnier that the Empress had no reply to make to his letter. Regnier, unaffected by this rebuff, wrote again to Mme. Lebreton, suggesting that the Empress should protest against the election of a "Constituante." He followed this up by a third letter, hinting that it would be well to open negotiations with Bismarck direct. To this missive the Empress replied, through Mme. Lebreton, that she regarded the interests of France rather than those of the dynasty, and would not interfere with the measures which were being taken for the defence of the country. Perhaps the French view is right—that Count Bernstorff did not regard Regnier's acts in an unfavourable light; and, strange as it may now seem, it is possible that Regnier was, to a certain extent, justified in boasting that he could obtain, by way of the Imperial Government, better terms than could be got by "the soi-disant Republican Government." Be this as it may, his avowed object was to act as an intermediary between Bismarck and the ex-Regent at Hastings.

In his "Souvenirs of the Emperor William I.," the author (Schneider), who had been His Majesty's secretary, remarks that "Bazaine would not recognize

the improvised Republic. He detested some of the generals who were shut up in Paris, and was ready to employ his army for the re-establishment of the Empire, if he were allowed to get out of Metz." Bazaine, then, was evidently a man for the invaders to get in close touch with. But how? By a sort of miracle Regnier had appeared. Here, then, was a negotiator ready to hand. Beyond doubt, Bismarck was made acquainted with that adventurous gentleman's proposals, and made up his mind to take advantage of the extraordinary opportunity. Seeing, however, that the Empress would have nothing to do with Regnier, despite Count Bismarck's backing, Bismarck consented to see M. Jules Favre.

But let us return to M. Regnier. The 16th of September saw him at Hastings, fuller than ever of his self-imposed mission, which, had it been successful, would almost certainly have preserved the Bonapartist dynasty. Regnier, having failed to secure the Empress's co-operation, had recourse to a little ruse. He addressed himself this time, not to Mme. Lebreton, but to M. Filon, the Prince Imperial's tutor. Filon told him that the Empress would not associate herself with any intrigues. Regnier was not abashed; the person who could discomfit him had yet to be found. He was more insistent than ever. He intended, he said, to go straight to Wilhelms-höhe and see the Emperor personally; the Prussian Ambassador had authorized him to do so. He handed to M. Filon a photograph of Hastings, and asked the Prince Imperial to write upon it a word for his father. The youth ultimately scribbled upon the picture, "*Mon cher papa, je vous envoie ces vues d'Hastings. J'espère qu'elles vous plairont.*"

Regnier read in the *Observer* that Jules Favre was about to have an interview with Bismarck. The Prussian Consul in London visé'd his passport, and on September 20 Regnier was at Ferrières, where he found Favre and the Chancellor. In those days the journey from London to Ferrières bristled with difficulties. Regnier, however, who had been treated as a negligible quantity by the Empress, surmounted all obstacles, apparently, with ease. The despised of Hastings was welcomed at Ferrières by Bismarck! When he called upon the Count, he was admitted without delay. Bismarck, who had learnt all about the would-be intermediary from Count Bernstorff, would not allow him to go to Wilhelms-höhe; he had other work for the man from London. A second time Bismarck and Regnier had a lengthy conversation, and the upshot of it all was that Regnier was despatched to Metz to sound Bazaine! Brimming over with enthusiasm, Regnier boldly declared to Bismarck that he would go, if necessary, to Strasburg as well as to Metz, see the commandants of both, and induce them to capitulate in the name of the Imperial Government! "Act," said Bismarck to the stranger whom he had only known a couple of days, "so that we may have before us someone capable of treating for peace, and you will have rendered your country a great service." The Count handed Regnier a safe-conduct, signed with his own hand, and thus conceived: "I require officers commanding the allied forces to let M. Regnier pass without hindrance, and to facilitate his journey as much as possible." So Regnier started for Metz, elated beyond measure, and promising Bismarck that not only would he see Bazaine, but would bring from

the besieged town a general who would go to England and would come to an understanding with the Empress Eugénie ! The *rusé* intermediary had ascertained, before leaving London, that General Bourbaki (then at Metz) was the brother of Mme. Lebreton, and he meant to turn this knowledge to full account.

It has been asserted that Bismarck, deceived by the course of events after Sedan, dreading the *levée en masse*, fearing the long continuance of hostilities, and perhaps the final intervention of the neutral Powers, had recourse to the basest form of intrigue in order to obtain possession of Metz by seducing its commander-in-chief, and so disposing of one of his principal adversaries. The balance of evidence, however, shows that Marshal Bazaine did not require much tempting, but was only too anxious to capitulate. His bitterest assailants have been his own countrymen. His own countrymen adjudged him a traitor, deserving of death. The Empress had been his warmest admirer and supporter, but even she repudiated him after his flight from St. Marguerite.

While Regnier was speeding to Metz, Bismarck again conferred with Jules Favre, and made great play with the Hastings photograph. "This," he said, showing the picture as if by accident, "was the passport of a personage who yesterday morning entered upon *pourparlers* with me." Bismarck omitted—perhaps forgot—to tell M. Favre that the Empress had censured M. Filon for allowing the Prince Imperial to scribble a few words upon the photograph, and that Her Majesty had warned the Emperor that she had in no way authorized Regnier to introduce himself in her name. Bismarck admitted to Favre that the "personage" in question had requested to see

the Emperor, "who," said the Count suavely, "is not the prisoner, but the guest, of Prussia."

Just about this time (September 23) Herbert Bismarck had informed his father by letter that the Prussians were surprised at the attentions lavished upon Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe, and the Count had replied: "A Napoleon who is well treated is useful to us, and that is all that matters. Vengeance belongs to God. The French must remain uncertain whether the Emperor will be given up to them. This will increase their dissensions."

Regnier, with Bismarck's recommendation in his pocket, found his way to Prince Frederick Charles, who had him conducted to the French outposts. He was soon in the presence of Bazaine, who listened to the recital of the business upon which he said he was engaged—that of concerting with the Empress (!) to save the Army of Metz and to obtain favourable terms of peace for France. Bazaine confided to the adventurer his willingness to capitulate with the honours of war, excluding the town of Metz, which was to remain French territory. Regnier went back to Prince Frederick Charles and reported Bazaine's proposal. The "Red Prince" (whom we were to know later as the father of the Duchess of Connaught) answered that both the army and the town must capitulate. Regnier was reconducted into Metz, had another interview with Bazaine, and requested the Marshal to send General Bourbaki to England. Bazaine consented that that officer should visit the Empress, who had only just then taken up her residence at Chislehurst. Bazaine issued the following order (which appears in the "Papiers Tachard"):

"September 24, 1870.—Her Majesty the Empress-

Regent having expressed a desire to see Divisional General Bourbaki, commanding the Imperial Guard, that officer is authorized to visit her."

Bazaine seems to have been a simple-minded individual. He took for granted all that Regnier told him, and apparently did not hesitate to believe that the writing on the Hastings photograph was really the Prince Imperial's, although there was no other evidence except the intermediary's bare assertion. Bazaine carried his indiscretion to extraordinary lengths, for he confided to the mysterious Regnier, with whom, as we have seen, the Empress would have nothing to do, the all-important fact (if it was a fact) that the provisions of the besieged force would suffice only until October 18. Thus did the Marshal give away the secret of the defence, well knowing that Regnier would pass it on to Bismarck.

Bourbaki was equally credulous. His sister had accompanied the Empress in her flight from the Tuileries, and at the moment of Regnier's appearance at Metz was with the imperial lady at Hastings. Why had not Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki given Regnier a letter of introduction to her brother? Is it possible that neither Bazaine nor Bourbaki suspected that Regnier was "put up" to visit them by the arch-enemy of France?

Towards the end of September, Bourbaki, aided by Regnier, now a "personage" indeed, was smuggled out of Metz disguised as a Luxemburg doctor, and, provided with every facility, proceeded to England. Regnier simultaneously returned to Ferrières, where he handed to Bismarck a photograph of Bazaine bearing the Marshal's signature, and on behalf of Bazaine requested Bismarck to formulate "moderate" terms

of peace. Bismarck, surprised that Regnier's only authority to treat for a conclusion of hostilities was an autograph photograph, telegraphed to the Marshal asking if Regnier was really empowered to negotiate for the surrender of the Army of Metz. Bazaine replied, through General von Stiehle, that he would capitulate, with the honours of war, provided that Metz itself was allowed to remain French. The Marshal further offered to send General Boyer to Prince Frederick Charles with full explanations. This proposal was so far satisfactory to Bismarck that he gave poor Regnier his congé without more ado.

In due course—about September 28—General Bourbaki reached England. Needless to say that the Empress was astounded when he presented himself at “Camden.” She asked him if the forces at Metz were prisoners, and how he had contrived to escape. Bourbaki was dumbfounded. He told the Empress that he had come to England at her request, and with his chief's permission. Her Majesty replied that she had never asked to see him, and that all she had to say was that neither directly nor indirectly had she had any communication with Marshal Bazaine. Bourbaki, deeply humiliated, and recognizing that he had been duped by Regnier's plausible assurances, described the terrible condition of Lorraine and of France generally, but so distressed was the Empress at his narrative that the interview came to an abrupt end. On the following day she informed Bourbaki that she would not treat with Prussia; were she to do so, it would be interfering with the Government of the National Defence, which could obtain better terms than she could hope to get; for she knew that M. Thiers was at that moment consulting the neutral

Powers. All that she could do was to appeal to the Emperor of Austria, to whom she had written a second time.*

Bourbaki's troubles did not end with his journey to Chislehurst. His honour had been cruelly wounded by Regnier's trickery ; he had become an object of ridicule ; it only remained for him to get back to Metz as quickly as possible and take up his command. With this object in view, he addressed himself to Lord Granville, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. Through the good offices of the head of the Foreign Office and Count Bernstorff, the General was authorized to return to Metz. On the Luxemburg frontier he was stopped by the Prussian outposts, acting upon the order of Prince Frederick Charles, who apparently treated with contempt Count Bernstorff's declaration to Lord Granville (October 4, 1870) : " Prince Frederick Charles has received from me an order to permit, and to assist, General Bourbaki to return to his post at Metz to fulfil his duty. Regnier gives one the impression of being a spy, but he seems to have honestly desired to serve the Empress Eugénie in sending Bourbaki to her."

Foiled in his endeavour to return to Metz, Bourbaki on October 8 wrote to Gambetta, reporting what had occurred on the frontier, and how Regnier had made him believe that the Empress wished to consult him personally respecting a treaty, containing conditions honourable to France, proposed to Her Majesty by Bismarck. Bourbaki explained how, at Chislehurst, he had been undeceived by the Empress,

* The letters addressed by the Empress Eugénie to the Emperor of Austria, the Tsar (Alexander II.), and the King of Prussia, are printed with the other imperial correspondence.

who had never expressed a desire to see him—a statement which had “struck him to the heart.” The General assured Gambetta that he was ready to return to his command ; if, however, that was impossible, he put himself forthwith at the disposal of the National Defence. As the Prussians had broken faith with him, Bourbaki was thereupon given, first, the command of the Northern Army, and, next, that of the Eastern Army—with disastrous results which need not be recapitulated.

Bazaine, in the early part of October, recommenced *pourparlers* with Bismarck, and on the 12th General Boyer left Metz for Versailles, accompanied by two Prussian officers. Boyer’s mission was fruitless, and on the 18th he returned to Metz and made his report to Bazaine and the officers composing his council. It was resolved to send Boyer to England for the purpose of explaining the situation to the Empress and obtaining her opinion and advice. The General laid Bazaine’s and his council’s views, and certain propositions emanating from Bismarck, before the Empress, who had visitors at Camden Place in the persons of M. Rouher and the Duc de Persigny. Boyer was empowered to ask the Empress (*inter alia*) if she would write a letter releasing the Army of Metz from its oath of fidelity to the Emperor, and giving it full liberty of action ; but whether that request was ever actually made is doubtful. The proposals submitted by General Boyer were considered for two days. Rouher and De Persigny were by no means averse to them ; but the Empress saw the hand of Bismarck in everything which was placed before her, and would consent to nothing.

The Government of National Defence did not at all

appreciate these secret interviews of Bourbaki and Boyer with the Empress—a fact impressed upon her by Prince Metternich, who could, and did, proffer advice to her with the frankness of an old friend. Her Majesty, who at this period retained much of that impulsiveness which had characterized her from her youth, assured the Austrian diplomatist that she so fully appreciated the patriotic efforts of the Republican Government that she would not dream of attempting to counteract them in any way ; she only desired to do everything in her power to mitigate the situation which would be caused by the fatal capitulation of Metz—an event which Boyer had assured her was only a question of hours. “ You cannot,” said Her Majesty, “doubt my patriotism when you see how I am effacing myself and reserving my rights until the conclusion of peace. I want to save the last army we have, even at the price of all my hopes.”

It had been rather wildly suggested that the Empress should journey to besieged Metz, and take her son with her. This proposal she very wisely declined to accept, knowing that her presence amidst the former imperial army would necessarily have a bad effect. The Empress begged Lord Granville to inform the authorities at Tours that on no account would she abuse the hospitality offered her by England by taking part in what would have the appearance of an intrigue ; and that communication was transmitted by the Foreign Minister to the Government of the Republic through M. de Chaudordy.

After her interviews with General Boyer the Empress took a very bold step. On October 22 she wrote, with her own hand, to Bismarck, requesting an

armistice for a fortnight, with permission to revictual the forces at Metz. "I am prepared," she wrote, "to give Marshal Bazaine plenary powers, and to nominate him Lieutenant-General of the Empire. If you consent, it is all-important that you should send word to the Marshal immediately, and let him procure provisions. I await your answer before sending General Boyer with my instructions."

Bismarck's reply soon reached Chislehurst. He pointed out that an armistice was impossible: "Marshal Bazaine has not adhered to our conditions, and we shall be compelled to effect by force of arms, and probably against the Army of Metz, the performance of the treaty. The King will not treat except upon the conditions which I have made known to General Boyer, none of which have been fulfilled." Bismarck had hoped that the Army of Metz would have officially adhered to the Government of the Empress-Regent, and would have accepted a treaty which included the cession of Alsace and a portion of Lorraine, leaving the conquerors a free hand to impose other conditions.

Upon learning that the Empress had refused to comply with the demands of Prussia, Bismarck telegraphed to Bazaine as follows (October 24):

"I have to point out to you that, since my interview with General Boyer, none of the guarantees which I informed him were indispensable before entering into negotiations with the Imperial Regent have been fulfilled; and that, as the future of the Emperor's cause is in no way assured by the attitude of the nation and the French armies, it is impossible for the King to engage in negotiations the results of which His Majesty would have to get accepted by the French nation. The proposals which reach us from

London are, in view of the actual situation, absolutely unacceptable ; and I have to state, with deep regret, that I no longer see any chance of arriving at a result by political negotiations."

General Boyer, on his return from Chislehurst, had been informed by Bismarck that the Prussian Government had demanded the cession of Metz, and the signing by all Bazaine's principal officers of a document recognizing the Regency and undertaking to re-establish it. Bazaine had not dared to reveal those conditions to his officers, especially after Bismarck had informed him of the decisions of the Empress.

The curtain now rose on the last act of the tragedy of Metz. Bazaine signed the capitulation, and was escorted to Germany. At daybreak on October 29, while torrents of rain fell and the wind blew great guns, he scurried out of Metz incognito, having refused the honours of war for his brave troops and delivered the flags into the hands of an enemy which had not captured a single standard on the battle-field. His words of farewell to France were : " This business [the capitulation] will have at least its good side. It will cause Paris to cease its resistance, and it will restore peace to our unhappy country." Unfortunately, the fall of Metz had no such effect. Paris continued its resistance more determinedly than ever, and peace was not signed until nearly four months later.

And what, it will doubtless be asked, became of Regnier ? Thrown over by Bismarck, he returned to London. He was arraigned, tried for treason (in his absence), and sentenced to death for treasonable conduct. Immediately after the sentence Bismarck wrote to him from Varzin as follows (October 2, 1874) :

“In view of the sentence which a French council of war has just pronounced upon you, you have asked me to repeat what I said to you at our last interview respecting my opinion of your conduct. I do not believe that my testimony can be as useful to you as you hope it will be. People are still overexcited, and the majority of your compatriots, who misrepresent me and unjustly believe me to be the enemy of France, will reproach you for what I may say in your favour. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to repeat to you that your conduct has never appeared to me to be inspired by any other motive than courageous devotion to the interests of the country, which, in your opinion, were identical with the interests of the imperial dynasty. I favoured the execution of your plans in the belief that their realization would accelerate the conclusion of peace by placing the Imperial Government—the only one which we then recognized—in relations with the Army of Metz, which seemed to remain faithful to it. Once these relations had been established and consolidated, we should have found ourselves in presence of a Government sufficiently strong for us to have negotiated and concluded peace in the name of France. I can state upon my honour that you never received or requested any advantage, and that in allowing you to enter Metz I believed I was facilitating your performance of a patriotic act, and one calculated to bring about the conclusion of peace.”

Regnier is said to have died at Ramsgate in 1888.

Ill-success attended the Empress's laudable efforts all along the line. Five days before Bazaine signed the capitulation of Metz Her Majesty had an interview with Count Bernstorff (October 23). The Prussian Ambassador was well aware what she would say, and how profitless any discussion of the terms of peace would be. He knew that the cession of Alsace and

most of Lorraine was a *sine quâ non*, plus a heavy indemnity. The interview, then, was foredoomed to failure. It is to her credit that, at this supreme juncture, the Empress did not preoccupy herself with the question of the restoration of the Empire.

Napoleon III., "Prussia's guest" at Wilhelmshöhe, was kept *au courant* of all that occurred at Ferrières, at Versailles, at Chislehurst, and in London. He gave advice from time to time, and several French politicians did likewise, not always concurring in the Emperor's views. M. Clément Duvernois and some others considered that the Empress exaggerated the dishonour which would result from any cession of territory, and agreed with Count Bernstorff that she would have done well to have resigned herself to the inevitable. But she was deaf to all such counsels. "No," she said, "I should prefer to pass the rest of my life with my son in exile. I would, however, consent to renounce all the rights of the imperial family, and to its banishment from France for an indefinite period, if I could bring matters to a happy issue."

To the faithful, but not necessarily judicious, few who surrounded her at "Camden," and who sometimes gave her absurd advice, the Empress said: "The question of the future form of government in France must be relegated to the background. The essential point is the independence of the country. I will take no step which might be considered likely to result in dividing or weakening the forces of France in front of the enemy."

She wrote a pitiful letter to that enemy—to the monarch who had been her guest at the Tuileries three years before:

"I appeal to the King's heart, to the soldier's generosity. I beseech your Majesty to regard my request favourably. Its success is the one indispensable condition for securing a continuance of the negotiations.

"EUGÉNIE."

King William replied from Versailles on October 26. After referring, "not without regret," to the past, and remarking that Prussia had not desired war, His Majesty continued :

"When, at Ferrières, negotiations appeared to be proceeding in your Majesty's name, they were cordially received, and all facilities were given to Marshal Bazaine in order to put him in communication with your Majesty ; and when the General [Boyer] came here it was possible to arrive at an arrangement if the conditions precedent had been fulfilled without delay. But time has run on without the indispensable guarantees for entering upon negotiations being given.

I love my country as you love yours, and consequently I understand the bitternesses which fill your Majesty's heart, and my compassion for them is very sincere. But, after having made immense sacrifices for the defence of Germany, it is certain that the next war will find us better prepared to repel that aggression upon which we reckon immediately France has strengthened her forces or secured allies. It is this melancholy consideration only, and not the desire to increase the extent of my country, which is quite large enough, that compels me to insist upon the cessions of territory, which have no other object than that of setting-back the *point de départ* of the French armies which will come to attack us in the future.

I cannot judge whether your Majesty was authorized to accept, in the name of France, the conditions which Germany demands ; but I believe

that by accepting them your Majesty would have spared your country many ills, and would have preserved it from the anarchy which to-day threatens a nation whose prosperity the Emperor had developed for twenty years."

This letter came as a great shock to the Empress, who may well have thought that she could never endure more intense suffering. She had yet, however, to realize the deepest depth of human affliction.

That bellicose Bonapartist journalist, M. Paul de Cassagnac, whom I remember as a prominent figure at the Emperor's funeral, narrated this interesting incident :

"On the day of my first visit to Chislehurst, I was talking to the Empress and the Prince Imperial, when the strains of military music were heard outside. The soldiers of the garrison of Woolwich had extended their military promenade as far as the imperial residence. The Empress put on her bonnet rapidly, and said to me, 'Come along, and I will show you a little of the English uniform.' We followed her into the park, where a small force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had halted. A crowd of people soon gathered. The Empress was received with marks of respect. The men took off their hats, the women bowed, and the children ranged themselves in rows. In the midst of this general homage it was really comic to recognize by their impressed mien the two or three French spies that the police of the Republic latterly kept on duty round Camden Place. Then the march-past began, and the officers saluted the Empress ; while the Prince, in his cadet uniform, and mounted on a superb horse, passed rapidly on the flank of the troops, accompanied by his young school comrades. Never in France, in the greatest period of the imperial splendour, was a review held in the Carrousel with more honour than this review in the

land of exile. This reception given by England to the imperial family is the most remarkable incident of grand and touching hospitality that history affords. I should have thought it exaggerated had I not seen it myself. I have often asked myself the real meaning of it, and I can explain it in only one reasonable way. The English are a people eminently practical, whose common-sense is proverbial, and who, in the life of a nation as in the life of a man, view things from a serious point only. With them the imperial family represents France, great and powerful during twenty years—the France which, while she was their ally, gave them the half of their natural supremacy in the affairs of Europe. And when the imperial family passes in the midst of them, they salute it as the France they regret, and such as they hope to see again."

CHAPTER III

THE EMPEROR'S LAST DAYS AT CHISLEHURST

NAPOLEON III. had been in England less than a week when the Prince of Wales visited him, and conveyed the pleasing intimation that the Queen, then at Windsor, would be glad to see the Emperor. Three days later Napoleon (escorted from Chislehurst by Colonel Du Plat, Her Majesty's Equerry-in-Waiting, accompanied by Prince Joachim Murat, and attended by a small suite) visited the Queen. The date was March 28, 1871.

Thousands of people lined the streets at Windsor ; at the station all the influential inhabitants awaited the coming of the monarch whose name had been on all lips since the day of Sedan. The Emperor was received by his neighbour, Lord Sydney (then Lord Chamberlain) ; Mme. la Maréchale Canrobert, with whom were her two children, Marcel and Clare, remained in the waiting-room. M. Marcel was in Highland costume, and, with becoming pride, carried a large bouquet. The Emperor alighted from the train amidst great cheering and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" This hearty greeting evidently gratified him, for "he smiled pleasantly and bowed." A resident at Windsor (Mrs. Macdonald) advanced, with on either side the Canroberts ; and M. Marcel, with much dignity and a low bow, presented the flowers to his

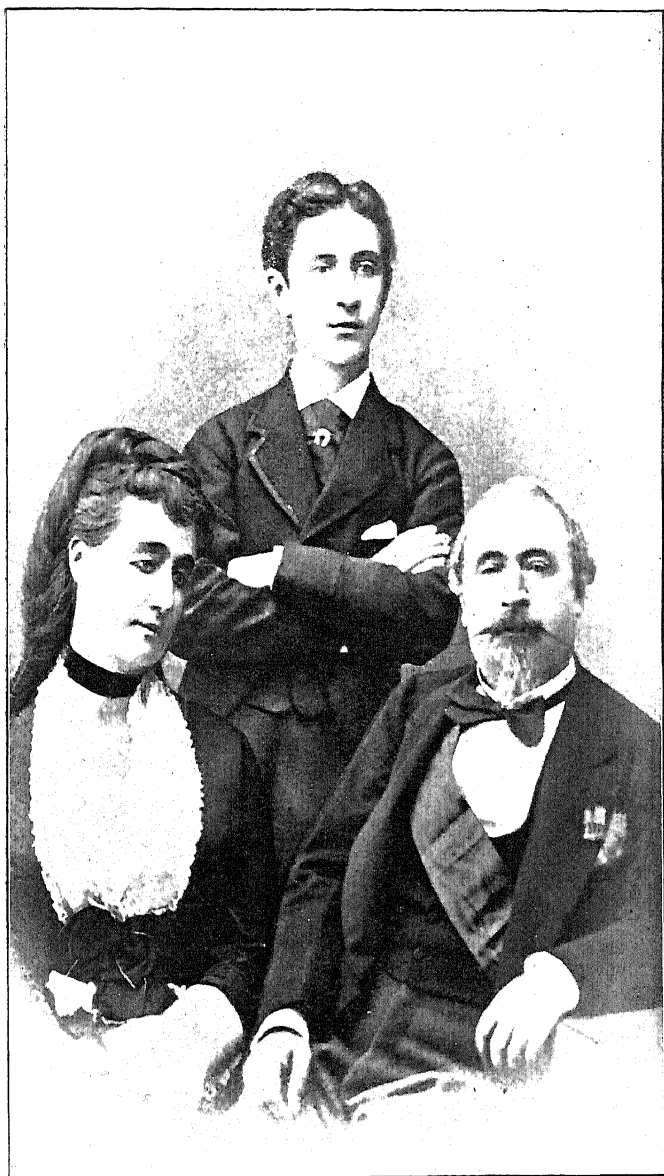
gallant father's chief. This bouquet was a rather amusing novelty to the Emperor, who gracefully thanked the donor "for his kindness." The Queen's private suite of waiting-rooms were placed at the disposal of the Emperor, who, to use the familiar *cliché*, "received an ovation all along the line of route." The august visitor remained with the Queen for a full half-hour, and was "seen off" by Lord Sydney and the Earl of Mountcharles. There were great scenes at his departure. Colonel Du Plat accompanied Napoleon back to Camden Place. The Court Circular stated that the Emperor was received by the Queen and the Royal Family, attended by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, at the entrance-hall, and that Prince and Princess Christian had come from Frogmore "to pay their respects to His Majesty at the Castle."

Queen Victoria's first visit to the Emperor (she had been to Chislehurst four months previously, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, to condole with the Empress) was paid on April 3. Prince Leopold was with his mother, to whom the Emperor fully explained how the disaster at Sedan had been brought about.*

Early in the year the Empress, and later the Emperor, invited that well-known officer who is now General Sir Henry Brackenbury to visit Camden Place. "The Empress talked to me," says Sir Henry,† "of the time when the news of the tragedy of Sedan had arrived, of Trochu and of the promises he had made, and of the Paris mob. 'I am only a woman,' she said, 'and I had the fate of Marie Antoinette in

* *Vide* the Emperor's own detailed narrative of the disaster.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1909.



H.H.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III., AND
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

At Camden Place, Chislehurst, 1871.

To face p. 40.

mind.' She was much moved, and I not less so. Of the Emperor, who was still a prisoner of war at Wilhelmshöhe, she said: 'History will yet give him the credit of having maintained order in France for twenty years.'"

When he next visited Chislehurst, General Brackenbury, upon being ushered into the Emperor's room, found His Majesty playing patience. "The Emperor commenced by speaking of Sedan, and we discussed the strategy of MacMahon's march in as quiet a manner as though it had only been a *Kriegsspiel*, and not a move in which his own destinies had hung. When my interview was over, as I bowed myself out of the door, I saw him take up the cards again."

The exiled Emperor "reviewing" the Woolwich cadets on Chislehurst Common was an event witnessed by a comparatively small number of spectators later in the year.

The Emperor had not been in England more than about a month when it was reported that he was suffering so severely from rheumatism that he could not answer the numerous letters of sympathy which every post took to Camden Place. Very soon, however, the pains disappeared, and His Majesty was well enough to drive over to Woolwich Arsenal, accompanied by his son, and together they examined the various works, the Moncrieff gun-carriage, and other inventions.

In July the Emperor and Empress visited Prince and Princess Christian at Frogmore, and once more they met the Queen, who drove over from the Castle to greet them. Like her sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian has remained one of the most attached and valued friends of the Empress.

A week before the Frogmore meeting the Queen

had reviewed the troops at Bushey Park. Amongst the tens of thousands of spectators, the presence of the Prince Imperial—well mounted—might have passed unnoticed. Her Majesty, however, learnt that he was somewhere in the crowd, and sent a message to the effect that she would like to see him. The Prince soon made his appearance, all smiles and animation as usual, and remained chatting to the Sovereign and Princess Beatrice for some time. Drawing-room and club gossips forthwith began the agreeable task of making mountains out of this Bushey Park molehill, and very soon at every “five o’clock” and every dinner-table the engagement of the Bonapartist Prince and the Queen’s youngest daughter was spoken of as an accomplished fact, much to the annoyance of Her Majesty, whose “views” for the Princess were in complete disaccord with popular rumour.

The great fête-day of the Bonapartists, August 15, which, until the war-year, had always been observed in France with much magnificent display, was celebrated for the first time at Chislehurst in 1871. By an amiable fiction it was spoken of as the “birthday” of Napoleon III., who was, however, as we know, born on April 20, 1808. (His centenary passed unnoticed.) This Festival of the Assumption was an event in the lives of the exiles. Camden Place was full of relatives, friends, and persons who had been attached to the Imperial Court in various capacities. At eleven o’clock High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary’s Church, in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and many distinguished people, with whose names, at least, all were more or less familiar. There was an avalanche of letters and

flowers from France. A huge bouquet, accompanied by a handsome album and an address containing hundreds of signatures, came from Paris merchants, traders, and workmen. The officers of what had been the Garde Impériale sent a large bouquet. A number of English people, some (good-natured creatures!) quite unknown to the Imperial Family, made their way to "Camden" laden with flowers for the exiles, who were surprised and gratified at these unexpected attentions.

At the end of August, 1871, the *Great Eastern*—at that time the biggest example of British shipbuilding which had been produced in our yards—was visited by the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and Prince Charles Bonaparte, as well as by many distinguished foreigners, chiefly French. Mr. Scott-Russell, the designer of the leviathan, explained in detail the peculiarities of the vessel. The name of the steamer which conveyed the imperial party to and from the monster ship amused the thousands of spectators; it was *The Lady of Lyons*, so christened, it may be safely assumed, after the title of the play which has probably evoked as many tears as "Hamlet," despite the contempt with which Bulwer Lytton's sentimental work has been, and is, regarded by the superior critic. The visit to the *Great Eastern* was a triumph for the exiles, whose greeting was even more enthusiastic than that which had characterized the Dover demonstration some five months previously. The Prince Imperial was the "pet" of the occasion, the darling of the ladies, the admiration of the girls, and the greatly-envied of the boys. "He made friends with all around him, like any English schoolboy."

Just a month before, Emperor, Empress, and Prince—the boy had already become a popular idol—had made a friendly call on the then most popular of all Englishwomen, who had known Napoleon when he came amongst us as a refugee for the first time. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts received her guests at Holly Lodge. The imperial party took a long drive in and around Highgate, stopping for awhile at the cricket-field of Cholmondeley School, where the Archbishop of Canterbury received them. Then the inevitable happened, for Dr. Dyne could not refuse the Emperor's smiling request for a half-holiday. The Cholmondeley boys had many "good looks" at the imperial youth, who had not only been in a battle, but (so the story ran) had picked up a spent bullet, cut his initials on it with his sword, and given it to one of his friends on the spot.* "Plucky chap!" was the admiring comment. The schoolboys' frantic hurrahs were taken up by "all Highgate" as the imperial carriage drove off.

September 11, 1871, is one of many dates to be remembered, for on that day the Empress left Southampton in the *Oneida* for Lisbon, on her way to Madrid, to visit her mother, who died at the age of about eighty-five eight years later, some six months after the tragedy on the Blood River. On the same day the Emperor, taking his son with him, and travelling as the Comte de Pierrefonds, started for a week's relaxation at Torquay. Sir Lawrence Palk, M.P., afterwards created Lord Haldon, received the august visitor at the railway-station, and the Emperor planted

* In the engagement at Saarbrücken (August 2, 1870) the Prince rode "Kaled," an Arab, brought by the Emperor from Algeria five years previously.

in Sir Lawrence's garden a young shoot of weeping willow, brought from Longwood and presented to the Prince Imperial by an English officer. Prince Joachim Murat, Comte Clary, Comte Davilliers, Dr. Baron Corvisart, and one or two other gentlemen were of the party. At many stages of the journey to and from Torquay the Emperor was very cordially received; and at Bath 2,000 people gathered at the railway-station and cheered Napoleon III. and the young Prince, who by this time was becoming a much-discussed personage, partly, doubtless, owing to the "baptism of fire" incident. While he was at Torquay the Emperor "picked up" wonderfully. He was out every morning at eight o'clock, and strolled about with Prince Murat until eleven, when he was capable of doing full justice to lunch. At seven o'clock a plain English dinner was served, and, as the culinary tyrant Alexandre remained at Chislehurst, the Emperor revelled in partridges with sweet cabbage. The Prince Imperial, Comte Clary, and young Conneau explored the neighbourhood on foot. The Emperor was neither mobbed nor unduly stared at "How well and happy the Emperor looks! The Prince is a dear!" Torquay was delighted with both. It was while the Emperor was sunning himself at Torquay that he was credited with the intention of quitting England and making Canada his permanent home. No such idea ever entered his head.

August, 1872, found the Emperor at the little Sussex resort Bognor, where he passed a pleasant week. There was the greatest curiosity to see him, but no disagreeable "mobbing." From quiet Bognor His Majesty went to Brighton, at the invitation of the Mayor. His reception was enthusiastic; a crowd

gathered in front of the hotel, and cheered until the Emperor appeared at the window. The British Association was holding its annual meeting, and for the first time in its history it welcomed a Napoleon. Henry M. Stanley, whom the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph* had sent to Africa in quest of Dr. Livingstone, read a paper on his travels across the Dark Continent, and received the Emperor's hearty congratulations. The Empress and the Prince Imperial, fresh from their Scottish tour, joined His Majesty at Brighton; and on the 17th the Emperor and his son visited the Aquarium, which was just then the leading attraction. Messrs. George Soames and M. Stevens, as chairman and vice-chairman, received the imperial pair, and to the popular naturalist, Mr. Henry Lee, was allotted the welcome duty of describing the contents of the tanks. We have the assurance of the newspapers that Napoleon III. and the young hero of Saarbrücken listened to Mr. Lee's informal lecture with the greatest interest.

A few days later (August 21) the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince crossed to Ryde. The Empress called on the Marquis of Exeter at Brookfield; the Emperor and his son amused themselves by a stroll through the streets, cheered at every step by people who had come from all parts of the island. They re-embarked amidst a lively demonstration of sympathy and good-will.

The Emperor did not accompany his consort and the Prince when, on August 23, they paid a visit to the fleet at Portsmouth, making the tour of the squadron in the Duke of Cambridge's yacht *Black Eagle*, under the guidance of Flag-Captain Carr-Glyn, and subsequently being conducted through the arsenal

by Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, one of the officers who are dear to British memories for their share in the Polar expeditions for the attempted rescue of Sir John Franklin. Among others who were presented to Her Majesty by Sir J. Rodney was Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, who had taken part in the Crimean War. Next the Empress and her son went on board the *Minotaur*, Admiral Hornby receiving them and explaining the construction and the features of the vessel.

From the day of his arrival in England the Emperor began to pay afresh the penalty for his acts and deeds in the previous year.

The Council of Inquiry, presided over by Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, had investigated the circumstances attending the successive capitulations of French fortresses and battalions in 1870, and gave its decision in May, 1872. The Council declared, *inter alia*, that the responsibility for the capitulation of Sedan rested upon the Emperor, "a culprit beyond reach of the national vengeance," being then at Chislehurst. Against this weighty accusation, which was considered by many English military experts to be not altogether warranted by the facts, the Emperor defended himself in a spirited letter, written at Camden Place, containing this passage: "We obeyed a cruel, but inexorable, necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil!"

The blow dealt Napoleon III. by the Council of Inquiry was not the only one. The National Assembly at Bordeaux, in 1871, had passed a resolution, proposed by M. Target, who died only in 1908, confirming the expulsion of the Emperor and his dynasty, and de-

claring them responsible for "the ruin, invasion, and dismemberment of France." They were bitter words, but a scapegoat was necessary. M. Thiers added to the misery of the Sovereign in exile. Addressing one of two Corsican deputies, Conti and Gavini (the former had been the Emperor's *chef de cabinet*), Thiers asked: "Do you know, sir, what those Princes whom you represent say? They say they are not the authors of this war. Well, give them the lie in the most formal manner!"

The Emperor had issued from Wilhelmshöhe a protest against the resolution adopted by the National Assembly, with only six dissentients. Napoleon wrote: "I would fain have kept silence, but the declaration of the Assembly forces me to protest in the name of truth outraged and the nation's rights abused."

Just before the latter event—on March 1—the Germans had entered Paris, the Emperor William remaining on the race-course at Longchamp.

Conversing with one of the frequenters of the Bonapartist *salon* at the Hôtel de Flandre, Brussels (to be presently referred to), M. Thiers said: "Emperors and Kings appear to me to have had their day in France. Look here, my friend, you think as I do. Were you not one of the chiefs of that conspiracy which sought to restore the Empire? What has become of that conspiracy? Where are all your fine schemes now? You could not agree amongst yourselves. Changarnier would not listen to you. [In this, as will be seen, Thiers was mistaken.] He is a brave soldier, but really an old woman. The Orleanists might have had a chance of reigning, but their stupidities have made them unpop-

ular. I tell you that the Republic will long govern France. The Bonapartes are finished—absolutely finished. But should the French people ever recall a dynasty, it will be theirs. We shall not see it, but perhaps our grandchildren may. The Napoleons are democrats, and their name will never be forgotten. But to-day the people want the Republic, and it will be best for them.” Thiers was a true prophet.

Many years previously the Duc de Persigny, writing to Lord Malmesbury, had said: “France is a great democracy, which needs discipline, and no element is so fitted to represent it as the Napoleonic.”

The Bonapartists had no more embittered critic than the Duc d’Audriffet-Pasquier. Whilst the exile-in-chief, his days already numbered, was occupied at Chislehurst with the restoration project, the Duc presented to the Chamber the damning report of the Committee of Contracts for arms and ammunition concluded by the military administration from July 18, 1870, onwards. He drew a startling picture of the unreadiness and disorder of the Imperial War Department, and denounced the dishonesty and shameless greed of the persons who had undertaken contracts at the outbreak of the war. These disclosures excited great indignation in the Assembly against the Government of Napoleon III. The implacable Duc became the hero of the hour, and the speech which he delivered in presenting the report was ordered to be printed and circulated throughout what was now a fervently Republican France.

Rouher’s defence was of the lamest, the most unconvincing, and the reply of the Duc was the more effective. Referring to Rouher’s feeble excuses, the Duc said indignantly: “I tell you that, no matter

what the sang-froid of all you light-hearted gentry—no matter how pleasing the shades of Chislehurst—there was an hour when you must have heard a voice crying, ‘Vare, redde legiones!’—‘Give us back our legions!—give us the glory of our fathers; give us back our Provinces!’” Having spoken of the abuses which prevailed under the Empire, the Duc ended his mordant speech with the words, “May God protect France from ever again falling into hands by which she has been so ill-governed!”

Gambetta once more fell foul of the man who carried matters with such a high hand at Chislehurst a little later. “Justice has commenced!” he thundered. “It has seized in turn Morny, Jecker, Maximilian, and Napoleon III. It clutches Bazaine. It awaits you!”

In such hands Rouher was the merest shuttlecock. Yet the Empress put her trust in him until the end, leaning complacently on that broken reed. He had been for years devoted to the Emperor, even, so his critics affirmed, to the point of sycophancy, and they jocosely said of him that whenever Napoleon III. had an attack of biliousness, a cold, or a cough, Rouher was always found to be suffering similarly.

In order to explain the attempts which were made to restore the fallen dynasty, reference must be made to events which preceded the landing of Napoleon III. at Dover on March 20, and had their sequel in England.

Until the Emperor’s arrival at Chislehurst, the principal scenes of the restoration drama—or, as Thiers, Gambetta, and the other heads of the Republican party deemed it, the Bonapartist comedy—were

enacted at Brussels, whither all who had the means fled long before Paris was besieged. Between September, 1870, and March, 1871, then, the Belgian capital was the main centre of the propaganda, those concerned taking the time now from Chislehurst and now from Wilhelmshöhe. The Hôtel de Flandre was the headquarters of the conspirators, who assembled daily for business purposes in a large *salon*. Mme. de MacMahon (wife of the Marshal), her mother, and her sister, the Duchesse de Castries; the witty Comtesse de Beaumont, Mme. Canrobert (the other Marshal's spouse), the Duc d'Albuféra, General Fleury (who had been chafing at the Embassy at St. Petersburg while other commanders were defending the sacred soil), General de Montebello—these were some of the Bonapartist party to be seen daily and nightly in the council-room of the Flandre. That M. Teschard, who had been sent to Brussels by the Government of National Defence as its diplomatic representative, should have been found amongst the plotters seems a little surprising. M. Teschard's wife was German, and when the time came for the Alsatians and Lorrainers to declare whether they desired to remain French or to live thenceforward under the rule of the conquerors, the Teschards "opted" for Germany. M. Teschard's Bonapartist proclivities, as displayed by him at the Hôtel de Flandre, did not at all please Gambetta, who asked him for an explanation of his presence "amongst those 'charmiers.'" Coming from Gambetta, the phrase had a decided piquancy, as those who perused the famous "love-letters" which were given to the world in 1907 must admit.

The centre of the group was, however, General Changarnier, who, despite the fact that he was one of

the notables who were arrested and thrown into prison at the time of the *coup d'état*—a fate he shared with Thiers—had magnanimously rallied to the imperial cause in its last extremity. The value which Napoleon III. attached to Changarnier's co-operation at this juncture is seen by the Emperor's letters.

An *à propos* story has been told of Gambetta. After he had become Foreign Minister, one of the fair "charmers" of the Hôtel de Flandre had a conversation with him, and, the talk turning upon the events of 1870, the Tribune suddenly opened a drawer. "You see this drawer," said he. "It contains letters and despatches of all kinds relating to politics. Well, the oftener I read and reread them, the more I am convinced that many of the actions for which the Emperor has been reproached were justifiable. Ah! when one is only in opposition, when one knows nothing of the enormous difficulties of a Government, when, in fact, one is altogether ignorant of the *dessous des cartes*, everything then seems easy to criticize. But I do not hesitate to tell you that it is wrong for a man to systematically blame his adversary. None but those who have not had 'a finger in the pie' can do it; I have been one of those, and I regret it." Gambetta could do "the handsome thing" on occasion.

The Emperor's depression during the first month of his captivity had led him to think of anything rather than of the possibility of reconquering the throne which he had lost. There is proof of this in a letter which he wrote to a friend on September 28: "I believe there is nothing to be done under existing circumstances except to correct the misstatements of the newspapers, and work as much as possible upon public opinion." He nipped in the bud the first idea

of a restoration. A large number of his friends shared his opinion. To the *intransigents* who found Camden Place an agreeable resort for a week or two, the absent Emperor's opinions were of little consequence ; he was a negligible quantity for the time. Men like M. Magne, whose financial skill was so warmly admired by the Empress, agreed with the Emperor that to talk about re-establishing the Empire was futile. "Look at the state of public opinion," wrote Magne from near Vevey on October 12, 1870. "Besides, public attention is almost exclusively occupied with the question of the national defence. It argues the possession of much temerity on the part of those who make conjectures and predictions, or who, as I have said in this letter, formulate projects either for the near or the distant future."

And on November 18, by which time the well-cared-for prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe had shaken off the torpor into which he had fallen, M. Magne wrote : "I do not understand the reports which are in circulation respecting the pretended reactionary plots. In my opinion, it is madness to talk about such a thing [as "restoration"]. No one can know what the future will bring forth. But at the moment there is no choice between a moderate Republic and a Republic *à la Robespierre*." Magne, one of the Emperor's wisest and ablest counsellors, added, in the bitterness of his soul : "Have you read the documents found at the Tuileries—those showing how Rouher and Lavalette caused the Emperor to give me my *congé* as a member of the Privy Council? You know that I had had a presentiment of this, founded upon my knowledge of their feelings and of the Empress's."

Magne's opinions were doubtless shared by the

more serious Bonapartists ; it was, however, in that same month of November that a certain—I will even say a considerable—section of the party resolved to make an effort to re-seat Napoleon III. on the throne, and that the Emperor and Empress directed the movement which they fondly hoped would be successful. One of their principal objects was to secure the co-operation of General Changarnier. Both the Emperor and the Empress brought their influence to bear upon him.

Changarnier was at heart a Legitimist, holding the opinion—sufficiently amusing after the lapse of nearly forty years—that only the Comte de Chambord could restore quiet and prosperity to France ; he had even persuaded himself that “the King” would accept the tricolour ; this belief, as we know, proved illusory, for at the critical moment De Chambord declared that it must be the “white” flag or none.

For a long time Changarnier sat on the fence. The “charmings” at the Hôtel de Flandre lavished their blandishments upon him, but failed to extract either a yea or a nay. The fair creatures were in despair. Never before had the voices of these sirens pleaded vainly to the most adamant heart. Their little hour of transient happiness was, however, at hand. A redoubtable ally came on the scene—Fleury, name of happy augury : the debonair, jovial General Fleury. He had been anything but *au mieux* with the Empress, who had got rid of him by causing him to accept the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and to retain it while this *beau sabreur*, this terrible fire-eater, was pining to “get at” the Prussians. Fleury, then, one fine day, at the prayer of the Emperor, appeared in the dovecote of the Flandre. Before he had got

through a cigar he had Changarnier "in his pocket." Where Venus—a dozen Venuses—had failed, Mars was victorious. Tennyson told Hawker of Morwenstow that his chief reliance for bodily force was on wine. "I should conceive," said the worthy parson, "that he yielded to the conqueror of Ariadne ever and anon." Fleury's bitterest enemies—and they were to be found, if anywhere, amongst the sycophants of "the Empress's party"—could say nothing worse of this devoted friend of Napoleon III. and "the little Prince" than that he saw much virtue in a goblet of "fizz."

But although Changarnier was induced by the persuasive, imaginative Fleury to cast in his lot with Napoleon III., his native modesty did not desert him. He knew his value. The Emperor, through Fleury, had as good as told him that, if a successful restoration was to be engineered, his assistance was indispensable. No Changarnier, no Empire. "If I am to join you," he said, "I must have a *quid pro quo*." Fleury agreed that he would deserve to be well recompensed. What did he propose? "I propose that we shall place the Prince Imperial on the throne, with myself as Regent. Napoleon III. and the Empress to stand aside. I await formal overtures."

Those overtures did not come, and the *rusé*, vacillating Changarnier returned to his old Royalist love. It was not long, however, ere he was again approached on behalf of the Emperor, who, in a letter to a friend, dated Wilhelmshöhe, December 23, emphasized the necessity of "keeping in" with the General, who was to be told that, "at the right moment," the Emperor "would have recourse to his advice."

That Changarnier was for a brief space, the central

figure in this *conspiration de palais* there is little, if any, doubt. If with his assistance the plot succeeded, he was to be made a Marshal. But he still asserted his claim to hold the Regency until the Prince Imperial came of age; that was the price of his patriotism, demanded while he was urging Thiers to support the Comte de Chambord!

The New Year (1871) dawned gloomily for the Bonapartists—for their titular chief at Wilhelmshöhe and for the imperial lady and her son at Chislehurst. Very soon signs of disintegration were visible in the ranks of the imperialist plotters. Some were in favour of the Prince Imperial and a Changarnier Regency; others plumped for Napoleon III. Then came the final break-up of the sections, and the council-room at the Flandre was deserted by the “charmers,” who had plotted, and intrigued, and beguiled in vain.

A document of an extraordinary character, purporting to be issued by the “Central Committee of Appeal to the People,” was distributed amongst the electors of the Nièvre during M. Bourgoing’s candidature for that department. M. Rouher repudiated the document, and declared that he had no knowledge of the existence of any Bonapartist “committees,” but his disclaimer did not produce much effect. It was said that eighty newspapers, with an aggregate circulation of 500,000 copies weekly, were spreading the restoration propaganda in the provinces, and that a special police force had been organized. To this widespread reactionary movement the appropriate title of “Demagogic Cæsarism” was given.

One journal was said to have been established with the avowed sardonic object of “rallying Socialism to

the cause of the Empire, and allying the imperial restoration with the *débris* of the Commune." It was asserted that some of the Communist prisoners had been "got at," and were promised an amnesty in the event of an imperial restoration. Some of these gaol-birds were reported to have written letters, intended for circulation amongst the working population of Paris, containing their "unreserved adhesion" to the projects of the Bonapartist committees. Further, it was affirmed that Bonapartist agents had gone about assuring their credulous hearers that the Marshal-President had accepted the mission of preparing the restoration of the imperial dynasty. Attempts—so it was said—were made to subvert the loyalty of the army and gendarmerie.

Hitherto the Parisians had turned a deaf ear to the stories of the Bonapartist intrigues at Brussels and Chislehurst. The fierce fighting in the winter, the peace negotiations, the three days' "occupation" of the capital, the war loan, and then the Commune, had engrossed them. The months passed, and in September they, too, experienced a sharp attack of restoration fever. The papers were full of it; it was a fresh topic, and boulevard and faubourg were pining for something new to chat about. "Bonapartist intrigues," "Plot for the restoration of Napoleon III.," "The Emperor to make a descent from Torquay," "Regiments bought wholesale by the Emperor"—this was stimulating fare. Amidst all these *cancans* one established fact stood boldly out: Bonapartist pamphlets—seditious publications—had been distributed amongst the troops, the treasonable tracts being hidden between two portraits of M. Thiers!

The elections for the Conseils-Généraux had been disastrous for the Bonapartist candidates ; but one read, “in spite of this the Bonapartist movement is attracting more and more attention every day, and even the most serious journals agree in urging the Government not to despise the danger which the attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne and the *coup d'état* of 1851 have proved to be anything but chimerical.” It was curious to find Bonapartist journals siding with the Radical press in advocating a general amnesty on behalf of the Communist prisoners, a plebiscitum, and universal suffrage. A fortnight had sufficed to produce this change of public opinion, as represented by the chameleon press.

The restoration excitement lasted just about a month. In those four weeks appeared a new Bonapartist paper, called—one would think in pleasant irony—*L'Ordre*, edited by that pungent and pugnacious writer, M. Clément Duvernois, who had been for long a prime favourite of the exiles. Until the appearance of the new journal, the principal Bonapartist organs had been the *Pays* (Paul de Cassagnac's fire-and-brimstone sheet) and *L'Avenir Libéral* ; and the three of them worried the Government until the suspension of the *Pays* and *L'Ordre* was decreed. An incident in October provoked not a little amusement at Chislehurst. Prince Napoleon had gone to Corsica to solicit a seat in the General Council—an act which so irritated M. Thiers and his sensitive colleagues that they despatched a squadron of ironclads, which, to the amazement of the islanders, appeared in the bay four days after the landing of the Prince at Ajaccio ! The Prince was not much more popular in Corsica than in Paris ; nevertheless he was elected.

By the end of October the Bonapartist "bogey" had vanished from Paris as suddenly as it had appeared, and there was an end of all the wild talk about restoration plots and intrigues. For this collapse of the Bonapartist movement the Emperor was held responsible. His Majesty, incredible as it seems even now, had allowed himself to be interviewed at Chislehurst, and the article was declared to be published "by permission." Napoleon III., in this ill-judged statement, expressed his desire that all the world should know that, at the time, he was not at all ambitious, had not the least wish to take the management of affairs out of the hands of the Provisional Government, greatly disliked plots and intrigues, and believed that his adherents knew nothing about them!

These Chislehurst declarations, amounting to a manifesto, created consternation amongst his devoted followers in France, the most rabid Bonapartist journals vehemently asserting that it was unwise of the Emperor, not only to have published, but even to have uttered them. In London it was surmised that the "interview" had its *raison d'être* in a mild but firmly-expressed remonstrance by the Government, who, while readily consenting to allow the Emperor and Empress to reside here as long as they pleased, could not and would not run the risk of seriously offending the Provisional Government by apparently countenancing any of those plots or intrigues which were supposed to have their genesis at Chislehurst.

All this time the Royalist party had not been idle. MacMahon had not been long in power when the Legitimists sought to mature a long-conceived plan

for inviting the Comte de Chambord to occupy the vacant throne. A deputation waited on "Henry V." at Frohsdorf. The shop windows in Paris and the large towns displayed photographs of "the King," maps of France under Louis XIV., and records of the great events which occurred during the long reign of the Bourbons ; the terrible revolutions in which their governing system culminated were, however, unmentioned. Marshal MacMahon was said to have been in secret sympathy, not with the Chislehurst exiles, but with the Monarchists, whose "movement" came to naught. France would have neither Bonapartism nor Bourbonism.

It was, naturally, only after the Emperor's death that the world began to learn, by slow degrees, of the preparations for a restoration of the imperial *régime* which were made at Chislehurst between March, 1871, and December, 1872. I have often heard it said that the date of this second *coup d'état* was fixed for the spring of 1873, that Germany would have connived at a Bonapartist rising, and that the Great Powers were favourably disposed. All this seems to me incredible. The great mass of the French people execrated the name of Bonaparte. How could it have been otherwise ? It is highly significant that, although Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III." is an elaborate work in four volumes, only the final short chapter is devoted to Chislehurst, and in those few pages no reference is made to the plottings at Camden Place. It must be remembered, however, that this "Life" is an "official" one ; which may account for the author's silence concerning those restoration plans which were declared by the Comte de La Chapelle and one or two others to have

been "complete." Mr. Jerrold asserts that "the most notable of the afternoon discussions at Chislehurst" was that in which the Emperor renewed his conversation with the late Mr. Thornton Hunt* "on the idea of an International Arbitration Congress that had formed the subject of an interview at the Tuileries in March, 1865." Mr. Jerrold's work is so *documenté* throughout that the omission of even the slightest reference to the restoration episode is all the more marked, yet not, as I have hinted, surprising, in view of its avowedly official character.

In 1872 there was published a brochure entitled "Les Forces Militaires de la France en 1870." It purported to be written by the Comte de La Chapelle, but that gentleman, several years later, revealed the interesting fact that the work, from beginning to end, was from the Emperor's own pen. Napoleon III. admitted the authorship by writing on a copy of the pamphlet which he desired the Count to send to M. Saint-Genest: "Monsieur Saint-Genest, in a remarkable article published in the *Figaro*, asserts that the Emperor's *crime* was that of declaring war when he ought to have known that France was not prepared to wage it. It would be more just to say that the Emperor's mistake was that of reckoning upon the exactitude of the state of affairs and upon the possibility of reuniting in a few days the various elements of which the armies were composed.—NAPOLEON."

The Emperor naturally wished to give his pamphlet the widest possible circulation in France, for it was, as regards his policy and action respecting the war of

* A prominent member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

1870-71, an *apologia pro vitâ suâ*. He sent the Comte de La Chapelle to Paris, with written instructions to get the French journals to review the work, "but," writes the imperial emissary, "I found myself confronted by a hostile organization which rendered me powerless to carry out my instructions. The heads of the imperialist party devoted to the Empress were opposed to the publication of the pamphlet; they decided, in their wisdom, that the organization of a conspiracy of silence would suffice to stifle the Emperor's words." That his expressed wishes should be thus disregarded by the heads of the party greatly incensed and pained the Emperor. He had his revenge, however, through the fairness of M. Saint-Genest, who, although an opponent of the Empire, impartially reviewed the pamphlet in the *Figaro*, and was thus the means of forcing the French and other papers to notice the imperial brochure.

"This incident," the writer continues, "was very advantageous to me. It made me acquainted with the intrigues of the systematic conspiracy created by the Regency against the Sovereign. I learnt how the statesmen who owed everything to the Emperor had not ceased to betray him both at the Tuileries and during the fatal campaign of 1870. I was able to follow with certainty the threads of this duplicity which had surrounded the Emperor on the throne and conducted him to the abyss, dragging into it France herself. I asked the Emperor if it was necessary to consult M. Rouher respecting a mission which I had to carry out at Paris. 'Certainly not,' said His Majesty. 'M. Rouher wants to do everything and does nothing. We want new men, independent, who do not believe that the first thing they have to do is to keep their places. Look for our collaborators amongst ardent men of liberal minds, who have been indicated to us, and do not trouble about the rest.'"

The Emperor may have had an "off" chance of returning to France and regaining the throne which had been lost to him partly through the manœuvres of the "war party," partly through the criminal neglect and incapacity of the heads of the army. He received "serious offers" to return to France, whilst Royalist divisions and intrigues, and the lack of unity amongst the Republicans, gave to the projects minutely studied in secret "chances almost certain of success." The organization for the Emperor's return to France was complete, on paper, although it had been directed by very few of the initiated. The ordinary heads of the Bonapartist party appear to have been entirely in the dark as to what was happening; the Prince Imperial was kept *au courant* of the plottings.

A few Englishmen doubtless knew pretty well what was going on behind the scenes at quiet Chislehurst. Mr. Borthwick (as the late Lord Glenesk then was) and Lord Sydney (a neighbour of the exiles) were probably in the secret; and if they were aware of the restoration plot, it is certain that Queen Victoria and the then Prince of Wales did not lack information. One other person certainly knew, perhaps better than anybody else, the details of the Chislehurst project for restoring Napoleon III. to his throne—that was the late Monsignor Goddard, who, in his clerical capacity, was at Camden Place every day.

Thiers had been defeated in the Chamber, there was said to be unmistakable reaction in favour of the Empire, the guarantees of support which came to Chislehurst were incontestable, the Republic existed only in name, and the Emperor was expected. "It

was proved to us," writes the Emperor's optimistic collaborator, "that the majority of the French people would then have accepted the imperial restoration, whilst all Europe, which had not ceased to regard Napoleon III. as the legitimate Sovereign of France, turned its gaze upon him. But all the devotion, all the hopes, vanished before the designs of Providence. The Emperor's malady had made such progress that, in view of the duties imposed upon him by his position, His Majesty did not hesitate to undergo an operation which he had anticipated, and which had become necessary. 'In a month we shall be on horseback!'—this summarizes the last confidential conversation which I had with the august invalid a few days before his death. I have no more to say. The time is not yet come to unveil the innermost secrets of one to whom I was sincerely attached in the land of exile, and who honoured me with a friendship which I shall never forget."

"An enormous name has passed out of the living world into history." This was the striking opening sentence of the leading article which the *Times* devoted to the event of January 9, 1873. ". . . We may dismiss his sojourn at Chislehurst in a line or two. His life passed there uneventfully and in apparent tranquillity. Silent, self-reserved, and self-controlled, he did not take the world into the secret of his regrets or remorse. If his party raised their heads again, and bragged of a new revolution to their profit while France was struggling still in the social and financial chaos into which they had cast her, we have no reason to believe he gave them encouragement. Disappointed adventurers might talk and act madly when life was short. But the Emperor returned to England, whose life and people he had always liked, and lived like an English country gentleman whose



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AT CHISLEHURST.

The date of this portrait is April, 1871, a few weeks after the Emperor's arrival from Wilhelmshöhe.

To face p. 64.

shattered health condemns him to retirement and the society of a few intimates. There were attached friends with him when he died, and if constancy should command friends, few men deserved friends better. It was unfortunate for his reputation that he was spared to live out his life."

This generous view of the bearer of that "enormous name," so characteristic of the *Times* from Delane down to its editor of to-day, does not, in regard to the "uneventful" nature of the exile's life at "Camden," at all accord with Comte de La Chapelle's version of the restoration propaganda carried on at Chislehurst after the Emperor's return from captivity. And it must be remembered that the Count speaks with exceptional knowledge of all that passed within Camden Place until the untimely death of Napoleon.

Whilst the Bonapartists were devising plans for the restoration of the Empire, Napoleon III. was not—so we are now assured—altogether forgotten by the desperadoes whose leaders, Orsini and Pierri, had paid the penalty of their crimes as far back as 1858. Curious indeed was it to see a London daily journal publishing in 1908 an account of the concoction of the Orsini plot in a restaurant "still to be found in Soho," and asserting that "the great international detective who subsequently revealed this fact had, in the course of his career, to keep a daily observation upon the man whom Orsini failed to kill—Napoleon III.—when he fled to this country."

Those who have personal cognizance of what happened at Chislehurst prior to the death of Napoleon III. are lamentably few in number—so few that they may presumably be counted on the fingers of one hand. This small knot of survivors will, I take it,

read the statements now made with amazement : “ It was during the Emperor’s residence at Chislehurst that his enemies kept him under constant surveillance, the spies, armed with field-glasses, occupying a windmill near to Camden House.* All the movements of the Emperor and his *entourage* were carefully reported in a diary, and not the least curious part of the business was that a facsimile of this same daily report was every morning laid upon the Emperor’s desk, the spies being themselves ‘ shadowed ’ and their reports surreptitiously copied.”

The London paper from which these details are extracted also published a photographic reproduction of one of the Orsini bombs. This illustration “ is authenticated by a Belgian nobleman, who says it is the exact reproduction of a bomb seized at the lodgings of the conspirator Orsini after the outrage. As nearly as I can recollect, the Prefect of Police had found six in the *appartement* of this man. One, it seems, was sent to the Emperor, another to the Prefecture, a third to the Municipal Laboratory, and three were handed to the Museum of Artillery. It is one of these three bombs which I now have in my possession by inheritance.”

The Duc de Bassano and the Duc de Cambacérès have been named as forming the principal members of the imperial household at Chislehurst. They did not owe their titles to Napoleon III., but to Napoleon I. Only five Dukes were created by Napoleon III. They were Malakoff, Magenta, Tascher de la Pagerie, Persigny, and Morny. The first dukedom, conferred on Marshal Pelissier, of Crimean celebrity, has been

* A misprint, common enough, for Camden Place. The “ wind-mill ” is somewhat of a puzzle.

long extinct, as the Marshal left no male issue. A similar fate has befallen the ducal title of Persigny, the second Duke having died a quarter of a century ago. Persigny had the misfortune to marry the daughter of the eccentric *Princesse de la Moskowa*, who got her husband into hot water on more than one occasion. When Persigny was appointed by Napoleon III. Ambassador at our Court, Lord Palmerston let it be known at the Tuileries that it would be politic for the Marshal-Duke to leave his wife behind him, as reports of her eccentricities had already reached London. But it was not to be, and the unpleasant necessity of receiving the fiery-tempered Ambassadors was forced upon Queen Victoria, who had also heard disquieting accounts of the lady.

Before they had been long at Albert Gate, the Persignys gave a grand ball, and, as the Queen had promised to be present, the Duchess provided herself with a costume calculated to make a sensation in English society. Unfortunately, the dressmaker had let out the secret of this marvellous robe, and when the Queen arrived, *Mme. de Persigny*, to her rage and mortification, saw that a lady in the royal suite was wearing a dress which was the exact counterpart of her own. Unable to restrain her fury, the Ambassador approached the lady, and, in the Sovereign's presence, literally smacked her face. Shocked beyond expression at the outrage, the Queen left the Embassy immediately, and what had promised to be the most brilliant entertainment of the season came to an untimely end. But the scandal did not end here. Lord Palmerston informed the French Foreign Office that both the Sovereign and the nation had been grossly insulted, and very shortly afterwards the

Ambassador, on the plea of illness, retired from his post without even requesting an audience of the Queen for the purpose of presenting his letter of recall. Persigny had been one of the most determined opponents of the Emperor's marriage, and perhaps the Empress was not unduly cast down when she learnt of what had happened at Albert Gate. After her husband's death the Duchesse married a M. Le Moyne, and again became a widow. It is related of her that she allowed her daughter to be prosecuted for aiding and abetting a felony, rather than pay a few thousand francs to stop the legal proceedings. No wonder Paris society gave the cold shoulder to the termagant daughter of the Princesse de la Moskowa.

The Duc de Magenta, who died in 1894, was best known to the world at large as Marshal MacMahon, the successor of M. Thiers in the Presidency. He married Mlle. de Castries, sister of the Duc de Castries, who for many years was a prominent figure in the world of sport. Their two sons entered the army, and their only daughter is the widowed Comtesse de Piennes, whose husband had been a Chamberlain of Napoleon III.

Probably the best-remembered of Napoleon III.'s quintet of Dukes of his creation is he who has been the longest dead—De Morny, the Emperor's natural brother. He was the illegitimate son of the ex-Queen Hortense (mother of Napoleon III.) and General Comte de Flahault de la Billarderie. De Morny interests us because his father, Flahault, was Louis Philippe's Ambassador to England from 1842 until 1848, and married, in 1817, the daughter of Admiral Viscount Keith, who became in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairne, and died in 1867. Her daughter

Emily married, as his second wife, the fourth Marquis of Lansdowne, and became the mother of the present Marquis, of Lord Fitzmaurice, and of Lady Emily Digby. The Duc de Morny, father of the present bearer of the title, was, like his imperial half-brother, *galant homme*, and boasted a large acquaintance with ladies of all ranks, most of whom have died since the imperial family found shelter in this country. Fortune did not deal too kindly with some of them. If we are to credit a trustworthy annalist, as recently as 1892 one of them, who had formerly enjoyed the handsome "pension" of £1,200 a month, might have been seen hawking fish in the back-streets of Paris.

In the year 1888 there passed away a very popular member of the imperial circle in the person of Mr. Olliffe, son of the creator, in conjunction with the Duc de Morny, of Deauville. His father, the well-known Sir Joseph Olliffe, was physician to H.B.M. Embassy in Paris, and also to the Duc, when the star of Bonapartism shone most brightly. Probably, wrote a popular *chroniqueur*, had not blue pills and Turkish baths carried off the Emperor's half-brother, Trouville would have hidden its diminished head, and Deauville would have reigned in its stead. De Morny's death was a great blow to Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. His illness had not caused any alarm. The Duchesse had gone to a fancy-ball, and returned home to find her husband dying. Mme. la Duchesse was long inconsolable, but ultimately she married the Duc de Sesto,* cousin of the Empress Eugénie.

The daughter of the late and sister of the present Duc de Morny figured extensively and discredibly

* He died early in 1910 ; the Duchesse in 1896.

in the journals in 1907. She married the Marquis de Belbœuf, obtained a divorce from him, and has retained her maiden name. In the January of 1907, Mlle. (or Mme.) de Morny and Mme. Colette Willy, wife of the well-known author of "Claudine à l'École," had the fantastic idea of appearing at that delectable establishment, the Moulin Rouge, in a pantomime written by Mme. de Morny. The piece was called "Le Rêve d'Égypte," and in it the old Duc's fair daughter appeared as a mummy, whom a magician (Mme. Colette Willy) recalled to life, with the result that the mummy fell in love with her recreator. It was a charming piece, as will be gathered from this brief description of it. It was said of this surprising production that it "shocked the susceptibilities of the audience, more especially as it dealt lightly with a certain class of immorality." That was an English critic's opinion of it. A Moulin Rouge audience is not the most fastidious in the world, but it would not have "The Egyptian Dream," or Mme. de Morny (although she is the niece of Napoleon III., and may address the Empress Eugénie as aunt), or Mme. Colette Willy, at any price. A storm broke out, and—but, really, what happened is indescribable. The manifestation against the ladies was highly approved by the Press as being "a righteous protest against the belief that Paris will stand anything."

The Napoleonic legend has not received much respect at the hands of either the daughter or the son of the Emperor's half-brother. Many years ago the present Duc made himself ridiculous by dancing a *pas seul* from the ballet of "Excelsior" in short gauze skirts, which he managed with the skill of a *première danseuse*. He was much blamed, too, for

his conduct towards the actress Mlle. Feyghine (she committed suicide), daughter of a retired Colonel in the Russian Army, who resided at Moscow. The Duc inherited the vast wealth which his father had acquired in a variety of ways, including that shady finance which was rampant in the halcyon days of the Second Empire. Of De Morny père, when he was Comte, it is related that, calling on one of the Rothschilds, he was received by the celebrated financier in a rather offhand way. "Monsieur," said he, upon being requested to take a chair, "do you know who I am? I am the Comte de Morny." "Monsieur le Comte de Morny!" exclaimed the scion of the Rothschilds, in his most impressive manner; "then, pray have the goodness to take *two* chairs."

If the handwriting of Napoleon III. was no better when he was busily occupied in literary work than it was in 1870 and the two following years—it could not have been worse—his "copy" must have caused the compositors to blaspheme. What the "proofs" were like, only the author and his foster-sister, Mme. Cornu, knew. The caligraphy of Napoleon I. was even inferior to that of his nephew. "His passionate vehemence and impenetrable dissimulation both," says Masson, "stand revealed in the manner in which he wielded his pen;" while the late J. F. Nisbet commented on "the furious illegibility" of Bonaparte's manuscript and "the apparently unconscious leaps and bounds of the imperial pen," which convinced the celebrated graphologist, Michon, "that Napoleon I. possessed the insane temperament." But the worst enemies of Napoleon III. never attributed any of his acts and deeds to mental derangement.

Concurrently with the arrival of the exiles there

sprang up a continuous and ever-growing demand for violets. It is never too late to learn, and inquiries in many quarters taught me that this was the floral symbol of the House of Bonaparte. As, however, no one knew the origin of the emblem, I pursued my investigation ; and, at the risk of becoming tedious, I will explain, for the benefit of the curious in these and kindred matters, precisely how the violet came to be the imperial flower.

Three days before Napoleon I. embarked for Elba, the exile, accompanied by the Duc de Bassano (grandfather of the bearer of the title who died in 1906, and father of the veteran Duc whom we knew at Chislehurst and Farnborough Hill) and General Bertrand, was strolling through the gardens at Fontainebleau. Napoleon was still undecided whether he would quietly resign himself to his banishment. The Duc de Bassano gently indicated that the time for withdrawal was past. Napoleon, much excited, walked on without speaking, endeavouring to divert his thoughts from the subject. Close to him was a child picking violets and tying them in a bunch. "My little friend," said Bonaparte, "will you give me your flowers?" "Gladly," said the boy, and handed them gracefully to the Emperor, who kissed the little giver, and, after a few minutes, remarked : "The accident of this occurrence is a secret hint to me to follow the example of these modest flowers. Yes, gentlemen, henceforth the violet shall be the emblem of my wishes."

"Sire," replied Bertrand, "I hope for your Majesty's glory that this resolution will not last longer than the flower from which it takes its origin." The next day Napoleon was seen walking about the gardens with a bunch of violets, which he carried alternately in his

hand and his mouth. Stopping at one of the beds, he stooped to pick some flowers. The violets were rather scarce at that spot, and the grenadier Choudieu, who was on guard, said to the Emperor: "Sire, in a year's time it will be easier to pick them; they will be more plentiful then." Bonaparte, astonished, looked at him: "You think, then, that next year I shall be back?" "Perhaps sooner—at least we hope so." "Soldier! do you not know that after to-morrow I start for Elba?" "Your Majesty will wait till the clouds pass." "Do your comrades think like you?" "Almost all." "They may think it, but they may not say it. After you are relieved, go to Bertrand, and let him give you twenty gold Napoleons; but keep silence."

Choudieu returned to the barracks, and told his comrades that for the last two days the Emperor had been walking about with a bunch of violets. "We will call him amongst ourselves 'Père la Violette.'" And that is how they called him in the barracks. By degrees the public came to hear of it, and in the spring the adherents of the ex-Emperor wore the flower as a memorial.

CHAPTER IV

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE EMPEROR'S DEATH

ON January 9, 1873, Napoleon III. died at Chislehurst, to the dismay and bewilderment of the little Court at Camden Place and of his numerous friends in France and England. It was shortly before Christmas that the imperial household had begun to vaguely realize that the Emperor was seriously ill. He himself had no idea of his approaching end. It is true that he somewhat dreaded the performance of the operation which had been decided upon, but only a few days before his death he had written to his friend and literary collaborator, the Comte de La Chapelle: "In a month's time I shall be in the saddle again." And Dr. Baron Corvisart wrote five days before the Emperor's death in these terms :

"CAMDEN PLACE,
January 4, 1873, 8 p.m.

MY DEAR COUNT,

I send you, with great pleasure, news of His Majesty. As you know, the operation of crushing goes on successfully. To-day the Emperor dined. He has no fever. All is going on as well as we could wish, and you would read that upon our faces could you see them. I hope that each séance will pass off as well, and that it will not be necessary to have many more. The Emperor wishes you to hear this good news, and directed me to write to you.

BARON CORVISART."

The trains going to and from Chislehurst carried, amongst others, Sir Henry Thompson and Sir William Gull—the first a keen-visaged, hawk-eyed man, with a face strongly suggestive of a French cavalry officer ; the second rather heavy of countenance, thoughtful, solemn. It was the latter of whom the Duke of Cambridge writes in his Diary (December 15, 1871), *à propos* of the illness of the then Prince of Wales : “ Gull has been an angel in this dreadful trial, and deserves the blessings of the nation.” The first days of January, 1873, despite Baron Corvisart’s optimism, proved full of anxiety for all at Camden Place. We can picture the last scene : Cæsar, dull-eyed, his face furrowed by acute pain, is stretched on his simple bed. Around him, or in the next room, stand Sir William Gull, Baron Corvisart, Dr. Conneau, and Sir Henry Thompson, looking keener-eyed than ever, for the critical moment is at hand. The clock points to 9.45 a.m. The Emperor seems better. The doctors, after consultation, have resolved to operate at noon. The pulse is “ 84, strong and regular ”; and Clover is there, ready, when the time comes, to administer the chloroform. It is 10.25. Signs of sinking suddenly betray themselves. The heart’s action fails ; the clock chimes the quarters (10.45) ; Napoleon III. is common clay !

The Comte de La Chapelle asserts that :

“ The Emperor did not die of the operation performed by Sir Henry Thompson. That operation, which had necessitated several séances, had been completely successful. The state of the august invalid—the official bulletins show it—was satisfactory, and Baron Corvisart’s letter is a conclusive proof of my assertion. Sir Henry Thompson had completely

succeeded on two other occasions, and January 9 was fixed for the last operation. To lessen the Emperor's sufferings and assure him sleep Sir William Gull had prescribed some doses of chloral, to be taken in the evening ; but, animated perhaps by a presentiment, the Emperor obstinately refused to take it, saying he was not in pain, that the chloral had oppressed him the previous night, that he did not mind the pain if it returned, as he was accustomed to it, and that, any way, he had made up his mind not to take the chloral. To overcome the Emperor's obstinacy, the Empress was sent for, and at her earnest request the Emperor, after much hesitation, consented to take the fatal dose which was to have secured him a night's sleep. . . . When he had drunk it the Emperor slept profoundly. It was 9 p.m. He slept, to awake again only for a few seconds the next morning, at ten o'clock, when he uttered two or three words and expired."

Comte de La Chapelle thus continues his extraordinary story :

"I arrived at Camden Place, and, in the disorder which first prevailed as the result of a *dénouement* as tragic as unexpected, I was a witness of the lively recriminations which took place between the surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, and the doctor, Sir William Gull, and thus it was that I learnt for certain the real cause of the Emperor's death. A little later I found myself in the middle of a group of weeping friends who had arrived in haste at Camden Place. They asked Dr. Conneau what could have caused the Emperor's death at the very moment when his recovery was regarded as certain. Dr. Conneau sobbingly replied that it was impossible for the moment to say precisely what had caused the Emperor to die so suddenly. I made known what I had heard, and I explicitly stated that the Emperor had been poisoned by inadvertence. It would be difficult

to express the profound sensation produced by my words. I was, so to speak, dragged into some private rooms, and, after my detailed account of what I had learnt by chance, a person in authority begged me to preserve silence about a fact as painful as it was irremediable. However, some time afterwards there was a lively discussion in the London medical papers, and the facts which I have related were enunciated, but not affirmed, and the result of the autopsy, cleverly drawn up as it was to safeguard those responsible, put an end to further controversy, without solving the question. It was said that the operation of lithotrity had been cleverly performed by Sir Henry Thompson, and that the operation had not caused death."

A telegram in the early editions of the evening papers was the first intimation I had of the Emperor's death. I immediately left the Temple for Chislehurst. My card, and perhaps a little inherent audacity, procured me admission to the house, where the air seemed already impregnated with the indescribable odour of death. The servants were moving hurriedly about, and there was that general air of confusion which is always the accompaniment of such scenes. I was a little bewildered at first at finding myself in the bustle, not knowing a soul to speak to. I speedily recovered my calm, for I felt that I was there, not as an idler, but in the position of one charged with the duty of placing before the readers of the *Morning Post* as complete a narrative of the Chislehurst drama as I could possibly contrive to put on paper before midnight.

A chill ran down my spine as I reflected that my mission might possibly be an ignominious failure. I knew, moreover, that nothing but cold facts would meet with my editor's favour. Again, that editor was

an intimate friend of the Emperor and Empress, and he was not the man to pass a single word concerning which I could not have made a statutory declaration that it was accurate and undeniable. Well . . . a tall servant came to say that M. Pietri would see me. My inexperience caused me to think that this was rather a good sign, and I followed the giant servitor into a room close by. I confronted M. Pietri. He seemed both astonished and pained that I was desirous of hearing something authentic about the great event which had occurred in the morning. He surveyed me with a bland look of pity, and I felt that he considered me a very impertinent young man to intrude upon him at such a moment. He was as mute as a carp.

What I learnt from the Emperor's secretary was that Napoleon III. was dead ; he had no other information to give me. I left the room and went into the hall, reflecting that, if the English medical men were in the house, I might fare better than I had fared with M. Pietri. I was told that Sir Henry Thompson was in a certain room, and I proceeded thither, full of blind confidence. Sir Henry appeared thunderstruck at my request for information. "Information! For whom?" "For my paper first, and so for all the world, for everybody is waiting to hear how His Majesty died." "I may tell the story myself some day," he said dryly ; and the interview closed.

Nonplussed, but not yet abandoning all hope, I lingered in the hall, no one taking the slightest notice of my presence. A stately-looking, venerable man was, like myself and others, wandering rather aimlessly about, and, learning that he was the Duc de Bassano, I addressed myself to him with fair results. He was all sympathy and graciousness, and, although

overwhelmed by the catastrophe, told me to come down on the following day, when I should see the illustrious dead.

The story of the Emperor's malady as narrated by Professor Germain Sée is so remarkable that I append a verbatim translation of it:

"I had never had the honour of attending the Emperor when, on June 20, 1870 [less than a month before the declaration of war], I was commanded to the Palace of St. Cloud. The carriage of the Préfet of Police, M. Pietri [nephew of the gentleman who was the Emperor's secretary, and in 1910 is still secretary of the Empress Eugénie], waited at the door for me. At the Palace the Emperor received me in an immense room, which was open to all the winds of heaven, and gave one a vague idea of the Place de la Concorde in winter. The room was bitterly cold. Napoleon III. was enveloped in blankets. With the exception of the Empress and Dr. Corvisart no one knew of my presence at St. Cloud. For prudential reasons it was given out that I was considering the wisdom of sending the Emperor to one of the health-resorts.

After a few words the Emperor lent himself willingly to my examination, which lasted an hour. It had been said that the Sovereign was afflicted with diabetes, that he was suffering from heart disease, and so on. But I saw immediately that this was not true. Moreover, I understood at once whither to direct my diagnosis. I asked the Emperor to tell me the history of his life since 1864, adding: 'Were you not very ill that year?' He looked surprisedly at me, dismissed Dr. Corvisart, and then communicated to me the following facts.

The Emperor said: 'You are right. It really is since 1864 that I have suffered. Do you remember the accident which happened to us at Neuchâtel? We were going—the Empress, myself, Princesse Anna Murat, and Mme. Carette—to visit the grave of my

mother, when, the horses running away, we were thrown from the carriage and all of us injured. Have you any recollection of it !' 'Yes, Sire ; all the more so as, being the medical attendant of the Princes Murat, I was called in to attend Princesse Anna. Her Highness had two fractures of the upper jaw, and the nerve of the face was paralyzed.' 'That's right. At that time I was very ill, and when the public believed me to be really at the bedside of the Empress, I was really in bed myself, and it is from that period that my first hæmorrhage dates.' 'How many, Sire, have you had ?' 'Four.' 'Doubtless, Nélaton and Ricord have been put *au courant* of these details ?' 'I have said nothing about it to anybody,' answered the Emperor.

And it was true. Not only had the Emperor no longer much confidence in Nélaton, but he, moreover, distrusted him for quite a personal reason which I cannot reveal. He preferred to keep to himself the details which he had given me, and which showed the situation under quite a new light. I had made up my mind. I did not, however, make my opinion known to the Emperor, but I told him that a consultation was necessary. 'I believe you understand me thoroughly, and I have full confidence in you,' he remarked ; 'so arrange for a consultation with the other doctors.' Upon this I immediately wrote to Nélaton and Ricord, and to the Emperor's two medical attendants, Corvisart and Fauvel. Dr. Conneau was to attend the consultation, but only in the character of a witness of the proceedings. [Corvisart and Conneau remained the Emperor's medical attendants until his death.]

We met at Dr. Conneau's residence at 8 a.m. on July 1. I had thought that the consultation would not last more than half an hour, but, as a matter of fact, it occupied three hours. I began the proceedings in the following words : 'Gentlemen, I am the youngest, and I therefore require you to listen to me first. I shall not say much. The Emperor is suffering

from stone.' They all exclaimed against this view. Corvisart said it was a cold ; Fauvel, an abscess. I maintained that I was right, and I proceeded to prove it. I then described all the Emperor's symptoms, the pains which he suffered both when riding and driving ; in short, I fully explained all that I had discovered when I had examined His Majesty on June 20, and I wound up as I had begun : 'The Emperor has stone, and nothing else.'

When I had finished, Dr. Fauvel withdrew what he had said as to the abscess, and Corvisart his declaration respecting the cold. All were unanimous in expressing the opinion that I was right. Only one thing remained to be done—to again examine the Emperor with a view to operating. But Nélaton would not hear of that. 'It is absolutely necessary,' I insisted, 'and to operate immediately.' Ricord upheld my opinion, but Fauvel and Corvisart were of Nélaton's opinion. 'You understand,' said they, 'that we cannot treat the Emperor as we should treat an ordinary patient.' Nélaton drew me aside and said : 'How you run on, my dear fellow ! Remember what a great responsibility we are taking upon ourselves.' 'It's all one to me. The operation ought to have been performed six months ago. The patient is seriously threatened. There is only one thing to do, and that must be done at the earliest possible moment.' Ricord remarked : 'It must be done to-morrow. Any way, it must not be delayed beyond the day after to-morrow.'

Then the discussion recommenced. Unfortunately, it came to a question of voting. Only Ricord and I considered the operation an urgent matter. The three others asked for time to pronounce an opinion. 'Let the summer pass,' said Nélaton ; 'in September we will see about it.' [By September the Emperor was a prisoner at Wilhelms Höhe, and the Empress and the Prince Imperial were in England.] In vain I supplicated ; vainly I insisted on the Emperor's courage in bearing pain ; nothing I said was of any use ; there

were three to two. The examination of the Emperor, and consequently the operation, were postponed. I was charged with the duty of drawing up the result of the consultation, and it was agreed that on the next day but one, at the latest, it should be placed in the hands of Dr. Conneau, who was to get the signatures of all the doctors affixed to it, and then to communicate its contents to the Emperor and Empress.

On July 3 Dr. Conneau had the document, which was written throughout by me on four pages of English note-paper. The signatures of Nélaton, Ricord, Corvisart, and Fauvel were never obtained, and it was only on September 4 [the date of the proclamation of the Republic and the flight of the Empress] that I learnt that fact. And do you know my informant? None other than M. Hendié, secretary to Jules Favre, and later Préfet of Rouen, whom the Minister had sent to me to ask what the document meant. Everything was then explained. But how unfortunate it was that Dr. Conneau did not at least tell the Empress about it! It was just a year later that the Emperor [then at Chislehurst] knew all these facts—that is to say, a full year too late.”

Such is the medical history of the case as narrated by Dr. Germain Sée.

After the death of Napoleon III. *L'Union Médicale* reproduced M. Germain Sée's statement, with the following pertinent observations :

“Is it not infinitely probable that, if the result of this consultation had been communicated to the Empress, an examination of the Emperor would have taken place, that the existence of a calculus would have been confirmed, that the Empress would have demanded and have obtained immediate treatment, and that the declaration of war made three days after the consultation [an obvious error, this] would have been certainly deferred, and perhaps abandoned? What

an immense responsibility, then, was assumed by those who kept the consultation secret, and did not communicate it to the Empress, as the doctors had desired, and who allowed the Emperor, in his grave condition, to engage in that horrible war !”

Dr. Conneau is dead. He died without explaining the reason which prompted him to keep the result of the fateful consultation a profound secret. In his interesting work, “*La Maladie de l'Empereur*” (Paris, Paul Ollendorff, 1890), M. Alfred Darimon tells this curious story :

“In June, 1879, I was dining with Prince Jérôme Napoleon. Amongst the guests was Dr. Ricord, one of the medical men who had assisted at the consultation of July 1, 1870. [Fully detailed above.] It occurred to Prince Napoleon to ask Dr. Ricord, an old friend of his, how it was that the result of the consultation had been kept a secret, and that the *procès-verbal* contained only the one signature of Dr. Germain Sée. Dr. Ricord replied that his confrère, Dr. Nélaton, was the real culprit : he had feared that, if the diagnostics were known, he (Nélaton) would be called upon to operate on the Emperor. The slight success which he had had the previous year in operating on Maréchal Niel had frightened him as to the responsibility which he was exposed to, and, without actually refusing to sign the document, he had not evinced any desire to affix his name to the *procès-verbal* of the consultation. His colleagues had followed his example.

‘Voilà un homme,’ said Prince Napoleon, when Dr. Ricord had gone, ‘who has held the destinies of France in his hands. If that old man had spoken, we should not have had the horrible war of 1870.’

Prince Napoleon then narrated what had passed between him and Dr. Conneau after the Emperor's death. He had told me the story two or three times

already, but, by repeating it before several persons, he in a manner consecrated its authenticity. Amongst the Emperor's papers they found the original of the consultation signed by Dr. Sée. Prince Napoleon was stupefied by this discovery. After reading the document he saw Dr. Conneau in a corner, and spoke sharply to him :

'How is it that you came to conceal such an important document ?'

'One can say nothing to you,' replied Conneau, 'you are so violent.'

'But tell me now,' continued Prince Napoleon ; 'it is worth while taking the trouble to speak.'

'I showed the document to one [or "to those"] who had a right to see it, and in good time,' said the poor doctor, hanging his head.

'And what was the answer ?' asked the Prince.

'The answer was: "Le vin tiré, il faut le boire."'

"These declarations of Dr. Conneau," says M. Darimon, "tend to incriminate the Empress. It would result from them that she knew the conclusions of the consulting doctors. That is a grave accusation which ought not to be lightly accepted. Dr. Conneau, though an excellent man, thoroughly devoted to the imperial family, must nevertheless be included amongst those men whom the Gospel calls weak-minded. Placed suddenly in presence of a terrible responsibility, which up to then he had not suspected, he probably sought to extricate himself therefrom by taking shelter behind a higher, and at all events a less vulnerable, personality. If the document was really found in the Emperor's cabinet, it is impossible that it should have remained there absolutely ignored. I repeat, it is a mystery which will never be penetrated. The Ministers knew nothing of it. I have been assured of that several times by Ollivier and by Maurice Richard. Ollivier has constantly said to me : 'I swear that my colleagues and I were ignorant of the Emperor's malady. Had we known of it, we

should not have let him take the command of the army, and we would have kept him in Paris. It is a crime to have kept in a drawer a document which might have exercised a capital influence over the resolutions of the Government.' ”

The Emperor himself, although he was frequently spoken to on the subject of the mysterious document, always answered that he could not understand why the nature of his malady had been concealed from him—why the result of the consultation was not made known to him on the eve of the declaration of war. “I should never,” said His Majesty, “have allowed myself to be dragged into and off to the war had I known that the most eminent surgeons in Paris had been of the opinion of Dr. Sée, who had explicitly declared that I was suffering from a *maladie de la pierre*, and that an operation was urgently necessary.” It has been said that the nature of the Emperor's malady was really known to the Empress as well as to His Majesty's *entourage* ; however this may be (and the Empress strenuously denies it), the Emperor certainly remained in ignorance of it until he had reached Metz, when the agony became insupportable.

Amidst all these doubts and contradictions, perhaps *la vérité vraie* is to be found in the explicit assertions of the Comte de La Chapelle, whose relations with the Emperor, as we have seen, were of the most intimate character. He says: “M. Émile Ollivier's affirmation cannot be doubted ; it is perfectly in accord with the statements of Dr. Conneau, and it agrees with the conversations which I myself had with Napoleon III. ; but the former Prime Minister [M. Émile Ollivier] is deceived if he believes that the Emperor's malady was equally unknown to all his

colleagues. On that point, as on so many others, his colleagues of the Foreign Office would have been able to enlighten him, but the Prime Minister—extraordinary fact!—was certainly not always kept *au courant* of the final incidents of the Hohenzollern affair, created by a fatal influence which seized upon the Emperor and forced his hand.”

A curious coincidence remains to be noted. We know, from statements made publicly, and never, I think, controverted, that in the year 1866 a well-known medical man, Dr. Guillon, had recognized the necessity of a vesical examination of Napoleon III. This fact is confirmed by the doctor's son, Dr. Alfred Guillon, who, in an interesting and detailed letter, written to Comte d'Hérisson seventeen years after the Emperor's death—viz., in 1890—narrates how his father, at the request of Dr. Alquié, medical inspector of the Vichy waters, examined the Emperor, and operated on him three times, going subsequently, by His Majesty's desire, to see him at Vichy, the health-resort which owed its vogue to the Emperor. Dr. Alfred Guillon concludes by remarking that Napoleon I. at Waterloo, and when he went on board the *Bellerophon*, suffered in the same way as Napoleon III.; and he adds that, by a singular coincidence, to which, I think, no other medical authority has directed attention, both the First and the Third Napoleons lost their thrones owing to “une maladie des voies urinaires.”

Dr. Debout d'Estrées, an eminent French medico, practising at Nice and Contrexéville, has given his views on the malady of Napoleon III. In his valuable work, “The Causes of Gravel and Calculus,” this authority writes :



DR. DEBOUT D'ESTRÉES.

To face p. 86.

"We know that it was impossible to complete the operation, as it was only half over when the patient succumbed.

The nucleus of this stone consisted of a kernel of uric acid and urates, on which several layers of phosphates were superimposed.

Sir Henry Thompson is of opinion that the misuse of alkaline waters stimulated the formation of these concentric layers, which were further increased by the irritation subsequently set up, as a natural consequence, in the bladder. The outermost layers, which corresponded in point of time with the period of the war and the fatigue induced by riding on horseback, in a patient under such conditions, were, as the operator clearly pointed out, irregular and rugose."

Statement by Dr. Debout d'Estrées, 1910.

In April, 1873—three months after the operation on the Emperor—Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's doctor, said to me: "*I advised the Emperor not to undergo an operation, the condition of his kidneys being such as to make me fear that any operation would be fatal.*"

As a matter of fact, the presence of the stone in the bladder for such a long period had caused an inflammation of that organ *which had extended to the kidneys.*

The real cause of the Emperor's death was, then, blood-poisoning (*urémie**), and not what the Comte de La Chapelle describes as an "overdose of chloral administered by the Empress Eugénie."

The operation performed by Sir Henry Thompson removed only half of the stone, the fragments of which ought to have been extracted naturally, and not, as in

* An accumulation of urine in the blood.

our days, by aspiration. The other half of the stone is in the possession of the Empress Eugénie.

The existence of the stone was known *before the war*. Why was not an operation performed? I cannot say; *perhaps* it was because His Imperial Majesty's surgeon, Professor Nélaton, had recently operated on Marshal Niel (then War Minister), who died after the operation.

In those days antiseptic treatment, which has since saved so many lives, was not practised. Pasteur and Lord Lister have enabled surgeons to do what they could not previously attempt.

Sir William Gull said to me: "*I told the Emperor Napoleon, when he sat in the armchair you are now sitting in, not to undergo an operation.*"

Many discussions took place afterwards between French and English surgeons, but I was glad to personally put an end to the controversy, making Sir Henry Thompson and Professor Dolbeau dine together at the Café Royal (London) in April, 1874, and subsequently shake hands.

DEBOUT D'ESTRÉES.

VILLA GLORIA, NICE,
*February 22, 1910.**

* This important and convincing statement was courteously communicated to the author by Dr. Debout d'Estrées, Ancien Inspecteur des Eaux Minérales de Contrexéville, whose high reputation need not be emphasized. We learn from it for the first time the actual cause of the tragic death of Napoleon III. at Chislehurst in 1873. Until now the fact that Sir William Gull had advised the Emperor not to be operated upon has not been made known. It was stated authoritatively that Sir Henry Thompson's operation had been "completely successful"; it would now appear to have been the reverse. The Comte de La Chapelle's statement as to the "overdose of chloral" was, according to Dr. Debout d'Estrées,

Another Contrexéville expert has this comment on the above passage :

“From this human document arises a lesson for reflection on the part both of the historian and philosopher, since we know the immense influence exercised by the physical on the moral nature ; when we consider the clouding of the intellect, the enfeebling of strength and will-power, which may be induced by a morbid condition aggravated by torturing pain ; when we recall how another Napoleon—the First, the Great—is thought to have owed his defeat at Waterloo to the mischief which had smitten his bodily organs, we may well ask ourselves what would have happened if the water of the ‘Pavillon’ spring, carefully administered, had reduced the size of that stumbling-block on which the fortune of an empire was about to be wrecked, and, by rounding off the angles, had afforded beforehand to the future sufferer of defeat at Sedan ease of body, liberty of spirit and peace of mind, coolness, clearness of vision, and elasticity of energy.”

Had Napoleon III., who died on January 9, survived until April 20, he would have entered upon his sixty-fifth year. Napoleon I. died at the early age of fifty-two, his father at thirty-nine, and his grandfather at the same age ; and, according to M. Frédéric Masson, of the Académie Française, all three died of a cancerous affection of the stomach.*

Queen Victoria, who had been kept informed daily of the course of the Emperor's malady, wrote in the

inaccurate ; but he only reported what he assures us he heard at Camden Place on the day of the Emperor's wholly unexpected death.

* “*Napoléon et sa Famille*,” tome vii. ; Paris, Librairie Paul Ollendorf, 1906.

Court Circular of January 10 (Osborne) : " The Queen received with much regret the melancholy intelligence, at one o'clock yesterday, of the death of the Emperor Napoleon. Her Majesty immediately telegraphed a message of condolence, and shortly afterwards Colonel Gardiner, Equerry to the Queen, left Osborne for Camden Place with an autograph letter from the Queen to the Empress."

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, paid a visit of condolence to the Empress on the 11th. Her Majesty felt unequal to receive the Prince personally, but His Royal Highness stayed some time at Camden Place. The Prince said to Comte Davilliers : " I do not ask to see the Empress or the Prince Imperial. I only want the Empress to know that I have come in the Queen's name to present my homage." The funeral was not attended by the Queen or by any members of the Royal Family. The Duke of Cambridge was unable to be present when our Princesses went to take a last look at the Emperor on the day preceding the obsequies, but on the day after the funeral he had an interview with the Empress and the Prince Imperial. The Queen was represented at the funeral by Lord Bridport.

The *Journal Officiel* contained the curt announcement : " Napoleon died yesterday, the 9th January, at Chislehurst."

" Prince [Jérôme] Napoleon's chance is not worth discussing," wrote Mr. Blöwitz in the *Times*. The American Press condemned the Emperor's career from the beginning to the end.

The order for three months' mourning for the Emperor was couched in these terms :

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
le 17 janvier, 1873.

Le deuil à l'occasion de la mort de sa majesté l'Empereur Napoléon III. sera de trois mois, à partir du 10 janvier. Le grand deuil sera porté pendant les six premières semaines. Le petit deuil pendant les six semaines suivantes. Les hommes auront le crêpe au chapeau."

A member of the Marlborough Club (founded a few years previously by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh) wrote to the *Times* suggesting that "everybody" should follow the example of the Court, and go in mourning for a week, "as that would show the universal esteem in which His Majesty was held in this country." The suggestion did not meet with much approval.

I read with some trepidation (for I was the culprit) this paragraph in the *Morning Post* of January 18 :

"A singular mistake occurred in the report of the Emperor Napoleon's funeral. When the procession returned to the house, the Prince Imperial was saluted by the *ouvriers* and by a host of friends, and a cry was raised of 'Vive Napoléon IV.!' At this moment a lady, clad in the deepest mourning, appeared on the balcony, and in the haste and excitement of the occasion many imagined it was the Empress. It was not so. Her Majesty had never quitted the prayerful seclusion of her chamber. The figure that showed itself for an instant was the former governess (Miss Flowers) of the Prince Imperial, who in her emotion sought to look upon her old pupil in the supreme hour of his trial. The incident, by its misinterpretation, has given pain to the Empress, who would be much hurt if she were thought capable of accepting any public or political manifestation in the solemn hour when

her whole heart and thoughts were absorbed in sacred grief."

Supposing Napoleon III. had refused to be dragged into that calamitous war, what would have happened at his death? Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, in his lectures on Bonapartism delivered in the University of London,* expresses the opinion that his heir would still be on the French throne. Mr. Fisher may or may not be right in that surmise, said his reviewer in the *Times* (August 27, 1908); "but it is certain that the ruler of a constitutional monarchy, such as France must have become after the concessions of 1869 and 1870, would no longer have been the representative of Bonapartism. The sovereign people cannot delegate power at one and the same time to an individual and to a representative assembly."

"Eternal peace is not even a beautiful dream. War is one of God's own institutions and a principle of order in this world. In war the noblest virtues of man are brought out: courage and self-abnegation, fidelity to duty as well as love of self-sacrifice. The soldier offers his life. Without war the world would decay and be lost in materialism." Those are Moltke's words, and not only Lord Roberts, whose warning words, "Be ready!" stirred the country once more at the end of 1909, but every man who has worn the uniform, will endorse their accuracy.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at." This was also true once on a time. But Kings (and Sultans) are not all-paramount now. Had Napoleon III. been absolutely paramount in 1870, there would have been no war with Prussia; but he was not, and we know how he

* Oxford University Press, 1908.

was forced into hostilities by the "war party." Many causes contributed to the defeat of the French at Sedan, but the outstanding fact was that they were vastly outnumbered. The relative numbers of the contending forces on September 2 (the day after the battle, the day of the humiliating but unavoidable capitulation) were—French, 80,000 ; Germans, 220,000 ; the former having rations for only one day.

The first anniversary of the death of Napoleon III. (January 9, 1874) was observed in Paris with unexpected solemnity. On the boulevards the demand for violets was enormous. The congregation attending the service at St. Augustin's, now, as then, the "Bonapartist Church," filled the large, handsome edifice. There were to be seen the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain (whose son, the playmate in childhood of the Prince Imperial, and between 1871 and 1874 the occasional companion of the Bonapartist Prince in London, was to ascend the throne of Spain within a year after this memorial service), Princess Girgenti (Isabella's daughter), Prince Joachim Murat, the Duc de Malakoff, M. Pietri (Prefect of Police under the Second Empire), General Fleury (like all the men, in evening dress), and all the members of the late Emperor's family in deep mourning. Observed also were Marshal and Mme. Canrobert, several Bonapartist deputies, Paul de Cassagnac (looking, as I had seen him look at Chislehurst at the funeral a year previously, the picture of woe), and the venerable Abbé Laisne (formerly chaplain at the Tuileries). An immense crowd gathered in the Place St. Augustin.

At the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois (close to that part of the Tuileries from which the Empress escaped on September 4) there was also a crowded

attendance, the people who were close enough being gratified by the unusual sight of the non-Catholic Prince (Jérôme) Napoleon kneeling in front of the altar. Close by were his wife (Princesse Clotilde) and his sister (the late Princesse Mathilde).

Some 1,500 people assembled at the Church of St. Eustache, many of them retired officers, some (veterans these) wearing the St. Helena medal! There was, too, a deputation from the popular corporation of the Dames de la Halle.

At two other churches—St. Clotilde and St. Amboise—there were likewise anniversary services. At the former might have been seen nearly all the aristocratic notabilities who were wont to attend the Court of the Tuileries ; at the latter the congregation was almost entirely composed of workmen.

CHAPTER V

IN THE BLUE SALON

THE Prince Imperial was drilling, with his fellow-cadets, on the morning of January 9, 1873, when Comte Clary, who had driven over to Woolwich immediately after the Emperor's death, was announced. Comte Clary did not tell the Prince that he was fatherless, but on the way back to Chislehurst he said enough to enable the boy to realize that he must be prepared to hear the worst. The aspect of everybody and everything at Camden Place destroyed the Prince's last hope.

"Tell me the truth," said the Prince, in faltering tones, to his mother. "I am strong enough to bear it."

When the Empress replied that his father was dead, the Prince did not speak, but, going into the death-chamber, threw himself on his knees and recited "Our Father" in Latin. He got up and took a long look at the dead; then, exclaiming, "I cannot stay here," hurried to his own room.

There the doctors, Corvisart and Conneau, told him all that had happened, and then, and only then, he gave way. By the next day the Prince was comparatively calm, much calmer than his mother, and exhibited his wonted energy and strength of character. Several times during that day the Empress

and the Prince knelt together in prayer by the Emperor's side. The "watchers" were the Duc de Bassano, the two doctors, Comte Clary, Comte Davilliers, M. Pietri, and M. Filon, who relieved each other every three hours.

The *ensevelissement*, or "laying-out," was performed by Comtes Davilliers and Clary, Dr. Conneau, and M. Pietri.

All the Chislehurst people had words of regret.

"It's a pity he's gone," said one of the humblest. "He was a very nice old gentleman."

"People say my father was a silent man," sobbed the Prince, shortly after the funeral; "but how many things he told me which are engraved upon my memory and in my heart!"

Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) and his brother, the late Prince Leopold, wrote in very affectionate terms to the Prince Imperial.

Amongst the first telegrams of condolence received by the widowed Empress was one from a French journeyman saddler. It ran: "Madame, N——, ouvrier sellier, enfant du peuple, partage votre douleur."

"He was so good. Never, never, never did he complain of anybody. He was too good—that was his only fault." This was the tribute of the members of the imperial household, one and all.

Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki said: "I was not by the side of the Empress in the days of her prosperity, but it consoles me to remember that I have been with her throughout all her misfortunes. How empty the house seems! The Emperor was like an oak-tree, round which everybody gathered, listening to wise words."

"It was not to the Emperor, but to the man, I was attached," declared faithful M. Pietri. "For myself, what does it matter whether I am at the Tuileries or here?" He never tired of referring to the Emperor's warm-heartedness, his affectionate and winning disposition. M. Pietri could not understand how the Emperor had contrived to conceal his terrible pain from everybody.

"For five years," said another old friend, "he had suffered from that *pierre, grosse comme un œuf*. Dr. Corvisart showed it to me. It was evident, from the autopsy, that the malady would soon have ended fatally. An operation was the only chance of prolonging his life for a time."

Sir Henry Thompson marvelled how the Emperor could have remained for five hours on horseback at the battle of Sedan: "The pain which he must have endured is indescribable."

The Empress had a long conversation with Sir Henry on the day after the Emperor's death, and warmly thanked him for his devotion. "You know," she said to the eminent surgeon, "I am not one of those who only value success."

Prince Charles Bonaparte, who had been in the army, and had held a command at Metz, was devotedly attached to his imperial relative. "I believe," said Prince Charles, "the Emperor fully understood his dangerous condition. Only a month ago, in this little room, we were discussing the extraordinary change of public opinion in France, and the inevitable restoration of the Empire. About this the Emperor had no doubt whatever. 'But,' he observed with a sad smile, 'it is a great pity that I am so ill!'"

M. Rouher, on returning to Paris from Chislehurst

in December, 1872, told a friend that Sir Henry Thompson was preparing the Emperor for the operation which was performed on the following 2nd of January. Two days after M. Rouher's statement a report was current in Paris that the Emperor was dead ; and when, on January 9, the fact was published the Parisians would not credit it.

* * * * *

It was the day after, and in the centre of the bedroom was the open coffin.

The Emperor was fully dressed, in the uniform of a French General of Division, and on the blue tunic the Empress had placed a red rose on his breast, close to the grand cordon, the cross, and the plâque of the Legion of Honour, the military and the Italy medals, and the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. The sword which he had tendered to the King of Prussia was by his side, the *képi* at his feet. Rings remained on his fingers. The embalming had left the face of a bright yellow hue—or so it seemed to me in the dull candlelight. Two Sisters and a gentleman of the household watched. No one else was in the room, for the venerable Duc de Bassano, after leading me to the death-chamber, had retired.

Downstairs I witnessed a bewildering bustle—members of the household flitting from room to room ; one was jostled by servants ; the carpenters who were arranging the hall for the lying-in-state hammered and sawed until the din became insupportable ; it penetrated even to the Empress's room overhead, to her great distress.

Bonapartism had expired with the disaster of September 1, and now the one man who possessed any power of galvanizing it into a new existence was

lying there, on that camp-bed, in the long sleep which knows no awakening. So this was the end of it ! The once all-powerful ruler of France, whose legions I had seen beaten back, until night mercifully hid them from our sight, was there in front of me, an inert mass, beyond the reach of friend and of foe ! All was quiet ; but as I passed out of the death-chamber and down the long avenue, whose trees sobbed a requiem, I seemed to hear the thunderous roar of the cannon, and the sharp “ping” of the bullets, and the infernal rattle of the mitrailleuses, mingled with the shouts of triumph from helmeted Teutons, as the victorious armies of Kaiser Wilhelm tramped along the Unter den Linden, lined with the French cannon which had done good service on the fields of Saarbrücken, of Weissenberg, of Wörth, of Gravelotte, of Sedan, and a dozen others.

The Empress caused it to be intimated to the French mourners that she would receive them on the day following the funeral.

It was mid-January, but the afternoon was spring-like.

The principal apartment at Camden Place was the Blue Salon, into which we were ushered, and formed into two semicircular groups. The corridor was lined on both sides by gentlemen. The ladies assembled in the dining-room, and were the first to be received by the Empress. (No English ladies were present, and the only Englishmen I saw were the Duke of Cambridge and Captain Baynes, of the Metropolitan Police.)

I will endeavour to reconstitute the scene.

All the blinds are still down. Moving noiselessly about, the Duc de Cambacères, Grand Master of the

Ceremonies, murmurs instructions to one and orders to another. There is about this personage much more of the Bonapartist than is observable in his colleague, the Duc de Bassano ; he is the pink of courtesy, but lacks the geniality of his friend, whose kindness remains a fragrant memory. Surrounding the first-named, half a dozen officers and Ministers of the Second Empire exchange confidences in muffled tones. There are two Marshals : Lebœuf is one—he who boasted, the moment war was declared, that the French Army was so thoroughly equipped that not a gaiter-button was lacking. The other is Canrobert, who, although martyred by gout, contrives to walk without hobbling. Close by two other generals—Palikao and Goyon—stands a third, and him I regard with curiosity ; for this is Frossard, and I remember him at Saarbrücken. The man with the pleasant-looking English face is the Duc de Mouchy,* one of the half-dozen most prominent followers of the Third Napoleon, and husband of Princess Anna Murat, whose mother was an American, named Fraser, of New Jersey. Of course the Princes Murat are all in this mourning crowd.

And we are all interested at seeing stalwart, jovial General Fleury, Master of the Horse under the Empire, and later Ambassador at St. Petersburg, where the Empress-Regent made him stay in 1870, although he implored her to allow him to resign his diplomatic functions and join his old comrades in the field ; Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, who had been Minister of Marine ; Baron Haussmann, the creator of New Paris—he is conversing with the Marquis de Lavalette, the last of the Empire's Ambassadors to

* He died in 1909.

the Court of St. James; Carpeaux, the sculptor; cheery, round-faced, spectacled Baron Lambert, for twenty years the intimate friend of Napoleon III.; and the Baron de Pierres, the Comte de Brissac, Comte Marmesia, with scores besides, bearing names familiar to most English people. There is many a whispered consultation between the Duc de Bassano, M. Rouher, M. Pietri, M. Eugène Delessert (the Emperor's former secretary), and Comte Clary; and presently the doctors appear—Corvisart and Conneau.

We have been talking in undertones for more than an hour, when the clock on the mantelpiece chimes a quarter past two. Nothing is said, but instinctively our glances are turned towards the door. The sun shines in upon us through the white blinds—shines upon the Hope of France, who enters the Blue Salon, bowing right and left, like a young Sovereign, the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour across his breast. On his face there is a proud smile, full of hope. A week ago he was only the Prince Imperial—to-day he is Napoleon IV.

He is not yet seventeen; yet they made him "smell powder" at Saarbrücken. Worse, he was made to look ridiculous in the eyes of the world by the surreptitious publication of the Emperor's private despatch recounting the gallant behaviour of Louis before the enemy on the occasion of Frossard's splendid "victory" over a few hundred Prussians. Do you wonder that the sight of the "little Prince"—the new Emperor, Napoleon IV.—receiving the homage of the smashed and pulverized Bonapartist party brings tears into the eyes of young and old alike? The boy-Prince himself, by a violent effort, controls his emotion, but, fortunately, he has not to

open his lips—only to shake the hand of each and every man in that Blue Room, and allow his own hand to be kissed. This part of the ceremony over, the Prince takes up a position facing the door, and for the next five minutes there is unbroken silence. We are waiting for the Empress.

The coming of the imperial widow is heralded by the sobs and moans of those who line the corridor. The ladies, having been received by the Empress in the dining-room, have followed her through the sombre passages, and their emotion is contagious. We see coming towards us—tottering rather than walking—a figure of rather more than medium height, swathed in the deepest black, her cheeks of ashen whiteness, her eyes red and swollen with the tears which continue to flow. The Prince hastens to give her his arm, and so she passes round the Blue Room, as we all kneel to kiss the outstretched hands of the woman who, less than three short years ago, was the envied of her sex throughout the world, the Empress of the French, born “son excellence Marie Eugénie Guzman, Comtesse de Téba, Grande d’Espagne de première classe.”

Her Majesty has borne up most heroically while slowly passing along the ranks of those weeping veterans whose laurels were gained in the Crimea, where they fought side by side with our own soldiers—in Algeria, in Italy, and later on the sacred soil of their own France. She has seen them gazing wistfully and speechless from emotion into her swollen orbs, and has not completely broken down under the terrible strain. It is only when she finds herself confronted by a group of her son’s boy-comrades that she buries her face in her hands, and, sobbing, is

tenderly led, almost carried, away by her ladies-in-waiting.

A remarkable group of themselves, these fair members of the imperial widow's *entourage*. One of them is the Princesse de la Moskowa, and we remember that it was a daughter of that most eccentric lady of the same name whom the Duc de Persigny married, to his exceeding chagrin. Besides the amiable and witty Princesse de la Moskowa, there are in the suite of the Empress the Comtesse de la Poëze, Vicomtesse d'Aguado, Comtesse de Sancy, Mme. Sauley, Mme. Carette (who was later to publish some lively recollections of the Imperial Court), Mlle. de Larminat, and Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki—the two latter especially well known in this country, one as maid of honour, the other as “reader” to Her Majesty, first at “Camden” and later at Farnborough Hill.

The “little Prince” withdraws, accompanied by Comte Clary, General d'Espeuilles, and M. Augustin Filon, Prince Charles Bonaparte walking by his young relative's side. And so the function closes; and we stroll on the lawn, and talk of the future with Delessert and his bright son (one of the Prince's favourites), and dear old Baron Lambert.

The daily life at Camden Place was seldom changed. The room in which the Emperor died was always kept locked. The Empress was neither a player on any instrument nor a singer, but she made water-colour drawings of the room in which the Emperor died, and these drawings were later presented to M. Pietri. The Empress read the English newspapers before rising; the Prince was generally off for his early ride long before the appearance of the postman. All the household met in the picture-gallery, which contained

some fine Chaplins, at half-past eleven for lunch. Then were to be seen the Duc de Bassano, Comte and Comtesse Clary, Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki, Mlle. de Larminat, M. Filon, and M. Franceschini Pietri. After the "five o'clock" the Empress went for a drive or a walk, the Prince remaining at his studies. After dinner, at half-past seven, a very quiet evening was spent in the drawing-rooms. There was no music. The Prince read the English and French papers; some of the others played patience. The Empress retired very early. In those days, long before Cap Martin had attracted her, the Empress used to regularly winter at Florence—not because, as was asserted, she felt "a sensible *refroidissement* in the manner of the English Court and society" towards the imperial family, but because the dampness of Chislehurst was too much for her.

CHAPTER VI

THE EMPEROR'S PERSONALITY

BEFORE presenting some very unflattering portraits of Napoleon III., I would recall the Emperor as he struck me when he came to Chislehurst in March, 1871. A man of less than average height ; decidedly stout ; moustache and hair grey, or, to speak by the card, getting grey ; eyes which, ever and anon, flashed brightly ; the singularly large face with a heavy rather than the dreamy expression which, by common consent, marked him in earlier life ; the pose of the rather square body easy and undeniably dignified, whatever it may have been when a certain "Englishman" first met Prince Louis Napoleon. At Wilhelmshöhe he had had every facility for taking walking exercise ; but he was naturally of sedentary habits, and was, moreover, suffering acutely from the calculus, "as large as a pigeon's egg," which doubtless tended to shorten his days. His temperament was of the easy-going order, genial and kindly ; hardly the character that could refuse any favour that might be asked of him ; in brief, very prepossessing, most attractive—a man, as I have reason to know, greatly beloved by those who enjoyed his friendship, adored by his intimates. It is impossible to realize "Napoleon III. living in Circus Road, St. John's Wood, and drinking ale over the bar

of the Eyre Arms ;” yet that is how he was referred to in a London periodical in 1907 !

“ His face wan and pallid, its bony emaciated angles developed in prominent relief by the shaded lamps ; his upper lip covered with moustaches ; a lock of hair waving over a narrow forehead ; his nose large and long ; his eyes small and dull ; his attitude timid and anxious, bearing in no respect a resemblance to the Emperor—this man was the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.” That is “ how he looked ” when, on December 20, 1848, he was proclaimed President of the Republic in the National Assembly. The description is almost flattering when we remember that it is from the pen of Victor Hugo, to whom the Emperor of later days was “ Napoléon le Petit.”

Another close observer noted “ that well-known nose and well-waxed moustache, that retreating brain-cap and Dutch-built forehead.”

“ Everybody was struck by his short stature and his common appearance ; but his manners were good and not without dignity.” That is how Napoleon III. looked to Charles Greville, when the French Sovereigns first visited Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at Windsor in 1855. The Queen was “ perfectly satisfied ” with both the Emperor and the Empress. “ The former,” wrote the candid Clerk of the Council, “ did his best to please the Queen. He had much to say to Her Majesty, amused her, and was a success.”

The Duke of Cambridge (then Prince George) wrote to Captain Mildmay on December 3, 1849 :

“ Louis Napoleon is a wonderful fellow. He does the most extraordinary things, apparently with impunity, and has gained popularity by them. Still, I fancy he cannot go on long in this way, and though

I think he certainly has a great deal of tact and talent, still, I think he has not enough to carry him through so vast an undertaking, and that he will consequently break down in the attempt of making himself Emperor, or First Consul, which he is evidently driving at."

Less than a year later, however, the Duke's Diary contained this significant entry (September 3, 1850) :

"I wish I could see Louis Napoleon reviewing the fleet at Cherbourg ; it will be a very fine sight, I think. I cannot but think that it must end by his being Emperor sooner or later. Wonderful, when one remembers the insignificant figure he cut in England."*

The Emperor had a sincere friend and wellwisher in the Duke of Cambridge, who always spoke of him as "the Emperor of the French." In December, 1872, when Napoleon was certainly ill, but not seriously, the Duke went to Chislehurst to inquire how the patient was progressing. In his Diary the Duke notes : "He was in bed, and I did not see him, but I sat a long time with her [the Empress]. She was most agreeable and chatty, and looked very well, and seemed in good spirits. The Prince Imperial was out." On January 9, 1873 (the day of the Emperor's death), the Duke wrote : "I grieve over it much, as he was ever most kind and frank with me, and I entertained for him a real and cordial regard and esteem."

Were M. Émile Ollivier asked to-day to express his opinion in a nutshell of Napoleon III., the veteran statesman and author of the ablest and most exhaus-

* "George, Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life." Edited by Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. Longmans, Green and Co., 1906.

tive history of the Second Empire hitherto published, would probably repeat what he wrote in 1874 : " After a conversation, followed by many others, under serious circumstances, I found Napoleon III. the ablest and most serious statesman of all those, without any exception, whom I met during my long life amongst statesmen." That sentence formed a portion of the address which Ollivier prepared for his admission to the Institut. Some of the " Immortals " asked him to modify his praise of the Emperor, who had not been dead much more than a year ; Ollivier refused to change one word, with the result that the members decided that the public admission of their newly elected colleague should be indefinitely postponed !

Claude, the famous Claude, was Chief of Police under the Second Empire, and in his " Memoirs," issued in translated form in 1908, he thus sums up the Emperor : " Short-legged, with a long waist, he was framed like those great birds which are all body supported by webbed feet. He waddled as he walked, like a vulture. There was a mixture in this young man of the crafty bandit and the gentleman bandit. His countenance, almost burlesque, yet attractive, was not out of keeping with the corrupt faces around, which it mastered while harmonizing with them."

Claude was attached for a time to the section of the theatres, and he describes Louis Napoleon arriving at one of the playhouses " with unwashed hands and face to get a round of applause from the gallery." It was Claude, too, who had charge of the imperial baggage train in the first days of the war—the train which carried beds and frying-pans, " and a million in specie," and the state equipage in which the Emperor was to make his triumphant entry into Berlin. But is not the

"million in specie" a flight of fancy of M. Claude's? Anyway, we may be sure that what is meant is 1,000,000 francs, or £40,000, and one remembers that the captive Emperor wrote from Wilhelms Höhe to the Empress at Chislehurst: "I have not with me more than £8,000 (200,000 francs)," half of which he sent to Camden Place.

In the "Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl" (edited by Mrs. Simpson, and published in 1888) the Emperor is thus depicted:

"He is as unlike the ideal Frenchman as possible. The ideal Frenchman is, before all, social; this man is lonely. The Frenchman is expansive; this man is close and traitorous. The Frenchman is gay; this man is grave, laughs but little. The Frenchman is brilliantly valorous; this man gets frightened. He ran away at Boulogne, and even his partisans cannot quote a single anecdote 'où il a payé de sa personne' with the temerity natural to the French. The French are open and frank, though not very truthful. You may get the truth out of them easily. The only point of resemblance is vanity. But his [the Emperor's] is a close vanity, like private drinking; theirs is an open, expansive vanity, like conviviality."

Mr. Justin M'Carthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," shows us Napoleon III. in the most unattractive light.

"There were some personal reasons for particular distrust of the upcoming Empire among the English people. Louis Napoleon had lived many years in England. He was as well known there as any prominent member of the English aristocracy. He went a good deal into very various society—literary, artistic, merely fashionable, purely rowdy, as well as into that political society which might have seemed natural to him. In all circles the

same opinion appears to have been formed of him. From the astute Lord Palmerston to the most ignorant of the horse-jockeys and ballet-girls with whom he occasionally consorted, all who met him seemed to think of the Prince in much the same way. It was agreed on all hands that he was a fatuous, dreamy, moony, impracticable, stupid young man. A sort of stolid amiability, not enlightened enough to keep him out of low company and questionable contact, appeared to be his principal characteristic. We cannot remember one authentic account of any Englishman of mark at the time having professed to see any evidence of capacity and strength of mind in Prince Louis Napoleon."

And Mr. M'Carthy quotes this rather bitter gibe : "Louis Napoleon," said a member of the family, "deceived Europe twice—first when he succeeded in passing off as an idiot, and next when he succeeded in passing off as a statesman." We are not given the name of the imperial epigrammatist; many will be disposed to attribute it to the Emperor's candid cousin, Prince Jérôme Napoleon.

Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, met Louis Napoleon at dinner at Lady Blessington's. The Prince had recently escaped from Ham ; he had shaved off his moustache, and "his lower and least-pleasing features were completely exposed under the straggling stubble of hair beginning again to show itself."

To Mr. Sidney Whitman and others Prince Bismarck expressed the opinion that Napoleon III. was "overrated in intellect and underrated in heart."

It was reserved for the anonymous author of "An Englishman in Paris,"* whom some at first thought to

* London : Chapman and Hall.

have been the late Sir Richard Wallace, of Hertford House celebrity, to give a matchless word-portrait of Louis Napoleon before he became Prince-President—matchless for its bluntness and also for its Hogarthian detail. The Prince was staying at the Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, and, says the “Englishman” :

“ I must own I was disappointed. Though I had not the slightest ground for expecting to see a fine man, I did not expect to see so utterly an insignificant one, and badly dressed in the bargain. . . . And yet Lord Normanby, and a good many more, who have said that he looked every inch a King, were not altogether wrong. . . . Louis Napoleon's legs seemed to have been an afterthought of his Creator ; they were too short for his body, and his head appeared constantly bent down to supervise their motion ; consequently their owner was always at a disadvantage when compelled to make use of them. But when standing still or on horseback there was an indescribable something about the man which at once commanded attention. . . . Louis Napoleon was leaning in his favourite attitude against the mantelpiece, smoking the scarcely ever absent cigarette, and pulling at the heavy brown moustache, the ends of which, in those days, were not waxed into points as they were later on. There was not the remotest likeness to any portrait of the Bonaparte family I had ever seen. He wore his thin lank hair much longer than he did afterwards. The most startling features were decidedly the aquiline nose and the eyes. The latter, of a grayish-blue, were comparatively small and somewhat almond-shaped, but, except at rare intervals, there was an impenetrable look, which made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to read their owner's thoughts by them. If they were the ‘ windows of his soul,’ their blinds were constantly down.”

When the “Englishman” looked into the Prince's face, he “felt almost tempted to put him down as an

opium-eater. Ten minutes afterwards I felt convinced that, to use a metaphor, he himself was the drug, and that everyone with whom he came in contact was bound to yield to its influence." Cavaignac, Thiers, Lamartine, and Hugo, with others, "who wanted to make a cat's-paw of him, thought Louis Napoleon either an imbecile or a secret drunkard."

Louis Napoleon must have greatly changed in seven years, or "An Englishman in Paris" wrote under a complete misapprehension of the Prince's real character, for in 1855 Queen Victoria, in her remarkable "Memorandum," drawn up at Buckingham Palace, observes :

"It is therefore the more astounding, indeed almost incomprehensible, that he [the Emperor] should show all those powers of government, and all that wonderful tact in his conduct and manners which he evinces, and which many a King's son, nurtured in palaces and educated in the midst of affairs, never succeeds in attaining."*

"Le Petit Homme Rouge,"† the one English historian of the Imperial Court from 1852 till 1870 whose work is of value, portrays Louis Napoleon, at the age of forty-four, when Prince-President, as rather below middle height, with an almost colourless face and dark chestnut hair. "His almost black eyes seldom looked one in the face, and in later years were half closed and expressionless. He had physical vigour, and personal courage ; a dreamy, imaginative mind ; and a very amorous, sensual temperament," which some authorities assert was inherited from his

* "The Letters of Queen Victoria," vol. iii., p. 122. London : John Murray, 1908.

† "The Court of the Tuileries." By Le Petit Homme Rouge. Chatto and Windus, 1907.

mother. "His foster-sister, Mme. Cornu, said he had no moral sense whatever, but, by reason of his position, he exerted himself to keep his passions under control (in which he did not always succeed)." The moustache was originally "a medium brown, but in later years it was for a time darkened by a dye to conceal greyness." "He was not the savage brute suggested by Hugo in the 'Châtiments.'"

Music, or rather operatic music, evidently did not appeal to Napoleon III., for M. Ludovic Halévy, who died in May, 1908, records, in his diverting "Notes et Souvenirs," that the Emperor was seldom seen in his box at the Grand Opera, despite the remonstrances of his friends. "It is your theatre," they would say; "a Sovereign ought to show himself there; the Opera comes within the category of imperial functions." To this pressure the Emperor occasionally succumbed. Scarcely had he taken his seat than he fell into a sort of torpor. From time to time the Empress tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, whispering a few words to him. Then he glanced round the house, smiled vaguely at his consort, and relapsed into his dream.

An Englishman, known to me, who had an audience of the Emperor at the Tuileries, narrated this little incident in piquant fashion :

"Napoleon III., with that slow and awkward gait peculiar to him, enters the room, and approaches you, and, if you be a personal friend or foreigner of distinction, frankly extends his hand in recognition of your deep obeisance. If your business be political or purely social, His Majesty will probably consume countless cigarettes after having invited you to join him; but if the matter in hand be a commercial one, there will be no smoking, and nothing but receptive reserve on His Majesty's part. The last

words you hear form a kind reminder that you are expected at Compiègne. ‘We are to have private theatricals. Philippe de Massa gives us a comedy, or a *revue*, or something of that kind, and the Empress has asked Mme. de Metternich among others. C’est tout dire, n’est ce pas ?’” he adds with a smile.

The piece performed proved to be “*Les Commentaires de César*,” with the Prince Imperial in the part of a full-uniformed grenadier, and Princesse Pauline Metternich as a *vivandière* of the Turcos, with a song which had a great vogue :

“Je suis une guerrière,
 Au cœur, au cœur joyeux ;
 La vi, la vivandière
 Des Turcos bleus.”

Napoleon III. was, it would seem, about the same height as his renowned uncle. Our “Englishman” thought the nephew utterly undistinguished in appearance—a remark which reminds one of what Peltier said of Bonaparte when, on January 4, 1798 (15 nivôse, an VI.), he attended a public meeting of the Institut National and was elected a member. Neither his figure, nor his features, nor his bearing, made him more noticeable than other men, yet “all eyes were upon him.” Mercier describes him as of average height, with a slight stoop, “rather delicately corpulent,” the hair of a dark chestnut, pressed down over the large forehead ; large brown eyes, bright and prominent ; an aquiline nose, the chin turning upwards, “like that of Apollo Belvedere,” pale complexion, sunken cheeks, the voice loud and mannered. His air was grave, serious as Cato’s, yet frank, with none of that austerity which characterized the head of Brutus. When, in Italy, his generals asked him how

he would occupy himself when peace sent them all home, Bonaparte said he should shut himself up and work, in the hope that some day he might be deemed worthy of membership of the Institut ! His nephew was equally a student. We know that his literary output during his six years' captivity at Ham was very considerable.

Mme. Cornu's letters* show in great detail the intellectual side of Louis Napoleon's life while he was at Ham. It was Louis Philippe, said Mme. Cornu, who made Louis Napoleon a man of letters, but during the sixth year of his imprisonment he exhibited signs of exhaustion. "He would have become stupid, perhaps mad, if his captivity had continued." He had not been very long at Ham before he had completed the "*Notes sur les Amorce Fulminantes et sur les Attelages. Par le Prince Napoléon Louis Bonaparte,*" and requested the commandant of the fortress to send a copy of the work to Marshal Soult. In the same year he wrote to ask his foster-sister's acceptance of another work which he had published; this was "*Fragments Historiques, 1688 et 1830,*" the first edition of which was registered in the "*Bibliographie de la France*" in June, 1841. His letters to Mme. Cornu are full of allusions to "proofs," books and manuscripts which he required, and so on. They show his amazing intellectual activity throughout his long captivity.

In June, 1841, he confided to Mme. Cornu that he had a "great project" in his head—that was, to write a life of Charlemagne. "Will you," he wrote, "do me a great service: ask Professor Schlosser, of

* "*La Revue*" (Paris), November to December, 1909. By Seymour de Ricci.

Heidelberg, to give me a list of German books, or records, which are necessary for the writing of such a work ? I shall be grateful also for all the ideas which you yourself can give me on the subject."

Acknowledging a letter containing his foster-sister's New Year wishes (1843) and some *jolies petites choses*, the Prince wrote :

"Do not think you are dealing with an ingrat. I thoroughly appreciate you, and I love you *de toute votre valeur*—that is to say, 36 carats ! . . . I am in the way of making a great discovery, a new application of galvanism to industry. I am not sure if I shall succeed, but the mere hope that I shall amuses me. Yes, hope—that is the real divine flame which animates us all and changes unhappiness to joy, the desert into a fertile plain. I have never abandoned hope."

In 1842 Captain Jean Baptiste Brunet had published a work entitled "*Histoire Générale de l'Artillerie.*" Mme. Cornu, whom nothing escaped, sent her captive foster-brother a review of the book by one Major Renard ; and the Prince wrote (1845) :

"Major Renard's notice much pleased me, and gave me a high opinion of the capacity of its author. I should much like to have the inventory of the artillery at Ghent in 1390, and more especially the [financial] accounts of that town which are to be found in the historical archives of the fourteenth century, collected by M. Lenz and referred to by Major Renard. In my work I shall not be so lenient as Renard to Captain Brunet, who has written, not a history, but a romance. I am returning your box [of books], retaining only 'Naudé,' 'Guillaume de Tyr,' 'L'Instruction Historique,' and the 'Jouvencel.' As to the two large manuscripts which I return you, there has been a mistake, for in No. 7534 I do not find the 'Roman'

by Claris, nor anything resembling it, and in the 'Chroniques Martinienues' there is nothing but a history of the Popes which is quite uninteresting, not even mentioning the Battle of Saint Jacques (1444) or the reign of Charles VII. M. Quicherat has made a mistake. I particularly want some information about this battle, of which M. Michelet speaks; but do not try to find the 'Roman' by Claris, for I have more interesting works to consult. Send me, if possible, the books for which I asked in my last letter. . . . M. Renard indicates some sources which I will ask you about later, as I do not want to overburden you with my requests. . . . I am now finishing my first volume, but I am in urgent need of some further details. Try especially to send me the two manuscripts which I mentioned in my last letter—Guido du Vigevano and Bartolomeo Carusi."

The above was written in January, 1845. In May, 1846, he sent Mme. Cornu some finally revised proofs of his new book, with the remark that a fatality surrounded his work. His eyes had been giving him much trouble, and this trouble—a dilation of the pupil, "mais ce ne sera pas grand'chose, j'espère"—had prevented him from writing anything for several days. "I have written to Dumaine to send you all the proofs *with the copy*, and not to send me any more direct. Please, for the next few days, send me only the second proofs, corrected."

That was his last letter from Ham. It was dated May 24. The next morning he escaped from the fortress, disguised in the blouse of the workman Badinguet, and on the 31st he addressed, from London, a letter to Mme. Cornu, beginning:

"You must have been astonished at the step which I took suddenly. In my opinion it was the best thing I could do to make an end of it. Luckily, everything

succeeded as I had desired. I hope to be able to rejoin my father at Florence immediately. But what particularly grieves me is that I have not finished my first volume. Here I can, of course, go on with it at the library with more ease than at Ham, but if I go to Florence I shall be much delayed. Besides, as I told you, I am still unable to see with one eye. Yesterday the oculist told me to put some leeches on it; that much worries me. I should therefore like Dumaine to publish, as a first part, all my 'copy' which he now has, and which completes the period of Louis XIV. I hope, my dear Hortense, despite the distance which separates us, and my departure, which perhaps did not enter into your head, you will continue to help me with my work, and continue the friendship which I so highly value. I really do not know where you can send me the third proofs, for here, I understand, nothing can come in a wrapper except at an enormous expense. I will inquire about this. As to the details of my journey, they have been given in the newspapers, and I do not think it would interest you to repeat them. I arranged everything so well that eight hours after leaving Ham I was in Belgium, and twelve hours later I was in England. It was like a dream. I have not had any news of good Conneau. He was more dead than alive the morning I left—not on his own account, but on mine. I hope they will not be too hard upon him. Send me some news about him. Before I left I arranged about the children,* and I left Aly to do as she liked with them until they are old enough to go to school. Bon [Philippe Le Bon,

* While he was in captivity at Ham the Prince became the father of three sons, for all of whom he provided. One, who was made Comte de Labenne, died in 1882; and another, Comte d'Orx, in February, 1910, at the age of sixty-eight. The mother was Alexandrine Vergeot, who had waited on the Prince at Ham. She is said to have ultimately married a M. Bure, who became Paymaster in the imperial household. The children bore the surname of Bure. No attempt was made to conceal their origin.—AUTHOR.

the Prince's former tutor] knows my intentions respecting them. Here people have been very good to me, and, generally speaking, say I was right [in escaping]. Let me know the effect my departure has had in Paris, and what people are saying."

Before the Prince escaped from Ham, Louis Philippe had abdicated and the Republic had been proclaimed. On June 30 the Prince wrote from London to Mme. Cornu referring to the terrible events in Paris :

"How I congratulate myself that I resigned ; had I not done so, I should undoubtedly have been made the pretext for this horrible battle. Despite that, however, I know that I have been calumniated, and that it has been said that I supported the *émeute*. But I am not much perturbed by reports which will be cleared up by facts. We live in terrible times, and wherever I look I see nothing but an early dissolution of society. Meantime my heart refuses to believe what my eyes see, and I still hope that France will emerge triumphantly from this *gâchis* of mud and blood."*

The features and pose of Louis Napoleon readily lent themselves to the art of the caricaturist. From the *Coup d'État* down to almost his last days, the satirists pursued him with their relentless pencils. It was said of the innumerable caricatures of the Emperor published in Germany in 1870-71 that there was nothing savage or ungenerous about them. Even the almanac of a hundred pages issued at the beginning of 1871 by *Kladderadatsch* was singularly moderate. The "baptism of fire" episode at Saarbrücken was made the most of, and furnished a text for the most bitter invective against the Emperor, Empress, and Prince

* "La Revue." By Seymour de Ricci.

Imperial. The boy, wearing a paper cocked hat, was held in the arms of a grinning Turco to see the burning town below (as a matter of fact, Saarbrücken never was burnt), the soldiers lying down and smoking, all enjoying it as if it was some spectacle. It was legitimate to make much fun of the Napoleonic boots (jack-boots, such as the Emperor certainly never wore in the campaign) and the cocked hat, which were shown tossing about on the waves of the Channel, the Emperor clinging to one boot, the Empress to the other, out of which "Lulu" furtively peeped. Then there was a picture of a menagerie; one compartment was inscribed "Leo-pard," the next "Bona-pard (Corsica)," behind which was Napoleon clutching the bars of the cage, while "Lulu" hopped about as a chained monkey. In another cage appeared the peacock (Spain), the Empress strutting with a magnificent tail, while outside was King William (not yet Kaiser) as the showman, whip in hand. The "Napoleonometer" showed the changes of the Emperor's countenance, marked on a graduated scale, as news of one defeat after the other reached him. The first "wire" had told of the "victory" at Saarbrücken on August 2; this evoked a smirk of satisfaction. After the news of the Battle of Weissenberg there was a twinge of doubt and uneasiness; after Wörth, a dragged, scared look; the fighting around Metz changed the Emperor's face into that of an old man—the moustache out of curl, the hair standing on end, the heavy jaws sunk. For Sedan there was a double-page picture, the Emperor being represented as a battered old Frenchman surrendering his sword to the King, Bismarck, and Moltke.

The German caricaturists had made Napoleon III.

a target for their barbed shafts all through the sixties, at a period when the democratic papers were reproaching Bismarck for treading in the Emperor's footsteps! In a caricature published by the *Frankfurter Latern* in 1863, Bismarck appeared as "The New Blücher." In a cavalry uniform he was riding on a Gallic cock, the saddle inscribed, "Eisen und Blut." Napoleon III. figured in the Munich *Punsch*, in 1863, in a classical subject; the Emperor as Clytemnestra, Bismarck as Egistha, preparing to give the *coup de grâce* to the Zollverein, which preceded the Confederation of 1867. Bismarck, pulling back the curtain, behind which was the figure of the victim on a couch, had in his left hand a sword. He was evidently "infirm of purpose," for Napoleon (a podgy, dwarfish figure), with one hand on the hilt of the sword and the other on Bismarck's shoulder, was urging him on with the sarcasm: "Joli coco, par ma foi! Et ça voudrait être mon ami! Reviens-y, et je te fi—— un coup de pied quelque part. Tu n'est point digne que l'on compromette pour toi sa mauvaise réputation." The artist had given Napoleon a huge hooked nose, and that organ did not decrease in size in the thousands of subsequent caricatures.

In another of the same journal's caricatures (1865), Bismarck, in the character of an old-clothes man, entered a room in which Napoleon III. was seated reading. Across the intruder's shoulders was a large bag, inscribed "North Schleswig" and "Rhein." "Have you anything to exchange?" he inquired; "do you want to buy anything?" "Thank you," replied the Emperor, "but I never buy stolen goods." "What do you mean by stolen? Did you bring into the world when you were born all the property you

now possess ? Yet you have some very nice things !” Napoleon : “ Come back when it’s dark !”

Between 1867 and 1870, it is remarkable that Bismarck very seldom, if ever, appeared in the Spanish, Italian, English, or American caricatures, while the face of Napoleon III. appeared everywhere, the nose, as usual, absurdly *bombé*. The Spanish artists represented him as a veritable Punchinello. The caricaturists had no grudge against Prussia ; the man they never left alone was the Emperor of the French. The leading German journal of caricature was then, as now, the Berlin *Kladderadatsch*, which Napoleon III. read regularly. This need not surprise us, for Queen Victoria found the Emperor “ as *unlike* a *Frenchman* as possible, being much more *German* than French in character ” (the italics are the Queen’s) ; while the “ Englishman in Paris ” said the Emperor’s “ English was that of an educated German who had taken great pains to get the right accent and pronunciation, without, however, completely succeeding, and when I heard him speak French I detected at once his constant struggle with the same difficulties.” The critic had evidently overlooked the fact that the Emperor had received his early education in Germany, at the Augsburg Gymnasium. While, however, the Emperor was deeply interested in, and probably amused by, *Kladderadatsch*, it did not please him to know that it was to be found at all the great *cafés*. The satirical journals of Italy and Spain—to mention no others—were rigorously stopped at the frontier ; yet the mordant *Kladderadatsch* seems to have been allowed to circulate freely.

The Emperor’s desire for a quiet life, which, however, he did not over-exert himself to secure, is

illustrated by an anecdote narrated by a personage who is described as "one of the famous 'Five.'"*

Whenever it was possible for him to snatch a respite from the official round at the Tuileries, the Emperor liked nothing better than to seek out his cousin, Prince Napoleon, in the Palais Royal, and chat over a cigarette. One afternoon the narrator of the incident happened to be with the Prince in his study, when two or three gentle taps were heard at a secret door which gave access to a long passage leading from the Palais Royal to the Tuileries.

"Come in," said the Prince; the door opened, the Emperor entered, and the Prince's visitor rose to take leave. The Emperor, however, begged him to remain, and he was naturally nothing loath. After the exchange of a few commonplaces, the Emperor, standing before the fire and lighting a cigarette, said to his cousin: "Tell me, Napoleon, does thy wife ever make scenes?"

The Prince, rather surprised at this question, looked at the Emperor for a moment, and then replied: "What scenes could she make?"

"Scenes of jealousy, for instance."

"No!"

"That's very strange," continued the Emperor, "for thou art a *mauvais sujet*, Napoleon; everybody knows that, and Clotilde cannot ignore it."

"It's true," said the Prince philosophically; "I am what you say, Sire, and doubtless my wife knows my habits. But why should Clotilde worry about it? Why should she reproach me? Was not Victor Emmanuel also *un coureur de guilledou*? She knows it. And as her husband, in this respect, resembles her father, she ought in justice to remember that it is always so with Kings."

* "Les Cinq" consisted of Émile Ollivier, Jules Favre, Henon, Darimon, and Picard, all in opposition at the time they were so styled.

The Emperor smiled.

"Thou art a singular moralist," he said, "and thou art a happy man. I wish I had a wife like yours. Life is impossible with Eugénie. I cannot receive a visit from a lady or glance at a petticoat without incurring the risk of a violent quarrel. The Empress's lamentations echo through the Tuileries." There was silence for a few seconds; then the Emperor continued: "Tell me, Napoleon, dost not thou know any way of preventing Eugénie from being so quarrelsome?"

The Prince reflected for a moment; then, with his wonted brusqueness, answered: "There is only one way, Sire."

"And that is——"

"To give your wife a good slapping the next time she makes a scene in your presence!"

The Emperor shook his head sadly, but for the moment took no other notice of his cousin's outspokenness, which he so much appreciated ordinarily. Then he murmured simply: "You do not mean that? If I only *threatened* Eugénie, she is capable of opening the window and shrieking 'Murder!'"*

Bismarck said all that was necessary for a Sovereign was a knowledge of foreign languages and how to ride—he need not bother about anything else. Napoleon III. was certainly a good linguist and first-rate in the saddle. He appears, however, on his own admission, to have been an indifferent Latinist. Entering the Prince Imperial's study one day, he found his son engrossed in a Latin exercise, poring over Noël's big Latin-French dictionary. "Ah," said he sympathetically to the perplexed boy, "these Latin translations are very troublesome—I could never do them myself." The shocked tutor, feeling that, in

* "L'Impératrice Eugénie." By Pierre de Lano. Paris: Victor Havard. 1894.

the interest of his pupil, for the credit of the Emperor, and for the reputation of the classics, it was necessary for him to say something, murmured respectfully : " Yet your Majesty has made an admirable translation of ' Cæsar's Commentaries.' " " It isn't mine," replied the Emperor, and retired, leaving M. Monnier to explain to the astonished Prince that this was one of his father's jokes, and that he really knew Latin as well as any, and probably better than most, of the professors at the Sorbonne.

CHAPTER VII

NAPOLEON III. AT SEDAN AND AT WILHELMSHÖHE*

GERMAN papers vie with each other in recalling the anniversary of Sedan [September 1, 1870]. If every true French heart bleeds at the thought of that tragic day, no one has the right to banish these poignant souvenirs. The causes and results of this sombre drama have been so widely discussed that one hardly knows how to approach the subject, except by producing fresh evidence. It is this evidence, which is stamped upon my memory, having heard it with my own ears, or having collected it from letters written to my father [the late General Comte Fleury, who had been Ambassador of France at the Russian Court] the day after the catastrophe, that I will now bring forward.

I particularly remember General Vicomte Pajol narrating the tragic story in my father's study, Rue du Cirque. He stood in front of the equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. (by Alfred de Dreux), and

* These valuable human documents are from the brilliant pen of Comte Fleury, son of General Fleury, the devoted friend of Napoleon III., Ambassador to Russia in 1870, and thereafter a frequent visitor at Chislehurst. These interesting and intimate revelations are given here by the kind permission of M. Arthur Meyer, to whose influential and popular journal, the *Gaulois*, they were contributed by Comte Fleury in 1908.

I see his flashing eyes, his heavy moustache, and his energetic gestures—I see also those eyes wet with tears as he spoke of his Sovereign. General Pajol did not, so to speak, quit the Emperor during the whole of that 1st of September. He saw him remain for nearly five hours on his horse, despite the fearful suffering which caused him now and then to dismount and lean against a tree, without complaining, his clenched hand the sole indication that what he was enduring was almost beyond his strength to bear.

The Emperor arrived on the battle-field at the moment when Marshal MacMahon was taken away wounded. He stops to exchange a few words with MacMahon and General de Vassoigne, then continues his way to Bazeilles. The shells rain, for the group of officers surrounding the Sovereign had not failed to attract the enemy's attention. The Emperor does not wish to expose his staff uselessly. He makes the officers take shelter near the village of Balan, keeping by his side only General Pajol, Captain d'Hendecourt, Commandant Hepp, and Comte Davilliers. He advances under the crests of Moncelle. The rain of shells continues.

"The Emperor," General Pajol said, "remained immovable, as if waiting for one of the projectiles to hit him."

As the lines of marine infantry—the men who fought so heroically at Bazeilles—retired, the Emperor sent Captain d'Hendecourt to ask the reason. Scarcely had he gone on his mission than he was killed by a shell a few yards from the Emperor. On the heights of Givonne, General de Wimpffen joins the Emperor. He is full of hope and of illusions, and says (General Pajol remembers the exact words): "Your Majesty

must not be perturbed. In a couple of hours I shall have thrown them into the Meuse !”

The Emperor posts himself on the heights to the left of the Bois de la Garenne. There again the shells fall all round him. A shell drops near General de Courson, another near Captain de Trécesson, both officers forming part of the imperial staff. The horses rear, and two fall mortally wounded. The Emperor is covered with smoke and dust. Death passed by, passed incessantly, reserving its victim for a still longer agony. Listen to M. Jeannerod, the correspondent of the *Temps*: “The Emperor wanted to die ; the fact is now proved. Death passed as near to him as to Ney on the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, when the bullets which he called obstinately spared him !”

When, about half-past eleven, the Emperor returned to Sedan in order to confer with the Marshal [Mac-Mahon], and with the intention to come back through the gate of Mézières, more than 30,000 disbanded soldiers filled the streets. The avalanche of projectiles kept increasing. A shell bursts close to the Emperor’s horse ; the Sovereign is covered with dust ; while all with him press anxiously forward, believing that he is killed. “Not a muscle of his face moved,” says M. Jeannerod. “All he did was to make a gesture to stop the acclamations with which he was still received.”

As to the second part of the battle, here are some curious details which I had from a letter written by General Faverot de Kerbrech. Baron Faverot, then a Captain, had been detailed for duty near the Emperor ; then he was made orderly-officer to General Ducrot. He was one of the combatants of that sombre

day, and saw a great deal. The long letter which he wrote to his former chief, General Fleury, on September 8, from Mougienne, on the road from Sedan to Pont-à-Mousson, is full of valuable information, and completes that which he himself published a few months before his death.

First he narrates how Ducrot, whom MacMahon nominated Commander-in-Chief, gave the order to retreat from the side of Illy—a movement which was carried out in good order; then how General de Wimpffen, who had arrived from Algeria, exhibited an official letter from the Minister giving *him* the command. Ducrot bowed before these superior orders, but he gave advice to General de Wimpffen, demonstrating to him that “all would be lost if we did not occupy Illy, that our line of retreat was cut, and that, finally, we should be hugged by the Prussians if we did not keep the Mézières road.”

De Wimpffen was of a different opinion, and he disregarded Ducrot's view of the situation. Towards eleven o'clock Ducrot again insists: “Let me make a desperate effort at the side of Illy.” Wimpffen consents. “It is then,” writes Captain Faverot, “that begins the splendid multiple rôle of General Ducrot. This man, at this supreme moment, was as admirable as Ney, as Murat. He sent me to all the cavalry generals to explain what he wanted them to do. Death was certain—success doubtful.”

Captain Faverot fulfils his mission. Then the artillery is brought up, and finally two divisions of infantry were to come to the support of General Douay, who was half smashed. “Then,” continues Faverot, “we returned to the plateau, where the shells fell so thickly that there was not an inch of ground

in the ravine which was untouched. There we placed our batteries. . . . At this moment the cavalry debouched, the Chasseurs d'Afrique leading. Ducrot, believing that the 4th Division was following him, places himself in front of the first regiment with General Margueritte, and heads the charge. The infantry weakened. With extraordinary efforts we take them with the bayonet, whilst the Chasseurs d'Afrique charge."

Captain Faverot was sent to General de Galliffet. "Galliffet was admirable. He led me to a ravine behind which were the Prussians; it was folly to attack them. I went back to tell the General so. The General returns with me, and shows Galliffet a point favourable to a charge. We put ourselves at the head of the first squadron, and Galliffet starts at a gallop. Nothing was finer than the sang-froid and the fine figure of Galliffet, elegant and tranquil in the midst of this deluge of shells and bullets. He and Ducrot had the honours of the day."

I ought to name many others. One cannot forget General Margueritte, fatally wounded at the head of his squadrons. "We are smashed, overwhelmed by the horror of what passes," writes Captain Faverot to my father; "but, General, I cannot tell you how proud I am of these two men, of having followed them during two hours, and of learning what intelligence and bravery can do. The cavalry was superb; their fate tells us so. Galliffet lost twenty-three officers out of thirty-eight; Bauffremont, twenty-five out of forty. The artillery was very fine. With a handful of general officers like Ducrot, with two brigades of infantry, we should have taken Illy, and France would have been saved. But, despite superhuman efforts,

the General was not completely followed. It was too late—the helter-skelter had begun. Ducrot himself returned sadly to Sedan, where all defence was useless, and where this mass of men, heaped up in a wash-hand basin, rendered all resistance absurd.”

That is why, a sortie having become impossible, the Emperor, reassuming for a moment the authority of which he had been despoiled, ordered the white flag to be hoisted. In April, 1872, the *Temps* avowed that it was impossible to avoid the surrender of the 60,000 men heaped up in the town. Replying to a vehement article in the *Siècle*, J. J. Weiss wrote in the *Paris-Journal* :

“In view of the scenes before his eyes the Emperor remembered that he was Emperor, and that he alone would be called to account for so many useless horrors if he let them continue another hour. He ordered, and the carnage ceased. That is what has been called the ‘mud of Sedan’! We shall have the honour to discuss this metaphor on the day when it is demonstrated that the ghastly phrase of the correspondent of the *Siècle*, ‘they marched over the wounded,’ was only a figure of rhetoric.”

In the course of a great political trial, shortly afterwards, the president of the court, Drouet d’Arcq, when summing up, said: “As to the white flag, it is certain that the initiative was taken by the Emperor; but it was a question of humanity—I will even say an act of charity—before which, to whatever party we may belong, we must bow.”

We know the story, so widely circulated, and illustrated by a talented artist, of the imaginary attitude of the Emperor on the battle-field and before the King of Prussia; the picture representing the Emperor, in a carriage with outriders, passing over the *débris*

of the French army, and smoking his eternal cigarette whilst riding over the wounded and the dead. General Pajol wrote a letter to the papers giving the simple facts, of which he had been an eyewitness. The letter, however, did not obtain sufficient circulation, and M. Thiers prevented greater publicity being given to it.

These two letters, written by the Emperor to the Empress on September 2, 1870 (the day after the battle of Sedan, and the day on which Napoleon III. surrendered to King William), are very little known.

The first is dated from the imperial headquarters, and runs :

“It is impossible for me to tell thee what I have suffered and still suffer. We made a march contrary to all principles and to common-sense. That was bound to lead to a catastrophe. It is complete. I should have preferred death to witnessing so disastrous a capitulation. However, in the circumstances, it was the only way of avoiding a butchery of 60,000 men.

“I think of thee, of our son, of our unhappy country. May God protect it! What is happening in Paris?”

In his second letter to his consort, written at Bouillon, the Emperor says :

“Imagine an army surrounding a fortified town, and being itself surrounded by very superior forces. After a few hours our troops wanted to return to Sedan. Then the town found itself full of a compact crowd, and upon this agglomeration of human heads the shells rained from all sides. . . . In this extremity the generals came to tell me that all resistance was impossible. There was no more ammunition—no more food. An attempt to make a gap was

unsuccessful. I remained on the battle-field four hours. The journey to-day through the midst of the Prussian troops was a real torment."

The Emperor started for Cassel. At Verviers he was in great danger, so excited were the people. The sang-froid of General Baron Chazal silenced the insulters. Hardly had Napoleon III. reached Wilhelmshöhe than he learnt of the revolution in Paris. He was still to live for two years ; but from September 1 he was stricken by death. "Conneau," said he, in a voice hardly intelligible, a few moments before breathing his last—"Conneau, you were at Sedan?" The wound had never closed!

The correspondence and the notes of my father, who, after his return from Russia, paid several visits to the Emperor Napoleon during his captivity, and the letters addressed to my father by one of his great friends who was attached to the person of the Sovereign captive, enable me to furnish some new details of the life led at Wilhelmshöhe by Napoleon III. and his household.

Of politics, in the strict sense of the word, there is here little or no question. We know, more or less completely, how the Emperor, after the Empress-Regent had been approached, was solicited by Prussia to negotiate directly in view of a treaty of peace which M. de Bismarck declared would be more favourable to France if it were signed by Napoleon III. instead of by the Government of National Defence, which was regarded by our adversaries as an irregular and provisional Government.

The Emperor has arrived at Wilhelmshöhe with Prince Joachim Murat, Lieutenant Prince Achille

Murat, the Generals Prince de La Moskowa, Comte Reille, Castelnau, de Waubert de Genlis, and Vicomte Pajol, his aides-de-camp; Commandant Hepp and Captain de Lauriston, his orderly-officers; Comte Davilliers, premier écuyer; M. Raimbeaux, écuyer; Drs. Conneau and Baron Corvisart; and M. Franceschini Pietri.* All will share his captivity until the last moment.

Life at Wilhelmshöhe is uniform and monotonous. The great palace, with its innumerable windows close together and its colonnaded portico, is solemn and dismal. A large park, which a sheet of snow will cover from November, will serve for the daily walk of the captive Emperor and his companions. "The Emperor," wrote General — to General Fleury, "is the object of the most delicate hospitality. It is known that at Berlin someone takes care that nothing is wanting by him who is struck by so great a misfortune."

If, as Dante said and Musset repeated, "there is no greater misery than happy recollections in times of sorrow," the sojourn at Wilhelmshöhe will be particularly painful to the Emperor, for everywhere he will find souvenirs of his brilliant childhood. Although he was quite young at the time of the sojourn of Napoleon I. at the magnificent Court of King Jérôme [King of Westphalia] and Queen Catherine, Napoleon III. remembered it. Of those distant times he had talked with Prince Achille Murat during the mournful journey from the Belgian frontier to Cassel.

Vague as are those recollections, they are revived by

* Nearly all the personages here mentioned by Comte Fleury were familiar figures during the imperial family's residence at Chislehurst. One of the few survivors is M. Pietri, who is still with the Empress at Farnborough Hill.

certain objects left in the Château by the Prince of Hesse.

On the day after his arrival the Emperor had asked to be permitted to stroll through the Château, which he had only partly seen formerly. Broken in soul and body by the physical and moral tortures which he had endured, and which were increased by the news from Paris, he walked with bowed head, casting almost indifferent glances at the rooms which opened one after the other before his distracted gaze.

Suddenly, it not occurring to anybody to warn him, he found himself opposite a smiling portrait, resplendent with youth and grace, that a ray of light illuminated at the moment. It was his mother's portrait !

The Emperor took a step backwards, struck, as it were, *en pleine poitrine*. As those who accompanied him remained immovable and struck, the Emperor indicated, by a movement of his hand, that he wished to be alone. The aides-de-camp withdrew under the influence of inexpressible emotion. They waited for more than half an hour ere the Emperor called them in. What happened during that time, when, at the dawn of his captivity, the Sovereign crushed by Fate found himself unexpectedly before the portrait of Queen Hortense, for whom, as all know, he professed an almost idolatrous worship ? What scene of dramatic fiction can equal this *face-à-face* of the mother and son in an hour of anguish and almost hopelessness ? This portrait—it was the ray of hope illuminating the prison of vanquished Cæsar. The Emperor left this room enveloped by the image of Queen Hortense ; his forehead momentarily cloudless, almost serene ; his pale face lit up by half a smile.

How do the prisoners pass their day ? The details are given me in private letters, from which I extract the substance, omitting the political impressions.

The Emperor rises usually between seven and eight. When his toilette is finished he takes a cup of tea, and opens the window, no matter what the weather may be—and about Christmas time the glass was often more than 20° Réaumur.

An agitated multitude waited for his rising. The park sparrows, famished and half frozen, have soon found out that the palace, deserted for so many winters, has received a guest, and these feathered mendicants come every day to ask the charity which is distributed to them in the form of *petits pains* which the Emperor crumbles solicitously. Has he not always loved the humble ? They become so exigent, these birdlets, that sometimes they worry him when he is shaving ; these applicants, tapping with their beaks, have more than once made the razor slip in his hands. After shaving, the Emperor goes to his desk and writes without interruption until ten o'clock—private correspondence. From ten until eleven he reads the letters received and goes through the Belgian, English, and German newspapers. From their columns he endeavours to get an exact idea of what is passing in France ; but, to his great regret, he does not completely succeed. Very few French journals come to hand, and those irregularly.

At eleven o'clock comes lunch—very simple, and got through quickly ; during the meal the Emperor discusses with his officers the news brought by the post. Immediately afterwards all assemble in the next room. Commandant Hepp, an Alsatian by origin, translates to the generals the military news in the

German papers which the Emperor has marked with a red pencil. During the day, save for an hour and a half devoted to a walk in the park, with all the companions of his captivity, the Emperor remains alone in his room. He reads, or prepares his night's work.

At half-past five the Emperor dresses for dinner. He always comes down *en habit*, wearing the plâque of the Legion of Honour. All the members of his household appear in evening garb.

The dinner is simple and brief. A little light Moselle wine is drunk. Queen [afterwards the Empress] Augusta had chosen for the Emperor's domestics persons who were not Germans.

After dinner comes coffee, in the smoking-room, whilst the letters are being sent off by the last post. Often the Emperor retires at the end of a quarter of an hour ; sometimes he remains. To banish the painful thoughts of the day all take refuge in literature. One of the aides-de-camp reads scenes or passages from Corneille, Racine, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, or De Musset, and, abstractedly, the Emperor listens to the sonorous rhymes. Sometimes General Reille, a very fine reader, reads some romance or other. " ' Colomba ' interests us," writes General — to General Fleury ; " send us some books." And from Lausanne, where my father lives temporarily, he sends the volumes which are wanted. At nine o'clock, at latest, the Emperor rises, shakes hands with all, beginning with the Princes Murat, and retires slowly to his work-room. Once more he opens the window, if the weather is not too bad, to get a mouthful of fresh air. His eye pierces the horizon, whilst in the night the police and the soldiers go their rounds. As

for him, he watches. In these hours of solitude he can put his notes in order, and jot down the impressions of the day, which will serve him for a future work. He has marked out the lines for a brochure which will bear the name of the Marquis de Gricourt, "Des Relations de la France avec l'Allemagne." He works at another essay upon "L'Organisation Militaire de l'Allemagne du Nord."* As he has formerly done at Ham, the captive forces himself to give his actual thoughts a respite.

On New Year's Day the Emperor receives telegrams from *all* the Sovereigns of Europe, the German Princes excepted. But Comte de Mons, Governor of Cassel, comes, on behalf of the King of Prussia and his allies, to bring their wishes for "future good relations between the different nations of Germany and France." Queen Augusta had written a personal letter to the Emperor.

The Emperor was profoundly touched by an address, with 30,000 signatures, emanating from the French prisoners. The old faithful ones all recalled themselves to him; there were some abstentions, but very few. The Emperor was most touched by receiving two little bunches of faded violets, which, in some inexplicable manner, had been sent out of besieged Paris. On one of them was written, "Un vrai Français"; on the other, "Une famille d'ouvriers reconnaissants" (A grateful workman's family). The Emperor took those two bouquets to Chislehurst.

The Emperor received more visits than he expected—even more than he wished. Some officials requested

* Neither of these brochures seems to have been published. Perhaps they were never completed. But, anyway, the manuscripts must be at Farnborough Hill.

permission to come and see him. The Emperor replied that he did not want them to come, "wishing to preserve for France their knowledge and experience." Some former faithful ones journeyed to Wilhelmsöhe. After the fall of Metz the chiefs of the imprisoned army came to Cassel. "The interview was a painful one," wrote General ——. "Marshal Canrobert was very warmly received, and the Emperor embraced him several times."

The Emperor was very solicitous for the fate of the prisoners. Nearly all the money which he had possessed at Sedan had been distributed to the soldiers. He had very little of it left. He wrote to the Empress, who had arrived in England empty-handed: "I have not with me more than 200,000 francs (£8,000); but, like thee, I am proud to have fallen from the throne without having sent money abroad."

With the assistance of his old friend, Comte Arèse, the Palace of the Cæsars at Rome was sold to the Italian Government for nearly 1,000,000 francs (£40,000). The Emperor divided that sum into two equal parts—one for Chislehurst, the other for Wilhelmsöhe.* The Emperor's half did not last long. He wrote on February 22, 1871: "I have spent a great deal on the relief of the officers and soldiers, and when I see how much happiness I have conferred with such a little [money] I do not regret it." The Emperor's money was distributed very discreetly by M. Alfred Pommier, a French *industriel*, in business at Leipzig.

At the end of October, 1870, the Emperor was

* These figures appear to indicate the exact financial resources of the Emperor and the Empress shortly after the latter's arrival at Chislehurst in the autumn of 1870.

visited by the Empress Eugénie, who had travelled through Belgium unknown to the public. She arrived at Wilhelmshöhe accompanied by Comte Clary.

The latter presents himself to the Emperor.

"You here! I have just written to the Empress asking her if she cannot come now."

General — gives details of what followed :

"We were all standing round the Emperor. Clary replies : 'As soon as the Empress knows your Majesty's wishes she will certainly come.'"

Clary evidently wished to speak to the Emperor privately. When they were alone he told His Majesty that the Empress was at the gates of the Château. The Emperor could not conceal his emotion. "Let her come! Let her come!" And he rushed to the steps to wait for her. But he feared lest he should make an exhibition of himself ("Il craignait de se donner en spectacle"); and he knew how to restrain himself so as to receive the Empress as if they had parted from each other a few days previously in ordinary circumstances. . . . The Empress knows that the Emperor is master of himself; nevertheless, she is a little astonished, almost pained, at this apparent indifference, this coldness. . . . As soon as the door of the room is closed, the Emperor, weeping, throws himself into her arms. "Our interview was heart-rending," wrote the Empress next day to General Fleury.

The long calvary passes across the panorama. After the capitulation of Metz, which surprised *everybody*, one expressed ardent wishes for the Army of the Loire, and once more based hopes on Boubaki, whose march the Emperor and his companions followed "with

anxiety." News of Bourbaki came through his sister, Mme. Lebreton.*

With what resignation the Emperor received the news of the *déchéance* of the dynasty, pronounced at Bordeaux, those who witnessed it with inexpressible emotion can testify. He was to protest against it by his manifesto to the French people.

Then the preliminaries of peace, the conditions of which overwhelmed the Emperor. "In presence of such misfortunes," he wrote to the Empress, "my mind is entirely absorbed. If France were unanimous in her sentiments, if she had a Government strong enough to work without ceasing for a resurrection, one could have hope."

The captivity of the Emperor draws to a close. His departure, General — tells us, was fixed for March 20, a Sunday. The evening before General Reille assembled the *personnel* of the Château, and presented to each one a souvenir, either a piece of jewellery or money. The officers of the garrison, greatly moved, came to say farewell—such was the charm which the Emperor exercised upon all who approached him. One of them, Captain —, of the artillery, stationed at S., wept like a child. The French officers interned at Cassel came next. Their adieux were serious and sad. All bowed with greater respect than if they had been at the Tuileries. "Come, gentlemen," said the Emperor, "France will have need of you before long!"

Then came Comte Louis de Turenne and Baron Tristan Lambert, prisoners of war; and the two young Labédoyères, companions of the Prince Imperial, who, with their mother, the Princesse de

* Bourbaki's failure with the Army of the Loire was disastrous.

la Moskowa, were residing at the Hôtel Schombardt, Wilhelmshöhe.

The next morning the Emperor was up at six. At half-past seven he heard the last Mass of his captivity, and left to the priest of the neighbouring Catholic church the ornaments and the chalices which the Empress had sent from England.

At the moment the Emperor entered the train which was to take him to Belgium, on his way to rejoin the Empress in England, the journalist Melz, whose devotion to Napoleon III. was worthy of all praise, received a telegram, which he took to the railway-station. It contained these words: "Revolution in Paris. Two generals assassinated. Socialists masters of the capital. Question of peace postponed."

Having read the telegram the Emperor turned pale, and threw up his arms, saying: "The second time, face to face with the foreigner."

CHAPTER VIII

“HOW WE LOST SEDAN ”

BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.*

IMMEDIATELY after the war of 1870 the English papers published various articles explaining, from the military point of view, how the disaster of Sedan became inevitable. It was supposed at the time that these articles had been inspired by Napoleon III., and that they were founded upon information supplied by His Majesty. This is uncertain, but there is in existence an imperial narrative of the disaster of Sedan, the authenticity of which cannot for a moment be called in question. The original is in the possession of Baron A. Chazal, son of the former Lieutenant-General of the Belgian Army. It forms a part of those documents relating to the events which occurred between 1848 and 1875, and constituting the *dossiers* left by General Chazal. It was that officer who escorted Napoleon III. from Sedan to Bouillon, and thence to Verviers, whence the Emperor departed for Wilhelmshöhe.

General Chazal, who had always maintained very cordial and close relations with the imperial family, made Napoleon III. understand that it was of the

* This remarkable narrative, written by Napoleon III., is reproduced by the courteous permission of the Editor of the *Temps*, in which it appeared exclusively in October, 1908.

utmost importance to explain events immediately, and to give clearly the details of the disaster. The narrative (he said) ought to be published in the *Times*, and it was hoped that such an explanation would bring about a change of public opinion in favour of the imperial cause.

Arrived at Verviers, Napoleon III. wrote the narrative now printed, and sent it immediately to General Chazal. It will be understood that every word was well weighed when it is stated that the manuscript is strewn with erasures and alterations. The manuscript covers seven pages and a quarter of close writing. At the back of the cover General Chazal had written : "Narrative of the Battle of Sedan, written at Verviers by the Emperor." Inside the *dossier* is a half-sheet of note-paper, with, in the left corner, the letter N, surmounted by a crown, with these words in General Chazal's handwriting : "Autograph de l'Empereur Napoléon III., written at Verviers." Below, like an address hastily jotted down, are the words : "Château de Wilhelmshöhe, près de Cassel."

The personality of General Chazal, and the part which he played by the side of the Emperor on the morrow of Sedan, guarantee the authenticity of the narrative. General Chazal's son has explained that, although it had been agreed with the Emperor that the story should be published, it was not printed because events had made useless a publication intended, in the opinion of the Emperor, to produce a current of opinion less hostile to the imperial family.

The narrative, the phraseology of which is occasionally somewhat crude, has been transcribed textually ; it betrays in every line the essential wish to safeguard the imperial prestige, as far as it could still be pre-

served, even at the risk of falsifying some of the actual facts.

Since the time when these yellow pages were written, impartial history has rectified certain points of the narrative. But it must not be forgotten, in now reading it for the first time, that it was written with the view of immediate publication, and with the essential preoccupation of justifying, as far as possible, the Emperor in public opinion, which it was still hoped to bring round to the imperial cause. Hence the passage particularly insisting upon the Emperor displaying sang-froid and exposing himself to danger. When the Emperor arrived at Verviers, he was much depressed, and it cost him a struggle to complete the narrative, which, with its repetitions and alterations, especially towards the end, betray his moral lassitude and *abandon*.

THE EMPEROR'S NARRATIVE.

It is difficult to relate so extraordinary an event as that which has just taken place under the walls of Sedan, where an army, supported by a citadel, has been obliged to surrender in ignorance of the circumstances which brought about its defeat. We will endeavour to explain it to our readers.

After the Battle of Mars-la-Tour, Marshal Bazaine, although he remained master of the field, was obliged to fall back upon Metz for the purpose of procuring food and munitions of war; but the Prussian Army, reinforced by numerous troops, again confronted him, and, after much fighting, glorious for the French Army, threatened to cut off his retreat. Marshal de MacMahon, whose army had been formed at Châlons, resolved then to go to the succour of Marshal Bazaine,

and, although he felt he was taking a bold step, in presence of the considerable forces which were marching on Paris, under the command of the Crown Prince, and which might take him in flank, while those troops who were before Metz might, to a great extent, oppose his front, he determined to go to the assistance of the Army of Metz. He accordingly marched from Rheims to Rethel, and from Rethel to Stenay. Arrived at Chêne-le-Populeux, he learnt that the Crown Prince's advance guard had been seen, and that already the heads of his columns were engaging the corps of Douay and Faily. Immediately he ordered a retreat towards Mézières, for, were he cut off from that town, he would not be able to revictual his army. The movement had already commenced, when a telegram from Paris, received during the night, compelled him to persevere in a march which was to prove fatal to him.

The French Army continued to advance. Already a part of it had passed the Meuse, at Mouzon, when the corps of Generals Faily and Douay, which had remained alone on the left bank, were severely attacked and retired in disorder, after having resisted for a considerable time.

Marshal de MacMahon then recognized, for the second time, the extreme difficulty of reaching Metz, and felt the necessity of abandoning his plan. He immediately gave the order to make a retrograde movement towards Sedan, and the troops, although worn out by fatigue, marched for a part of the night of August 30-31.

Upon arriving near Sedan, the 12th Corps had to take part in an engagement where all the advantage was on its side. But during this time the Prussian

Army had completed its passage of the Meuse, both above and below Sedan, and commenced to occupy all the heights which commanded the town. It is not uninteresting to remark here that Sedan is a fortified place, commanded by hills, and incapable of resisting the new artillery. The approaches are not defended by works and advanced forts, as at Metz and many other places. [This last sentence is inserted between the lines, and is in General Chazal's writing.] On another side the armament was very incomplete, and the provisions and the munitions of war were very restricted.

On the following day, September 1, the French Army was simultaneously attacked on the right and on the left. The right of the position was occupied by Ducrot's and Lebrun's corps, the left by Wimpffen's and Douay's corps. Marshal de MacMahon immediately mounted his horse and proceeded to the most advanced fronts of the attack to examine the positions. The Emperor, whom the Marshal had informed of his intention, was also on horseback, and was leaving the town, when he met the Marshal, who was in an ambulance waggon, having been wounded in the left thigh by a shell.

The command had been assumed by General Wimpffen, as the senior general. The engagement continued energetically for several hours ; but towards two o'clock in the afternoon the troops were repulsed and made their way into the town, where the streets were already blocked by carts, artillery carriages, infantry, and cavalry, all in the greatest confusion. The Emperor, proceeding to the battle-field, went first towards General Lebrun's corps, at Salon, where the fighting was very severe, and from

there he rode on towards the centre, encouraging the troops by his presence, and showing the greatest sang-froid in the midst of the projectiles which fell around him. After remaining four hours on the battle-field, and visiting those points where the danger was greatest, he returned to the town and proceeded to where Marshal de MacMahon was lying. Wishing to depart again immediately, he could not pass through the streets, so encumbered were they, and he was obliged to remain in the town, where shells were falling and causing several fires, striking the wounded in private houses, and scattering death in the streets by bursting upon great masses of men heaped one upon the other. At this moment General Guyot de Lespars was killed in the street by a shell.

The Emperor, obliged to remain in the town, installed himself at the Sous-Préfecture, which was the centre of this rain of iron. Several shells had burst upon the roof and in the courtyard of this residence, where presently arrived the commandants of the different corps, announcing that resistance had become impossible. Their men, after having courageously fought almost all day, attacked on all sides, had bent their steps towards the town, and were jammed against each other in the streets and the ditches of the citadel. Soon the confusion was general, and all movement became impossible. The Prussian shells fell amongst this sea of humanity, dealing death at every *coup*, and the ramparts of the town, far from serving to shelter our army, became the cause of its loss.

Recognizing, then, the impossibility of a useful resistance, it was necessary to *parlementer*, and a white flag was hoisted on the summit of the fortress at five o'clock

in the afternoon. At this moment, the Prussian Army, more than 240,000 strong, had tightened its grip ; a formidable force of artillery occupied all the heights which commanded the town, and the infantry had been able to advance as far as to the glacis of the citadel.

The King of Prussia then sent an aide-de-camp to the Emperor to demand the surrender of the citadel and the capitulation of the army. The Emperor would not answer for the army, leaving that to General Wimpffen, who had been in supreme command ; but he made known to the King that he would personally surrender to him. The King requested that plenipotentiaries should be nominated for the purpose of knowing the propositions respecting the army. General Wimpffen had a conference with General de Moltke, and on his return laid before a council of war composed of all the generals of the army the conditions made to him. At this council it was unanimously agreed that the army, being without provisions, without munitions of war, heaped together in the streets of the town, already in disorder, could not possibly make any movement, and could no longer hope to cut a passage by main force through the enemy's ranks. Consequently it became impossible to prolong a resistance which could only result in the massacre of the troops, and everybody was compelled to accept the capitulation.

General Wimpffen came to acquaint the Emperor with the result of this deliberation, and told him that he alone could obtain better conditions for the army. Indeed, the King had offered to have an interview with the Emperor, which took place about one o'clock in a château near Sedan. Although it had been said

that, if the conditions were not accepted by nine o'clock, hostilities would be resumed, the interview was delayed until the conditions had been accepted by General Wimpffen.

Such is the exact account of this catastrophe, which filled every soldier's heart with sorrow.

NAPOLÉON.

CHAPTER IX

THE TREATY WHICH VANISHED FROM CHISLEHURST

ONE result of the Empress Eugénie's visit to the Emperor of Austria in 1906 was to produce in the Italian and French Press a number of articles, letters, and interviews, seeking to explain why France entered single-handed into the war with Prussia. Count Constantin Nigra, better known as the Chevalier Nigra, a former Ambassador of Italy at Vienna, who died in 1907, was credited with the authorship of an article in the *Tribuna* narrating the history of the *pourparlers* between Austria, Italy, and France, prior to 1870, having for their object a triple alliance against Prussia ; and asserting that the reason of the Empress's journey to Ischl was to be found in her desire to restore to the Emperor of Austria an autograph letter sent by His Majesty to Napoleon III., making it clear to the latter that such an alliance was possible only on condition that the Emperor of the French agreed to an Italian occupation of Rome.

In the discussion that ensued, the Marquis Visconti-Venosta (who, at the end of 1869, was Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs) pointed out the interesting circumstance that, several years ago, Signor Nigra (who it will be remembered was Italian Ambassador to France previous to the *déchéance*) stated that the proposed alliance against Prussia really

came to nought because the Emperor Alexander II. let it be known that if such a compact were entered into he would ally himself to Prussia. The Marquis further expressed his opinion that the Empress Eugénie would not have waited thirty-six years in order to return to the Emperor Francis Joseph a letter which contained nothing whatsoever of a compromising character.

As might have been expected, the discussion of so vital a question as the proposed alliance, which would have been of incalculable service to France in 1870, brought from his retirement the veteran Émile Ollivier, the Prime Minister who swayed the destinies of France until shortly before the flight of the Empress and the proclamation of the Republic. M. Ollivier declared in the *Matin* that, if they had to live those times over again, he would act as he had acted previous to the events of 1870.

“The invasion, the defeat, the dismemberment of France,” said the *Petite République*, “left M. Ollivier indifferent. To him the important fact was that Napoleon III. kept his word as a gentleman! To the expression of these enormities M. Ollivier added that, but for the events of September 4, those ‘gentlemen,’ the King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria, would have opposed the taking of our two provinces [Alsace and Lorraine]. The conclusion, therefore, was that it was the fault of the Republic. This man knew all that in 1870. He was not ignorant of the fact that we should have had the support of half Europe; that we did not have it because the Pope was the ‘godfather of the Little One’ [the Prince Imperial]. And it was with a light heart that they launched us into war. The others will, perhaps, say that they did not know these things, but now that M. Ollivier has told us for what puerile reasons he

deprived us of powerful allies, we may ask how certain of his colleagues [of the Academy]—MM. François Coppée, Jules Lemaitre, and Maurice Barrès, who pass their time weeping over the lost provinces, also with a light heart—will be able to continue their relations with this *malheureux*."

The celebrated publicist, M. Ranc, who for thirty years, until his death in August, 1906, had been a prominent figure in French politics and journalism, wrote in a similar strain in the *Aurore* :

"Many years have elapsed since the revelations of Prince Napoleon [Jérôme] made everything known. If in 1870 France had no allies, if she remained isolated, it is because the Imperial Government would not abandon the Temporal Power, because the Emperor was so headstrong as to maintain the occupation of Rome. It was the influence of the Catholic party—of 'the Empress's party'—which carried him away; that party which said, 'Better the Prussians at Montmartre than the Piedmontese at Rome!' The Prussians came to Montmartre, and the Piedmontese are always at Rome. Such are the splendid results of the imbecile policy of him who, on August 3, 1870, telegraphed to the Empress: 'Despite the insistence of Napoleon [Prince Jérôme], I will not give way about Rome.' The Emperor wrote that after an interview with Count Vimercati, who had just offered him the Austrian-Italian alliance. These last incidents—the visit of the Empress Eugénie to Francis Joseph, M. Nigra's article in the *Tribuna*, the publication by M. Émile Ollivier of the letter of Victor Emmanuel—have taught us nothing. We have only found in them the confirmation of these terrible words of Prince Napoleon: 'The friendship of the Vatican, the defence of the Temporal Power, cost us Alsace and Lorraine.'"

Comte Soderini, formerly a member of the Pope's "Noble Guard," and credited with an intimate know-

ledge of the diplomatic events of 1869-70, gave a categorical denial to the story of the "imaginary letter" said to have been "restored" in 1906 by the Empress Eugénie to the Emperor Francis Joseph. He does not believe in the existence of a letter which had no *raison d'être*. Anyway, he puts the Empress outside the discussion. "If the alliance was not entered into, I do not believe that it depended upon the Emperor of Austria's letter or upon the Empress Eugénie's alleged hostility to Italy. Prince Jérôme's accusations in this particular are not supported by any positive proofs."

Prince Jérôme Napoleon's story of these diplomatic negotiations is of exceptional interest, and is confirmed by what the Comte de La Chapelle had previously published on the same subject. Prince Jérôme* visited Napoleon III. at Chislehurst on December 12, 1872, less than a month before His Majesty's death. The Emperor, although suffering greatly, spoke to his cousin concerning the steps which the latter had taken in August, 1870, in order to induce Italy and Austria to lend France their armed support.

"‘The Emperor,’ said Prince Jérôme to M. Darimon in 1875, ‘opened a drawer of his bureau, and showed me the *projets de traités* which had been negotiated with Austria and Italy. I knew the *projet de traité* with Italy, as I had a copy of it, which was sent to me when I was leaving France for Austria in August, 1870. The *projet* with Austria contained corrections made by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and with it was an autograph letter which left no doubt

* Father of Prince Napoleon, the Pretender, whose interview at Buckingham Palace with King Manoel in November, 1909, was an event of historical interest and importance.

as to the good intentions of M. de Beust's Cabinet towards France. After the death of the Emperor his papers were arranged. They were in the greatest disorder, and it was easy to see that they had been turned over by a strange hand.

'The Emperor told me that in a drawer which he indicated the *projet de traité* with Italy had been found, but it was impossible to discover that which had been drawn up with Austria. . . . 'Probably,' said the Empress, 'while the Emperor was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, the Prussians entered his cabinet and took the documents.' 'You are mistaken,' I said to the Empress; 'that paper was not stolen at Wilhelmshöhe. The Emperor brought it to Chislehurst; the proof of which is that last December [1872] he communicated its contents to me, and I noted them. Of that I am absolutely certain.'

'Ah, mon Dieu!' exclaimed the Empress, 'you have opened my eyes, and now I understand the object of a visit which I received some months ago. Princess Metternich* came to see me. She said: 'They want you to be very careful as to what you publish about the relations which existed between the Austrian and French Governments.' I took no notice of what she said; but I now see that it was to the interest of the Austrian Government that these papers, which were more or less compromising, should disappear. Evidently the paper was stolen.'

'I learnt,' continued Prince Jérôme, 'that one of the Emperor's domestics had disappeared with some 17,000 francs. The theft of money has evidently served to cover the abstraction of important papers. M. Thiers kept at Chislehurst a number of spies. It was known that some of these were in the Emperor's service. It is probable that the Government of M. Thiers, warned by the Austrian Government of the existence in the Emperor Napoleon's cabinet of papers which might cause Prussia to be disagreeable, secured

* Wife of the Austrian Ambassador to France under the Empire.

their removal by a faithless servant. That would have been all the more easy to accomplish because of the great carelessness of Napoleon III.

‘When the Emperor went out, he placed the key of his bureau under the clock, and when his back was turned it was easy for the first-comer to rummage the drawers. M. Thiers was the more disposed, under the circumstances, to come to the aid of the Austrian Government, as the *projet de traité* proved that at the beginning of the war we were not without alliances, as he constantly reminded the Chamber and others ; and that, once the document in question had disappeared, he could, with impunity and without fear of contradiction, accuse the Emperor of stupidity and lack of foresight.’ ”

It is not a little curious that, after the lapse of thirty-four years, this question of *projets de traités* between Austria, Italy, and France, should have cropped up in 1906. Still more odd is it that all this diplomatic pother should have had its origin in the friendly visit of the widow of the last of the Bonapartist Emperors to the venerable Kaiser Francis Joseph.

When the Emperor died, Prince Jérôme Napoleon (whom Sainte-Beuve thought “a really great man, although, unfortunately, a Prince !”) was invited by the Empress to Chislehurst to discuss his late cousin’s affairs. The room in which Her Majesty received him was so dark that he could hardly see her. “Will you go into the Emperor’s study and make an inventory of his papers ?” Somewhat surprised at this request being made at such a moment, the Prince (so says M. Darimon) nevertheless acceded to it. He observed that everything sealable was already sealed—not by the Emperor’s solicitors, but by M. Pietri. The latter broke the seals one after another, but nothing of im-

portance was found. Presently they came to the drawer in which Prince Jérôme had seen the Emperor place the treaty with Austria which had vanished as narrated above. "It is useless to continue the search," said the Prince. "I see what there is. I can do nothing more;" and before leaving Camden Place he told the Empress that he must decline to have anything to do with the conduct of the Prince Imperial's affairs. Self-preservation is still the first law of Nature; and, for my own protection, I reassert that this story of the vanished treaty rests entirely upon what Prince Jérôme is alleged to have said to M. Alfred Darimon* in the early part of 1873 after his visit to the widowed Empress at Chislehurst.

* "Notes pour servir à l'histoire de la guerre de 1870." By Alfred Darimon. Paris: Paul Ollendorff.

CHAPTER X

MEMORIES OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

ON June 16, 1871, some three months subsequent to the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon III. in England, I witnessed, at Berlin, the "Einzug"—the triumphal entry of the Emperor William I., the German Princes, Bismarck, Moltke, and the other generals, and many thousands of troops. I had seen the *lever de rideau* at Saarbrücken (it was called "The Prince Imperial's Baptism of Fire"), and, thanks to the then editor of the *Morning Post*, the late Lord Glenesk, I was present at the fall of the curtain ten months later.

In his retreat at Chislehurst Napoleon III. read the details of the great military spectacle at Berlin, as some time before he had read, with moist eyes, the story of the conquerors' "march in" to Paris. They "occupied" the Champs Élysées and Place de la Concorde two days and two nights. On the morning of the third day they marched out, through the Arc de Triomphe, "and then," wrote Russell, of the *Times*, "for the first time in the campaign I saw the Germans indulge in military glorification." They were going home, leaving Paris, as Bismarck, anticipating Vernon Harcourt, said, "to stew in her own gravy."

The Empress had telegraphed an appeal to the

venerable Kaiser to spare Paris this last humiliation of a "march in." He could not listen to such a petition unmoved, but he could only answer "No!"

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children enrolled the Prince Imperial as one of its prominent supporters, and it was hoped that he would attend the annual dinner in support of its funds in June, 1872. He was unable to be present, but he sent a donation and an expression of his admiration of the society's useful work.

There was a state ball at Buckingham Palace on the 28th of the same month (the anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation). The Princess of Wales went to Chislehurst for the purpose of inviting the Emperor and Empress to the entertainment. Their Majesties could not be induced to accept the Queen's gracious invitation; they, however, sanctioned the attendance of the Prince Imperial, who, then a little over sixteen, made his *début* at the English Court. A royal carriage took him to and from the palace.

A few days later the Prince, attended by Comte Clary and M. Augustin Filon (who in 1909 was writing articles in English journals), was present at the opening of a new school for Catholic children at Kingston. At St. Mary's Church he was received by Canon Oakeley, and Archbishop Manning officiated. The children presented an address to the eminent prelate, who replied: "Do not thank me; it is my duty to be here. Rather thank the Prince Imperial, whose presence among us is an act of charity, and who has desired to associate himself with the poorest of his brothers in Jesus Christ." In the streets and at the school the Prince was tumultuously cheered. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Gainsborough, Mr. Scott-

Murray, and other leading Catholics made the acquaintance of the Prince, who upon leaving was greeted "with that enthusiasm which," wrote one of the chroniclers of the event, "his name never fails to inspire, joined to that special sympathy which he evokes in the minds of English people."

In the succeeding week the Prince was present at a Protestant ceremony at Farningham, the laying of the foundation-stone of a school for children. Comte Clary, M. Filon, and M. Louis Conneau accompanied him. After prizes had been presented by the Prince to the children there was a lunch under canvas. The Prince was placed near the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Frederick Cavendish (the Fenians' victim in Phoenix Park), Mr. Illingworth, M.P., and Mr. Hanbury, the founder of the new school. Lord Frederick, in proposing the Prince's health, commented on "the affection of the English public for his illustrious father." Cheers were given for the Emperor, for the Empress, and for the Prince, and a solitary voice called for "Three more for the Republic!" The proposition was received with general derision, and its author abruptly left the marquee.

The Prince replied in English ; it was one of the very few speeches which he ever made. He expressed his sympathy with the preceding toasts, more especially with that relating to the Prince of Wales, and told, in apt phraseology, how the fears and hopes of England for her much-loved Prince had been deeply felt at Chislehurst.

More than once, in the speeches which followed, the Emperor's name was appreciatively mentioned in association with that of Cobden ; and of course the value of the commercial treaties was duly emphasized.



H.I.H. THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

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The Prince attended one of the annual dinners of the Newspaper Press Fund, and spoke. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who was present, has recently described the scene as "a Bonapartist demonstration." Cardinal Manning was among the guests.

Even when the central figure had vanished, life at "Camden" was by no means stagnant, uninteresting, or uneventful. The Prince Imperial, who since his father's death had become "Napoléon IV.," was still a Woolwich cadet, with liberty to spend the week-ends at home, where there was frequent quiet entertaining of relations and friends. The Empress was not seen much about.

There was, for the second time, in 1873, pleasant preparation for the observance of the 15th of August fête. The Empress had as guests M. Rouher, the late Duc d'Albe (Her Majesty's nephew) and his wife, the Duc de Cabassera, General Ney, and other leading Bonapartists. The Duc de Bassano was still a faithful resident adherent, and for the Fête of the Assumption his son, the Marquis, who later succeeded to the dukedom, and died in 1906, came to Chislehurst. On the morning of the fête the Empress and the Prince were present at Mass at St. Mary's, attended by Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki, Mlle. de Larminat, Comte Clary, and Dr. Baron Corvisart. The church was filled by 200 ticket-holders. All present wore or carried violets surmounted by the imperial eagle.

The Prince Imperial was addressed from the pulpit by Father Goddard, who brought his eloquent sermon to a close with these encouraging admonitory words :

"Louis Napoleon ! son of the noble lady who has shown us how to bear with dignity the hardest trials and the most cruel sorrows, you can never forget that

great souls are matured in the school of adversity. You, Monseigneur, have already developed qualities that prove you worthy of your father and mother. Therefore persevere, and God will reward your services and your virtue. 'Prospera, procede, et regna!'"

Six hundred French men and women, amongst them a deputation of twenty artisans, representing thousands of their class, had crossed the Channel to testify their loyalty to the Empress and her son. Standing in front of the house, the imperial lady received their homage; the Prince shook hands with all and addressed them :

"I thank you, in my own name and in that of the Empress, because you have come to unite your prayers with ours, and because you have not forgotten the way by which you have already sought us. I also thank the faithful friends at a distance, who have sent us so many tokens of their attachment and devotion. As regards myself, who am a fugitive, and stand near to the tomb of the Emperor, I affirm that I represent the principles and the teaching respecting the government of the people which he has bequeathed to me in writing, and which, moreover, as the very foundation of the dynasty, can be condensed into the motto to which I shall always adhere—'Govern for the people and by the people.'"

The Prince came of age on his eighteenth birthday, March 16, 1874. Naturally, the Bonapartists took advantage of this event to demonstrate at Chislehurst "in their thousands."

On the Friday and Saturday before the fête, the Empress and the Prince received a number of their friends—the Duc de Bassano, the Marquis de Lavalette, the too-famous Comte Nieuwerkerke, the Duc

de Gramont, the Duc de Padoue, the Comte and Comtesse de Casabianca, M. Pietri (the former Prefect of Police), and some three hundred others, M. Rouher, of course, amongst them.

The great day began by the celebration of Mass at St. Mary's. A few days previously the Queen had sent to the Empress the Emperor's banner of the Order of the Garter, which, since 1855, had hung over His Majesty's stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This relic now occupied the place of honour in the mortuary chapel. There had also been attached to the side of the Emperor's red granite tomb a brass plate, with the engraved inscription: "This sarcophagus was offered to the Empress Eugénie, as a mark of affectionate sympathy, by Vic. R. 1873." Had St. Mary's been of the dimensions of Westminster Abbey, it would not have held a tithe of the thousands of demonstrators. As it was, only a mere handful could be admitted. On the stroke of eleven, those privileged persons who had found places in the little church heard shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Vive l'Impératrice!" The imperial lady entered on the arm of her son, followed by Prince Louis Lucien and Prince Charles Bonaparte, the Princes Lucien and Louis Murat; M. Rouher, his wife and daughter; the Ducs de Padoue, de Gramont, de Bassano, de Cambacérès, and de Montmorency; Prince de Wagram, the Duchesse de Malakoff, the Marquise de Lavalette, the Marquis and Marquise de Bassano, Mme. la Maréchale Canrobert, Comtesse Fleury, the Abbé Frechin, Mlle. Pajot, Comte Arjuzin, Comte Nieuwerkerke, Comte d'Aguado, Comte de La Chapelle, Marquis de Lagune, M. Delessert, M. Grandperret, M. Pinard, M. Paul de Cassagnac, M. Pietri, Comte and Comtesse

Clary, the two doctors (Corvisart and Conneau), and M. Augustin Filon. The Comtesse de la Poëze, a stately and handsome dame, in attendance on the Empress, was much remarked.

I saw a list of fifty-six out of sixty-five former Bonapartist Préfets (the nine others being dead), of thirty-eight Sous-Préfets, and of forty-five ex-deputies. In the throng were members of the National Assembly (Comte Murat, M. Abbaticci, and many others), senators (including some whose names are given above; and also Baron de Richemont), and very many officers. They pointed out to me (for I was a chronicler of the event for the *Morning Post*) the oldest saleswoman in the Paris central markets, who had been the first to kiss the Prince Imperial at his baptism—so M. Delessert assured me—as the representative of the wives, mothers, and daughters of the *ouvriers*.

Father Goddard, who during Mass had worn the gold chasuble presented to him by the Empress, presently doffed that gorgeous vestment, and, in white surplice and biretta, entered the pulpit. His eloquent address is, I regret, too long to be given here in full, but appended are some of the more vibrating passages of an extraordinary discourse, which was listened to in the deepest silence, save that at one point the congregation could not refrain from bursting into applause!

“The illustrious one who there reposes,” said the priest, pointing to the imperial sarcophagus, “on the promises of his faith—had he, then, exhausted the term of man’s life? Was all, to him, withered? Was all spent? Or what was the cause of a catastrophe as unexpected as it was lamentable? Ah!

without doubt it lay in grievous cares and labours that would have checked the nature of ordinary men ; than in unheard-of misfortunes ; and, above all, ingratitude and the enmities conceived by the most tragic hate. For, if the Emperor has fallen, he fell, not by the act of France, but by the act of the foes of the human race, who dared to undertake the most ill-judged revolt ever known, a revolt in front of a victorious enemy." (It was at this point that the feelings of all present overcame them.) "And yet that noble victim of the direst crimes here below—that heroic soul, always at peace with itself—was always good, always benevolent, covering with his protection and his favours all that was weak and suffering. Never did that noble nature, in the burning heat even of his most bitter reminiscences, give itself up to the temptation of confounding even its most culpable foes. I know that I am dealing with no novelty to anybody in this august assembly. No secular occupation has been dearer to your patriotism than the study of the magnificent story which tells to the remotest ages how, during long and happy years, Napoleon III. gave to France power and glory. And even now before us light begins to shine again, and history, which has begun somewhat tardily to judge, yet now judging with justice, places the Emperor in the front rank of the greatest and noblest of men. The Emperor has left a son—a Prince born on the footpace of the most illustrious of thrones, with his birthright more enviable than that of all other crowned Sovereigns. Then, one day, by a thunderbolt, it pleased Him who governs worlds to submit the Prince to the anguish of the most terrible troubles. But nothing is lost without a way of recovering it. To render himself stronger than the ruins of adversity and meet the discouragement of exile, this Prince, studying at the chair of Mars of our epoch, remembered that he is eighteen years old, and he ran to renew with Heaven, at the feet of those holy altars, this touching engagement of his own self-sacrifice and

of his glorious destinies. Madame, proved like gold in the fire, let nothing abate either your energy or your patience, and you will leave your martyrdom more glorious than ever. The work to which you have devoted yourself is now accomplished. Your sublime example and your wise counsels bear their fruit. Deign once more to unite your prayers with ours, and pray Our Lord to favour with His grace our best aspirations!"

Perhaps in its translated form (it was delivered in most eloquent, stately French) Father Goddard's discourse may strike the severe critic as, in parts, verging upon the grandiloquent. Its effect upon the listeners was indescribable. Even the men could not always, nor did they attempt to, conceal their emotion. They loved their Emperor, and they would have scouted the idea that, in his fervent eulogy of the virtues of the dead, the preacher had, in any one of his glowing sentences, forced the note.

While Mass was being sung, thousands of French people had been assembling on the common, brought by several special trains from London; and the Empress and her son drove back to Camden Place amidst every conceivable demonstration of respectful admiration. We contrasted the festal appearance of the grounds and house with their lugubrious aspect of days not very remote; for only some fourteen months had elapsed since the Emperor's funeral.

The guests had no reason to complain of a lack of hospitality. Far from it. They were regaled in marquees, the largest accommodating 3,000 people. The storm of 1870 had swept away an Empire and had made gaps in the ranks of Bonapartist society, but there was still in 1874 a Napoleonic *haut monde*,

as, indeed, there is in 1910. Most of those who had been conspicuous at the Court of the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, and at Compiègne were to be seen at this *fête impériale*, the first and only gathering of its kind ever witnessed in England.

In the principal marquee, with its platform for the members of the imperial household and a few others, the coming of the young Prince was feverishly awaited. He was now Napoleon IV., "holding in his hands," as he read in the next day's *Times*, "the Second Empire," and "only awaiting the opportunity to transform it into a Third." The heart of the Boy of Chislehurst leapt with an indescribable joy as he read on: "The Second Empire was overthrown by the Prussians and the Republicans, but its organization remains intact. In Paris they talk more than ever of the Empire and the Prince Imperial. They return unceasingly to the same topic, as if there were no other political prospect—as if beyond that there are only darkness and chaos."

Such was the amazing effect upon Printing House Square of the imperial fête.

While the Chislehurst festivities were at their height, the members of the National Assembly at Versailles were discussing the Prince's speech in reply to the address read at "Camden" by the Duc de Padoue. The Bonapartist manifesto—for such it was—had been telegraphed to Paris, and one of the organs of the party had printed it on its front page, in very large type, thus informing the million that Bonapartism was anything but dead, or even moribund. The Prince delivered this harangue in vibrating tones:

"In meeting here to-day you have been actuated by a sentiment of fidelity towards the memory of the

Emperor, and it is for that I wish, first of all, to thank you. The public conscience has avenged the calumnies on his great career, and sees the Emperor now in his true light. You who come from various parts of the country—you can bear this testimony. His reign was only a constant solicitude for the well-being of all. His last day on the soil of France was a day of heroism and abnegation of self. Your presence around me, the addresses which reach me in such great numbers, prove the inquietude of France as to her future destinies. Order is protected by the sword of the Duc de Magenta, and he will not leave the trust he has received exposed to party attacks. But material order is not security. The future remains unknown; interests are alarmed at it, and passions may abuse the opportunity. From this is born the sentiment of which you bring me the echo—that which draws opinion with an irresistible power towards a direct appeal to the nation to plant the foundations of a definitive Government. The *plébiscite* is the true salvation, and it is just—power rendered to authority, and the era of long security reopened to the country. It is a grand national resource, without conquerors or conquered, raising itself above all and bringing reconciliation. Will France freely turn her eyes to the son of Napoleon III. ? This thought awakens in me less of pride than of distrust of my capabilities. The Emperor has taught me how heavily weighs the Sovereign authority, even on stalwart shoulders, and how much self-reliance and the sentiment of duty are necessary to fulfil so high a mission. This faith makes up to me what is wanting in my youth. United to my mother by the most tender and most grateful ties of affection, I will work without ceasing to anticipate the progress of years. When the hour shall arrive, if another Government should gain the suffrages of the majority, I will bow down with respect before the decision of the country. If the name of the Napoleons should for the eighth time emerge from the

popular urns, I am ready to accept the responsibility which will be imposed upon me by the vote of the nation. These are my thoughts. I thank you for having traversed a long distance and come to receive my expression of them. Carry my memory to those who are absent, and to France the prayers of one of her children. My courage and my life belong to her. May God watch over her and restore to her her prosperity and her greatness !”

There was a storm of applause, with frantic shouts of “Vive Napoléon Quatre !” The crowd outside swelled the jubilant chorus.

The absence from the coming-of-age celebration of Prince (Jérôme) Napoleon and his sons was, of course, remarked. It was commented upon with shrugs of the shoulders and grimaces. I heard no particular expressions of regret—no wonder, for the burly Jérôme was always something of a spoil-sport, always at daggers drawn with the Empress, while maintaining cordial relations with the Prince Imperial. On the eve of the gathering, Paul de Cas-sagnac, who was invariably primed with attractive crumbs of information denied to less favoured purveyors of news, telegraphed from Chislehurst to his journal the appetizing morsel: “A final rupture has taken place between Prince Napoleon and the Empress and the Prince Imperial, through the refusal of the former to be present at Camden Place on the 16th.” How severely the fête had got on the nerves of the Government of the Republic (although President MacMahon must personally have been highly amused over the whole affair) was seen by the publication in London of a Paris telegram announcing, to the merriment of all those principally concerned, that the Minister for War was “about”

to issue yet another circular, declaring that no authorization would be granted to officers of the army to go to England, "even after the 16th of March !"

A few days before this event the French Government had issued a warning circular with intent to dissuade people from taking part in the manifestation. But this was of no avail ; and it was humorously said on the boulevards that there was no "demonstration" in Paris for the very good reason that there were no Bonapartists left in the capital. They had all gone to Chislehurst ! There was, in fact, only one conspicuous absentee — Prince Napoleon. For that truly Bonapartist figure we looked around in vain. His absence was thus explained by a sympathizing friend, signing himself "A Republican" :

"In writing the following, I express with full authority the views of Prince Napoleon on the gathering at Chislehurst. If the demonstration at Camden House (*sic*) had not, from the very commencement, assumed the character of an Imperialist manifesto, and if the name and policy of Prince Napoleon (Jérôme) had not been for some months past the mark for coarse vituperation on the part of those whose counsels are followed at Chislehurst, it would have been unnecessary to trouble you with these lines.

Adhering to the democratic and anti-clerical policy which he has always maintained, Prince Napoleon finds himself in entire opposition to those men whose influence proved so fatal to France under Napoleon III., and whose counsels to-day differ but little from the advice tendered to the Comte de Chambord by the supporters of Legitimacy. Several French and English journals have named the Prince Napoleon as intending to be present at Camden House. While it is almost needless to contradict this rumour, it may not be inappropriate to point out to the English

public how bitter have been the reproaches offered in the *Pays* (the mouthpiece of the Chislehurst Council) against Prince Napoleon, because, true to his ancient professions, he met halfway those of the French democracy, who, remembering that France existed before party, sought in a thorough union of Frenchmen to avoid the reinauguration rôle of the White Flag with which France was recently threatened. Attacked by the Royalists of all shades—Legitimist, Orleanist, and Rouherian—because he affirms the happiness of France as of higher import than the personal claims of any ‘dynasty,’ Prince Napoleon repeats to-day his lifelong affirmation, and refuses to mix with those whose counsels to Prince Louis at Chislehurst are pregnant with possible consequences of the most disastrous character. What France needs is the aid of her ablest men to pilot her through a period the troubles of which have not ceased; and she has need to be relieved from the constant conspiracies of those who urge to the front either effete-ness or inefficiency in the name of a family or a dynasty.”

Shortly after this coming-of-age fête at Chislehurst, the inmates of Camden Place were jubilant at the election (subsequently annulled) of M. de Bourgoing for the Department of the Nièvre. This gentleman had been an equerry of Napoleon III., and he defeated his Republican opponent by more than 5,000 votes. It was a momentous event, and temporarily filled the hearts of the exiles with great hopes. A circular issued on the occasion of the election left no doubt that an agitation of considerable proportions was being carried on in the interests of the Bonapartist dynasty, although M. Rouher disclaimed all knowledge of the existence of any imperialist “committees.” In the face of this disclaimer, an imperialist journal, *L’Abeille des Pyrénées*, asserted that there was a “committee” in

Paris and one in every department. Pamphlets and newspapers, advocating an appeal to the people and eulogizing "Napoleon IV.," were distributed right and left, as were photographs of the Woolwich cadet, now in his nineteenth year and cultivating a moustache. Marshal MacMahon, then President, declared, to the general surprise, that he would not allow this kind of thing to continue. It had been a subject of discussion that, whereas a newspaper called *L'Union* had been suspended for a fortnight for publishing a manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, signed "Henri V.," the Prince Imperial's Chislehurst address had been allowed to circulate everywhere. It may be noted in passing that about this time (1874) there died that remarkable polemist, M. Beulé, who had published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, before the fall of the Empire, a series of scathing studies of the Cæsars, in which he pleasantly compared Napoleon III. to the Emperors Caligula and Domitian.

Although Prince Jérôme Napoleon was in open conflict with the Empress, and also with the party as a whole, it must not be forgotten that his imperial cousin, Napoleon III., frequently consulted him, had a high opinion of his great natural ability, and, generally speaking, maintained his friendship with him. The Prince and his sister, Princesse Mathilde, had both stoutly opposed the Emperor's marriage, and this hostility to her had, naturally, not predisposed the Empress to regard favourably those two principal members of her consort's family. It should be remembered, too, that Prince Napoleon, upon the Emperor's death, regarded himself, and not without reason, as the head of the House. Moreover, immediately after the receipt of the tragic news from the

Cape, M. Rouher, asked at Chislehurst by M. Montjoyeux, "Who will take the place of the Prince Imperial?" replied, "Prince Jérôme, if he will accept the heavy burden."

"It will be very difficult for the Prince to reconcile his past acts and words with the exigencies imposed upon him by the future," observed Montjoyeux.

M. Rouher rejoined: "Certain men have not the right to shirk responsibilities imposed upon them by Fate."

This, it is true, is anticipating events. I have, however, interpolated this brief conversation in order to make it clear that, however much M. Rouher may have differed from Prince Napoleon in 1874, the "Vice-Emperor" was clearly of opinion in 1879 that Jérôme was the legitimate successor of the Prince Imperial, whose will, nominating Prince Victor as the chief of the party, had not at the time in question been opened.

This birthday gathering, at which the *fine fleur* of the Bonapartist party assisted, was notable as being the only occasion on which the French Government attempted to interfere with the festivities or solemnities at Chislehurst. First came the warning circular to the *Préfets*, and next the Minister for War addressed this letter to all the generals who had requested permission to visit England about the time of the coming-of-age fête:

VERSAILLES,
March 4, 1874.

GENERAL,

I have the honour to inform you that, in accordance with your request, you are authorized for a period of eight days to absent yourself from Paris,

where you are residing, to go to England. But, in consequence of the measures recently taken by the Government, officers and functionaries must abstain from being in London on March 16. I must therefore request that you will make use of the present authorization so as to be back in France on the 12th of this month, or in such a way as not to be in England before the 20th. I further beg that you will make known to me in good time the day of your departure, as well as that of your return."

"The next step to be taken now," wrote the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "is to send two or three men-of-war on a cruise in the Channel, with orders to capture Napoleon IV. if he should set sail for France."

Despite the Ministerial order, I learnt at the time from those at Chislehurst who should have known, that several French officers were present at the festivities. Their names, however, did not appear in any of the papers.

The Duc de Padoue was not much disconcerted when he received a polite intimation that he was suspended from the office of Mayor of his village for being "present at the manifestation which occurred in England on March 16, after having taken part in its organization." His supplementary crime, as recorded by the Préfet of the Seine-et-Oise (H. Lunbourg), consisted in "not abstaining from being present," and so failing "in the attitude incumbent upon his functions." Therefore, "M. le Duc de Padoue, Mayor of Courson d'Aulnay," was "suspended from his functions"; and the Sous-Préfet of Rambouillet was "charged with the execution of the present decree." I fancy that the Béranger Law

was not in operation in 1874, or the poor Duc de Padoue might have pleaded that this was really his first offence, and so escaped the awful doom of suspension from his mayoral duties and privileges. I was almost forgetting to say that the official journal of the Duc de Broglie complained that the Prince Imperial himself was a principal offender, for he had "defied the Septennial Government" of Marshal MacMahon; and added the gratuitous, not to say foolish, assertion that "the suspension of the Duc de Padoue was the reply of the Septennate to the Prince Imperial."

Those were happy days which Cadet the Prince Imperial spent at the R.M.A. at Woolwich. They came to an end early in 1875. On February 16, the Prince being then one of the senior class, the Duke of Cambridge presided at the award of commissions and prizes. The Empress, accompanied by Lady Sydney, drove over to witness the scene, and smiled as the cheery Duke shouted, "Fall out, the Prince Imperial!" For about ten minutes the Empress watched her son drilling the cadets, and with maternal pride heard the Commander-in-Chief exclaim, in a voice which rang through the drill-ground: "Very good! Could not have been better!" Sir John Lintorn Simmons, then Governor of the Academy, had something highly complimentary to say of the young man who was taking farewell of many of his comrades for the last time. Several of them were recommended for commissions, but it was officially announced that "the Prince Imperial does not take a commission." A few days later (February 23) the Prince was entertained at mess by the officers of the Royal Artillery stationed at Woolwich.

On the walls of the Prince's quarters at Woolwich were to be seen Détaillé's "Dernière Cartouche," the most popular of all the pictures of the war of 1870; the "Salut aux Blessés," another favourite canvas in every country; and, immediately over his writing-table, the "Campement du Prince Napoléon en Crimée," which must have flattered the vanity of "Plon-Plon" if he ever saw it. Sir Lintorn Simmons was much attached to the Prince, and was a regular visitor at "Camden."

After his health had been drunk, the Prince, addressing Major-General D'Aguilar, commandant of the garrison, and president of the evening, said :

"General D'Aguilar and officers of the Royal Artillery,—I thank you for the kind words I have just heard, and for the hearty manner in which you received the mention of my name. I hope that the officers of this royal regiment of artillery will allow me still to consider myself as belonging to this corps. Thanks to the hospitality of England, I have been enabled to carry on the traditions of my family, which has always been a family of gunners. I have not been able to obtain an education in my own country, but I am proud of having had for companions the sons of the men who have fought with us so bravely on many a field of battle. At all events, I never can forget the two years I have spent in this garrison, or fail to estimate highly the honour of belonging to a corps whose motto is *Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt*."

The Prince Imperial's study at Camden Place was the comfortable room of a student and young soldier—tapestried, and full of trophies of arms and books. The Prince, wrote one of his friends, greeted you with a hearty shake of the hand. You saw at once the gentleman cadet and the Prince. A face full of

intelligence, the brow like his mother's, but the dominant effect akin to that of the kindly, expressive, mysterious countenance of his father. The Prince commanded a strong interest at once. The inclination of the head, and the strong, manly *timbre* of the voice, revealed the father in the son. Nor was it possible to talk long with him without tracing the influence of the father's sweet temper and tender heart. The comely, bright-witted, courageous boy grew up with his father's arms about his neck, and his ears were filled with those dreams of a reconstructed society, in which there was to be no suffering and no poverty, that filled the mind, even to the bitter end, of the humanitarian Emperor.

The Prince had ardent friendships, made at Woolwich, and he kept about him in happy companionship the playfellows of his infancy with whom he had trundled his hoop along the terraces of the Tuileries. With these he enjoyed all kinds of manly sports. He was a fine fencer. On Sunday afternoons the dining-room was often cleared and devoted to fencing. He learnt boxing, too, and the *savate*, and was fond of singlestick. He gave anxious hours to the party of which he had become not only the titular, but the working and directing, chief. Sometimes his twenty years asserted a little right to merriment, and when the arrival of some portentous personage was announced, he would vault out of the window of his study into the park, and whistle his dogs to follow him.

The Prince was a very early riser, getting up before six o'clock, and, after his Russian tea and toast, going to his study to begin the morning's work with M. Filon. At ten, Uhlmann, the valet, appeared, with

the announcement that Monseigneur's horse was ready for him.

In Queen Victoria and the Duke of Cambridge the Prince Imperial had perhaps his best friends, the Queen especially always having displayed the deepest interest in his future. Of the incident at Woolwich noted above, the Duke writes in his diary,* under date February 15, 1875 :

"Went to Woolwich for the public day of the Royal (Military) Academy. Saw the cadets, who drilled and looked well. The Prince Imperial drilled them remarkably well when called upon. The Empress Eugénie was present throughout the day. She went with me to see the drawings, then into the gymnasium, where the reports were read and the prizes given. The Prince Imperial took the seventh place in the list—a most excellent position for a cadet eleven months younger than the greater portion of his class, and who had to do his duty in a foreign language. . . . Saw the rides, which were excellent. The Prince Imperial took the first place ; also first in fencing."

And Her Majesty wrote to the Duke of Cambridge on the same occasion : †

"I am truly gratified and pleased at the success of the dear young Prince Imperial. I have written, as well as telegraphed, to the Empress about it, but am glad to repeat it to you here. Who knows what his future may be, and the Academy will, I am sure, always feel proud that he distinguished himself in their school,

* "H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life. Based on the Journals and Correspondence of His Royal Highness." Edited by Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. 2 vols. London : Longmans, Green and Co., 1906.

† *Ibid.*

and that he should have acquitted himself so honourably, and, above all, *behaved* so well !”

After passing out of the Academy, the Prince Imperial, firmly bent upon a military career, *coûte que coûte*, sought the Commander-in-Chief's permission to take part in the autumn manœuvres, and received from the Duke this gratifying communication :

“June 7, 1875.

MY DEAR PRINCE,

I have received your Imperial Highness's letter of the 6th inst., in which you express a wish to be permitted to join and do duty with a battery of our Royal Artillery at the autumn manœuvres soon about to commence. In reply, I have great pleasure in assuring you that there will be no difficulty in carrying out your wishes, and I have obtained the sanction of Her Majesty's Government to your being attached to a battery for the purpose stated, wearing the uniform of an officer of the corps. I can assure you that it affords me great pleasure to see you continuing your military studies, which you have commenced at the Academy at Woolwich in so creditable and highly honourable a manner, and I beg to remain, my dear Prince,

Your most affectionate Cousin,

CAMBRIDGE.”

The Queen was much pleased that the Prince's natural request had been granted, and wrote to the Duke :*

“ . . . to acknowledge your letter enclosing the Prince Imperial's nice one. I am very glad that it has been arranged that he should be attached to a battery of artillery—the more so as I believe that I am the person who first suggested it to him, indirectly, through Lord Cowley [then H.B.M. Ambassador in

* “Memoir of the Duke of Cambridge,” previously cited.

Paris], some months ago, when he spoke to me of what could be done to occupy him. Will he go there at once or later ?”

And when, the next year (1876), the young man made a similar application, the Queen, in “gladly sanctioning” it, wrote to the Duke : “I am so glad to think that it is in our power to do something for this amiable and interesting young Prince.”

Some three years later the Prince was accorded permission to join our forces in Zululand, but merely, in the words of the Duke of Cambridge, “as a spectator”—a fact wholly ignored by all the French Anglophobe commentators on the tragedy of the Blood River, and by many of our own writers. In view of what happened this cannot be too often insisted upon.

When it became known that the Prince was about to proceed to the Cape, all the Sovereigns in Europe sent telegrams to the Empress. The Prince’s journey to Southampton was a series of triumphs. Crowds cheered him ; generals and others surrounded him, and treated him as if he had been the Emperor. Baron Tristan Lambert (who subsequently turned Royalist) and the Comte de la Bédoyère arrived at Camden Place at half-past six on the morning of his departure. The Prince was already up ; and, accompanied by Lambert, he drove to the church, heard Mass, and communicated. At Camden Place they all breakfasted together. The Empress was much moved, but restrained her feelings. The Prince was the only one present who was master of himself. There was an exchange of souvenirs. Baron Lambert gave the Prince consecrated medals, and received from his imperial friend a picture for his Prayer-Book.



H.I.H. THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

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The Prince took farewell of his friends, one by one, on board the steamer. All were in tears, and the stoical Prince cheerily bade them dry their eyes. On the arrival of the party at Southampton, they had been hospitably entertained by the town dignitaries, and the generals and others toasted the Empress and the Prince. The Empress, who had never ceased weeping from the moment she entered the train, watched, from a window of the hotel, the ship steam down Southampton Water, and was so overwrought that she swooned. As the vessel bearing him to his fate left the dock, the Prince Imperial's gaze was fixed upon the solitary figure of a priest, who, with outstretched arms, gave the ship and all on board his blessing.

This lovable boy was (need it be said ?) no milksop ; he liked to, and did, see life in all its varied phases, not excluding its "seamy" side. The once well-known, but unfortunate, detective, Druscovich, whom I had so often seen mingling with the crowd at Chislehurst on great occasions—such, for example, as the Emperor's lying-in-state and funeral—had been one of the Prince's guides through "slum" London. The imperial youth was occasionally, in 1873, amongst the audiences at the Canterbury, the Oxford, and the Alhambra, penetrating once, at least, to the *coulisses* of the last-named "hall." He was, too, a not unfamiliar figure at the clubs—the "Rag" (which was his preference), the Reform, and the Travellers', amongst others.

On the eve of his departure for the Cape, the Prince wrote to Monsignor Goddard :

"I hope you will not be under the impression that I am so preoccupied with the preparations for my

departure as to have forgotten my duties as a Christian. To-morrow I shall come to you at 7.30 to confess, and to communicate for the last time in that church at Chislehurst in which I wish to be buried when I die.—NAPOLEON."

Monsignor Goddard (as he had now become) supervised the Prince's religious education for several years, and I had many talks with him before and after the tragedy in Zululand. The day after we heard of the Prince's death, the amiable prelate said to me :

"I will recall the very last serious conversation we had. The Prince had come to the Presbytery, as he sometimes would come, alone, to ask me to correct some letter that he had to write in English, or to help him in some little speech that he had to make in public. In some way or other we talked of death, and suddenly he broke in abruptly with the words : ' Cher Monsieur le Curé, death has no terrors for me ! Up to this time, with God's help, I have done my best, despite all my faults and shortcomings. What has the future in store for me ? If I live I shall be Emperor of the French, and, God helping, I shall do my duty ; but I do not deceive myself as to what that life will be—full of labours and of dangers.'

And then came to his eyes that strange, far-off look, full of unutterable tenderness, which was not uncommon with him—which is so beautiful, yet which we dread so much to see in those we love. The Prince never lost the simplicity, the childlike innocence, the truthfulness, of his early years, and it was this side of his character that made him so lovable and so loved. On the day his father died, when the Prince entered the house, it happened that I was the first person whom he saw, and he gathered from my presence at that unusual hour that all was ended. In the evening he sent for me ; we talked for

hours together. I cannot repeat that sacred conversation. At one moment, in answer to an entreaty of mine, he threw his arms around me, and, with upraised eyes, declared that he would never neglect his religious duties, that he would never be guilty of an action that would disgrace the name he bore. 'Je vous le jure, devant Dieu,' he said. His last letter to me, which you have seen, and his death, show how faithfully he kept his promise."

Close observers noted more than one point of similarity between the Prince and his father. The youth spoke somewhat slowly and deliberately, and his voice was not unsuggestive of the Emperor's, with its slight cadences. When the Prince spoke, he looked you straight in the face, as if endeavouring to penetrate your thoughts. His features recalled the one-time virile physiognomy of his father, and reflected something of the beauty of the Empress. Some of the photographs taken in the first few years of his residence at Chislehurst did him less than justice. His face was thin, rather than full, and in the photographs it lost its delicacy and elegance. The most faithful of these pictures were the profiles and the three-quarter faces. In those days there was no colour-photography, or his portraits would have revealed the delicate, faint rose-tinted cheeks. His Woolwich life, with its abundant exercise, made a man of him. In the cadet uniform he had a *dégagé* air which well became him, and his gait was not dissimilar to that of a cavalry officer. A French officer of the Lancers of the Guard—a smart corps—who saw the Prince at Woolwich, was credited with saying: "Ah ! if M. Thiers would let me take him for an hour to the camp at Roquencourt, what a sensation he

would make !” Probably the same thought was at times uppermost in M. Thiers’s mind.

“ Since 1870,” said the Prince one day, with no little exultation in his tone, “ my father has always spoken to me as if I were already a man !” The boy had ideas long before the Emperor’s death, although, perhaps, no definitive opinions ; but these arrived very quickly, as all recognized at the coming-of-age fête. The French workmen that day saluted him with a frenzied shout of “ Vive l’Empereur !” The Prince replied simply, “ Vive la France !” “ Those,” said a Frenchman, “ were his first words to the *ouvriers* who had greeted him. I will answer for it that they will be his last words.” But the actual words which left his lips before death sealed them for ever on that June morning none has told, or ever will tell us. Some of us like to think they were “ Ma mère !”

Those who knew him best always spoke of him to me as an absolutely pure-minded boy and man. Monsignor Goddard told me, on the day the dire news from the Cape reached Chislehurst, that at a great dinner-party a guest had the incredibly bad taste to say : “ I do not believe any man lives a perfectly virtuous life.” A friend of the Prince exclaimed indignantly, in French, that the opinion expressed was “ that of an animal,” and the Prince himself, unable to restrain his feelings, astonished everybody by his emphatic “ Bravo ! I quite agree with you !”

M. Jules Amigues, who had been the guest of the Emperor and Empress in 1872, was one of the numerous visitors to Camden Place after the death of Napoleon III., and had more than one confidential conversation with the Prince. “ One day,” says

M. Amigues, "I told him that, to dispel the calumnies daily printed about him, there was a better means than that of replying in the newspapers."

"What means?" he inquired.

"Go and show yourself in France," I said, "if only for a few days."

"Yes," he answered, with animation; "I should enjoy seeing France again, but, alas! I cannot."

"Why not?" I asked. "There is no proscription against you."

"I know that," he said, smiling; "but I am the son of the Emperor, and I can only go to France to reign."

"Be it so! I do not ask your Imperial Highness to *return* to France, but only to come to Paris for a few days."

"But why? I don't want to torment that poor Government for nothing! There must be some sufficient occasion."

"Well, but your drawing lots for service in the army is precisely that occasion."

The Prince reflected a moment, and said: "I don't think I should have patience for that."

"What do you mean, Monseigneur?"

"You see, my dear Amigues, the Emperor, my father, was wont to say, 'This people is good'; and I think with him, though possibly he was better than his people. But you will admit that there are many roughs and scamps in all crowds."

"No doubt, Monseigneur; and I remember seeing a good lot on the 4th of September."

"Well, there might be a crowd to see me pass."

"Certainly, Monseigneur, and we should try to assemble as large a one as possible."

"Yes; but if in this crowd someone should insult me?"

"What, then, Monseigneur?"

"Why, then, I should probably smash his face,

and should afterwards be sorry for the poor devil as well as for myself."

"Faith, Monseigneur, I should not be sorry at all. If the Emperor, your father, out of his excessive goodness and greatness of soul, had not too much disdained the recent 'injuries,' your Imperial Highness and I would not be at this moment strolling under the Chislehurst trees."

The Prince reflected a moment, and then said in a very solemn tone: "No, I am not yet in a sufficiently calm temper. We will talk of this another time, when I may be more like my father, and more disposed to pardon than I am at present. Moreover, it is not enough that France should see what I look like. *She must know what I can do.* I will not go back to France until I have done something to get myself talked about."

May we not find in this declaration the *mot de l'énigme*—the real, actual, and only reason for his inflexible resolve to see service at the Cape? I have seen it asserted in English works that he was egged on by his partisans to go to Zululand. A sheer absurdity this. He wanted no "egging on."

In a conversation on family matters, the Prince Imperial once remarked, says M. Eugène Loudon:

"In France things are all topsy-turvy. Children no longer respect their parents, and when that is so, no greater respect is paid to the law. If one could put things in their right place—if parents were respected by their children—the law would, in its turn, be respected. I intend to set an example, and always to love and respect my mother." Comte d'Hérissou's pithy comment upon this utterance is: "If this was the Prince Imperial's thought, would he ever, of his own motion, have given the lie to his words and sentiments by causing a political competition between a father [Prince Jérôme] and his son [Prince Victor]?"

The Prince was greatly preoccupied with the question of public education in France, and was always ready to discuss it, in all its phases, with the French friends who visited the Empress at Camden Place during the three years prior to his departure from England for the Cape. He expressed his strong desire, should he be called back to Paris by the *appel au peuple* ("which," he naïvely remarked to M. London and others, "is not probable"), to assist the arts and letters by every means in his power. He did not hesitate to express the opinion that writers had been "much neglected under the Empire." Someone asked him, in the course of one of these pleasantly interesting talks, if he would give great artists and great poets seats in the Senate. "No," he replied; "they were not made for that." Being reminded that Napoleon I. had declared: "If Corneille had lived in my days I would have made him a Prince," the Prince Imperial observed: "I, too, would make them Princes; I would give them all kinds of honours, but not a place in the councils of Government." Discussing the absurdly small pensions given to authors, the Prince said: "It will not be a Minister who will give pensions if I ever reign—*ce sera moi*. Ministers are influenced by departments and by personal considerations. I shall give honours direct. I shall know better how to choose them; and they will thank me for it."

The Prince, if we are to credit M. de Bré, had "an innocent mania for dressing up in women's clothes," and it is hinted that he sometimes borrowed feminine raiment from Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki. "The Prince was very demonstrative towards that lady, and this made the Empress nervous. Her Majesty was never

able to dissimulate her feelings. Like his father, the Prince was delightfully stubborn. Well-informed people asserted that he visited France in 1878" (when he was twenty-two). The Prince struck M. de Bré as being "of the type of Balzac's De Marsay. English people were surprised at seeing him so attentive to his mother, who was always very busy. When the Prince travelled to London or elsewhere by railway, he almost invariably took the train at Bickley, in order to be freer in his movements. Baron de Bourgoing was nearly always with him."

It was "at a review at Hampton Court" (? Windsor) that Prince Louis Napoleon solidified his friendly relations with Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice. The Prince was on horseback in the crowd, when he was recognized by someone, who informed the Queen of his presence. Her Majesty immediately sent for him and gave him a most gracious reception. The Prince stood talking for a long while by the side of the royal carriage. The Queen and Princess were delighted with his appearance and bearing and his natural *esprit*.

The tragedy in Zululand provoked in France an explosion of wrath against "perfidious Albion," and in Paris and other towns it was declared that the Prince had been assassinated, or killed by treachery. "The English have always done us harm. They killed the uncle; they have caused our unfortunate and heroic Prince to lose his life!" A few weeks before the Prince's death, Uhlmann, the Prince's valet, writing from the Cape to his friends at Chislehurst, made this curious statement: "At the Cape and at Natal there are lots of Communards. For the Prince's sake I fear them more than the Zulus." The

Prince himself wrote to his mother : “ We have some French people in the camp. They are not the *élite* of society, but I am pleased to see them, if only because they make me speak French.”

Immediately after the Prince Imperial's death, I visited Monsignor Goddard to inquire how the bereaved mother was bearing up under her calamity. “ I was at ‘Camden’ this morning,” he said, “ and I found the Empress comparatively calm and collected : a great change for the better since yesterday, which, being the first of the month (July), served to remind her of the fatal 1st of June, and brought on hysterical paroxysms, which were distressing to witness and almost alarming. She took part in the Mass this morning, and has been able to partake of nourishment, the great desideratum. The critical moment will be when she first beholds the corpse ; but she is preparing herself for that fearful ordeal, and I am hopeful she will be able to pass through it.”

I asked if it was true, as I had read in the papers, that much had been concealed from Her Majesty. “ She knows everything,” was the reply, “ except the English cowardice. That has been kept from her.”

The Empress, I learnt from my reverend friend, passed the days before the funeral in the closest retirement, solacing herself by reading the works of the great masters of the spiritual life—Massillon, Bossuet, Lacordaire. Her letters were read to her by the Duchesse de Mouchy, the Vicomtesse Aguado, or Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki. The two last letters which she received from her son she had not the courage to open for a long time, nor had she the physical strength for some days to put pen to paper. She saw scarcely

anyone except M. Pietri, the Duc de Bassano, and Monsignor Goddard.

The most harrowing, and for the most part purely imaginative, accounts of "scenes at Chislehurst" appeared in the French journals, and were reproduced by some of the London papers. Thus, there was published in the *Gaulois* (then a Bonapartist, now a Royalist, organ) a circumstantial story of the reception by the Empress of a number of cadets who had, it was said, gone from Woolwich to Chislehurst to offer their condolences. "At the sight of the uniform which her son had worn," it was reported, "the Empress burst into tears, and, rushing forward, embraced each of the young men in turn. Then she made a little speech, in which she exhorted them to work as her son had done ;" and so on. All fiction—I know it as a fact—from beginning to end. One of many touching incidents which really happened was this : Upon hearing of the Prince's death, three of his former companions—MM. Conneau (the doctor's son), Espinasse, and Bizot, all young officers—hastened over to Chislehurst. They were immediately received by the Empress, who burst into tears and embraced them. Such is *la vérité vraie*.

The Queen (I had it on indisputable authority at the time) was anxious to mark her sense of the heroic manner in which the Prince Imperial met his death in a way which would have been presumably welcome to the afflicted Empress. The Queen's strongly expressed wish was to confer upon the dead young hero some such distinction as the Order of the Bath. Had Her Majesty's kindly intention been fulfilled, the Queen would have laid the ribbon on his coffin with her own hands. The Government, however, did not approve

of the idea, fearing that it might be unpalatable to Gambetta and many others, and Her Majesty therefore abandoned the project.

Early in August, 1879, I received from Chislehurst, with a request to publish it, this statement, which was promptly reproduced by the English and the French press :

“ Certain London papers, and many provincial ones, have given currency to a variety of stories concerning the late Prince Imperial. One journal has stated that the Prince was privately married to a young lady of the English aristocracy, and left behind a male heir of the House of Bonaparte. It was further said that the same lady had forced herself into the presence of the Empress at Camden Place, and had a very stormy interview with Her Majesty. We are authorized to say that there is not one word of truth in the story, and we only contradict it in consequence of the persistence with which these infamous falsehoods are printed. A London weekly paper has impudently associated the name of a young lady living at Chislehurst with that of the Prince. We are also authorized to say that this statement is a gross fabrication. Equally untrue are the paragraphs published by a number of papers associating the name of the Prince with that of a Princess [Beatrice] of our Royal House.”

Amongst the ladies who, in 1879, solaced the Empress was the Vicomtesse Aguado (Marchioness de Las Marismas), who, with her husband, had been amongst the intimates of the Sovereigns for many years before the war. The Vicomte Onésime Aguado was the brother of her first husband. Her history was a sad one, for death had robbed her of both her husbands, of her two sons, and of her daughter,

Carmen, Duchesse de Montmorency. The Vicomtesse wrote from Chislehurst to a friend :

“The Empress has been sitting for three hours in her armchair without speaking or moving, her hands in mine. I only knew she was living by the slight pressure of her poor, thin hands when my weeping became too violent and she wished to stop my tears.”

The strong religious bias which characterized the Prince is abundantly shown by this beautiful prayer, his own composition, used by him night and morning, and found in his Prayer-Book after his death :

“Mon Dieu, je vous donne mon cœur, mais vous, donnez-moi la foi. Sans foi, il n'est point d'ardentes prières, et prier est un besoin de mon âme. Je vous prie, non pour que vous écartiez les obstacles qui s'élèvent sur ma route, mais pour que vous me permettiez de les franchir. Je vous prie, non pour que vous désarmiez mes ennemis, mais pour que vous m'aidiez à me vaincre moi-même ! Et daignez, O Dieu, exaucer mes prières ; conservez à mon affection les gens qui me sont chers. Accordez-leur des jours heureux. Si vous ne voulez répandre sur cette terre qu'une certaine somme de joies, prenez, O Dieu, la part qui me revient, répartissez-la parmi les plus dignes, et que les plus dignes soient mes amis. Si vous voulez faire aux hommes les représailles, frappez-moi. Le malheur est converti en joie par la douce pensée que ceux que l'on aime sont heureux. Le bonheur est empoisonné par cette pensée amère : ‘Je me réjouis, et ceux que je chéris mille fois plus que moi sont en train de souffrir.’ Pour moi, O Dieu, plus de bonheur. Je le fuis ; enlevez-le de ma route. La joie je ne la puis trouver que dans l'oubli du passé. Si j'oublie ceux qui ne sont plus, on m'oubliera à mon tour ; et quelle triste pensée que celle qui vous fait dire : ‘le temps efface tout.’ La seule satisfaction que je recherche, c'est celle qui dure toujours, celle que



Napoleon

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF BONAPARTE.

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donne une conscience tranquille. O mon Dieu, montrez-moi toujours où se trouve mon devoir ; donnez-moi la force de l'accomplir en toute occasion. Arrivé au terme de ma vie, je tournerai sans crainte mes regards vers le passé. Le souvenir n'en sera pas pour moi un long remords. Alors je serai heureux. Faites, O mon Dieu, pénétrer plus avant dans mon cœur la conviction que ceux que j'aime et qui sont morts sont les témoins de toutes mes actions. Ma vie sera digne d'être vue par eux, et mes pensées les plus intimes ne me feront jamais rougir."

The Prince was, as we have seen, hailed by the majority of Bonapartists as "Napoleon IV." At the death of Prince Jérôme Napoléon, however, in 1891, a discussion arose on the weighty point of the particular *chiffre* which Prince Jérôme's eldest son, Victor, the Bonapartist Pretender of to-day, might properly add to the name of Napoleon in the event of a Bonapartist restoration. "If Prince Victor is ever called to reign over France, will he style himself Napoleon V. or Napoleon VI.?" The question was thrashed out in 1891, the conclusion arrived at being that, as neither the Prince Imperial nor Prince Jérôme was ever proclaimed Emperor in succession to Napoleon III., Prince Victor would rightly, should he ever ascend the throne, be styled "Napoleon the Fourth."

Prince Jérôme, when laying down the law upon the subject in his domineering manner, declared that the Duc de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I., was "le bénéficiaire d'une abdication," and that the Prince Imperial had never been proclaimed, and consequently "did not count." Such, however, was not the opinion of the late Prince Metternich (husband of the ever-famous and still-living Princess Pauline), who has much that

is both interesting and suggestive to say upon the great *chiffre* question in his "Memoirs." The Metternichian argument, which must be received with all the respect due to the diplomatist who enunciated it, was that the figure III., adopted by the consort of the Empress Eugénie, had no *raison d'être*, inasmuch as Louis Napoleon, when the Senate took him the imperial crown, declared that he had no "obsolete dynastic pretensions" whatsoever, and that his reign did not date from the far-distant year 1815, but only from the moment when the wish of the nation was made known to him. "When," says M. Philippe de Grandlieu, "Louis XVIII. dated his reign from 1796, he invoked the hereditary rights of his race; whereas Louis Napoleon, in dating his reign from 1852, invoked merely the manifestation of universal suffrage."

Prince Metternich is very explicit on the point at issue, and his *ipsissima verba* may well be quoted in direct opposition to the opinion of Prince Jérôme Napoleon, propounded at a dinner-party in the Rue de Phalsbourg. "The sovereign people," remarks Prince Metternich, "called Louis Napoleon, in 1848, to be President of the Republic, thus proving that it considered the *plébiscite* of 1804 as not having any more effect. Had it been otherwise, it would have sufficed for the people to have required Louis Napoleon to have retaken his right of dynastic succession. But Louis Napoleon, by his acceptance of the Presidency of the Republic, admitted that that right no longer existed." As a corollary, then, from the point of view of universal suffrage, "which had restored the former Empire, but which, in 1852, had founded upon it a new one," the "Third" Napoleon had absolutely no justification for the adoption of his title. Nor

would the Empress Eugénie's consort have been in a better position in reference to this particular matter from the dynastic and hereditary standpoint, for had he relied upon that, the late Emperor would have been, not the "Third," but the "Fifth," Napoleon.

Prince Metternich gives chapter and verse for his assertion, and maintains that, if the order of regular succession be followed, the results must be as here stated :

Napoleon the First having abdicated in favour of his son ;

Napoleon the Second dying without direct descendants ;

Napoleon the Third (Joseph), former King of Spain, similarly dying ;

Napoleon the Fourth (Louis) having been King of Holland ; and

Napoleon the Fifth (*i.e.*, Napoleon III.) having been the former President of the Republic,

The Prince Imperial (killed in Zululand) would necessarily have been Napoleon VI., Prince Jérôme Napoleon would have been Napoleon VII., and Jérôme's eldest son, Victor (should he arrive at the throne), would be Napoleon VIII.

So much, then, for the Napoleonic *chiffre*, which various members of the Party gravely and earnestly discussed with the Empress Eugénie at San Rémo in 1891. It remains to add that, shortly after the Emperor's death, his son caused it to be made known that he desired to be addressed, not as Napoleon IV., but as Prince Louis Napoleon.

A few months before his death the Prince Imperial, accompanied by Prince Murat and M. Pietri, visited the late King Oscar of Sweden, stayed for a few days

with the late King and Queen of Denmark at Copenhagen, and made a brief tour through Norway, journeying thence to Arenenberg, where the Empress was then passing a short time.

An amusing story of the Swedish visit should not pass unrecorded.

“We arrived at Christiania” (said an eyewitness of the incident*) “in August, 1878, intending to take the usual midday train for Copenhagen. The town was decorated with flags, and we found that the royal yacht was expected, the Prince Imperial on board. He had been on a visit to the King [the late Sovereign] and Queen of Sweden at a little country place called Orkerud (distant some three hours by steamer), and was now returning to England, *viâ* Copenhagen, intending to travel by this same midday train.

The hour for departure came, but no Prince Imperial! We waited, and still waited, but the yacht was unaccountably detained. At last, however, the booming cannon announced the arrival of the royal party. Two or three carriages rolled rapidly up to the station, and the King got out, and came on to the platform, holding the Imperial Prince by the hand. The latter, very short and slight (he was between twenty-two and twenty-three at the time), looked quite a boy by the side of the King, who was, indeed, the beau-ideal of a monarch, tall and stately as one of his own pines. The reason of the unaccountable delay we heard afterwards from one of the party on board. It was a lovely, hot summer day. The Prince was in tearing spirits, shouting, singing, playing pranks like a mad thing all the time.

At last he suddenly came up to the King, and said he ‘would, and must, have a bathe!’ ‘Impossible,’ said the King; ‘the train will be waiting for us, you know.’ No matter! He would, and must, and

* *Pall Mall Gazette.*

forthwith began to take off his clothes. The King then mildly suggested that he should at least perform that operation below. But not a bit ! and in another moment his Imperial Highness was stripped and careering about the deck in a state of nature ! Seeing him so determined, the order was given to stop the vessel, and almost before this could be done the Prince had plunged over the side. Upon this the Prince Royal [now King] of Sweden, and some of the younger gentlemen, also undressed, and there were soon half a dozen of them in the water swimming round the yacht, the Prince Imperial jumping on their backs and riding them like so many dolphins. Nor was it until they had had some half an hour of this sport that the vessel was allowed to proceed.

The King was much struck by the intelligence of his young guest, and laughingly complained to some of the gentlemen present about his 'terrible thirst for information.' 'His questions,' said the King, 'are most alarming. Why, he asked me just now how long it took a vessel to get up steam. I hadn't an idea—thought it might probably be ten minutes—I find it does actually take five quarters of an hour. But it is very improving, and one would certainly have to rub up one's knowledge if one were to be long in his society !'

The Prince, too, seemed to have made himself popular in Sweden, for all through the day and night crowds were waiting to see him, and from midnight to earliest dawn we were awakened at every little wayside station by their cries of 'Hoch ! hoch ! hoch !' Various amusing little scenes occurred on the way. At one station, the moment the train drew up, a stern-looking lady planted herself with two little girls in front of the crowd, and, receiving from their hands two knobby and most repellent-looking bouquets, hurled them violently one after the other through the window of the royal carriage. Then, settling her glasses firmly on her nose, she stood awaiting the result. At first we had thought it ill-natured that

the green blinds should have been so closely drawn, but after this experience we were forced to admit that there might be some excuse. At another station, contriving to elude recognition, the Prince got out for refreshment, and we saw him speeding along the platform, a little dusty figure in grey, dusty even to his eyebrows. Unluckily for him, he encountered on his way two ladies, whose curtsies betrayed his identity. In a moment the crowd was at his heels. In and out of the refreshment-room, the waiting-room, everywhere, they followed him, till he was fain once more to take refuge behind the friendly shelter of his green blinds. Later on we beheld him leaning out of the window of a second-class carriage at the other end of the train, and watching with great amusement the crowds that had gathered in front of the royal coach, and were engaged in staring at the equerry whom he had put there to fill his place. That was the last time we ever saw the Prince Imperial alive."

A dish of which Napoleon III. was particularly fond was *cèpes à la provençale*, which is a specialty at some of the better-class Paris restaurants, and can probably be obtained at the Carlton, the Ritz, and the Savoy. Princesse Mathilde was one evening entertaining the Emperor, the Empress Eugénie, and the Prince Imperial at dinner at her château at St. Gratien, near Montmorency, and *cèpes à la provençale* figured on the menu. The Emperor and Empress partook rather largely of the dish, which was strongly perfumed with garlic, and then the servant offered it to the Prince, who regarded it with longing eyes, and had evidently made up his mind to eat freely of it. The watchful Empress, however, said: "Louis, don't touch the *cèpes*; they are too rich for little boys." The Prince was resolved to make a fight for it, and

answered, with an imploring glance at Her Majesty : " But, mamma, they look so delicious !" " General," said the imperial lady to the Prince's governor, " please tell him not to touch that dish." As a matter of course, the general did so, and the poor boy, between smiles and tears, handed his plate of *cèpes* back to the servant, with the remark : " Here, Eugène, take these back, and keep them for me until I am big enough to eat them." The Emperor exploded with laughter, but the Empress remained inflexible, and the Prince had to content himself with an apple while his parents enjoyed their *cèpes à la provençale*.

M. James de Chambrier, who has gained an enviable reputation by his works on the court and society of the Second Empire, gives, in his volume (1908), " Entre l'Apogée et le Déclin," a delightful picture of the Prince, the Emperor, and the Empress. On March 16, 1862, the Prince entered upon his seventh year. Such a charming boy was he whom we afterwards knew at Chislehurst, for, alas ! less than ten years, that (says this authority) it was difficult not to feel oneself drawn towards him by a sympathy shared even by the enemies of his father and the Napoleonic reign. Although he did not possess the regular features and the good looks of his mother, he resembled her in a very striking manner. His physiognomy showed his happy disposition. Frank and gay with his little playmates, his comrades and friends of later years found in him, not a Prince, but a straightforward, generous young man of observant mind and the utmost good-humour. Whilst still a boy, he noticed everything, and narrated what he had seen with a precision which delighted his father. The Emperor, more disposed than the Empress to let the

Prince have his own way, smiled admiringly when he saw the boy leave his games or his drawing materials to perform the tasks required of him, and to submit to the tyrannical exigencies of life at the Tuileries.

In 1862 he was no longer the *petit Prince*. On his sixth birthday he had passed out of the hands of his governesses into those of a governor, M. Monnier, a learned professor of history at the Lycée Henri IV., an upright but timid man, without breeding and without authority, ignorant of the life of society, and not understanding it. Not much of a scientist, his penchant was for the *moyen-âge*, and he did not long remain in charge of his young pupil. Another governor was soon found; this time it was M. Augustin Filon, whose acquaintance I enjoyed at Chislehurst. M. Filon was in 1862 a Professor at the Paris University, highly distinguished, very learned and accomplished, without any of the drawbacks of pedantry, understanding and sympathizing with youth, much attracted by the intelligence and character of the Prince, and making him work conscientiously without overburdening him with study. We can see Filon still, during an evening fête at the Tuileries, leading his pupil under the gleaming candelabra through the *salons* before the Emperor and Empress arrived. This view of the great rooms, full of the best-known members of society, seemed to charm M. Filon's pupil.

In the room where the diplomatists were ranged, awaiting the coming of the Sovereigns, the boy (continues M. Chambrier) would stop, whispering questions amidst the deep silence, surprised and greatly interested by the variety of the costumes and uniforms, and the brilliancy of the groups, composed of the repre-

sentatives of all nations. M. Filon briefly explained who was who amongst the foreigners whom Ministers and Ambassadors presented to their Majesties. Besides the preceptor, M. Filon, there was General Frossard, whose love of discipline led him to punish the Prince for the slightest mistake by keeping him from the imperial dinner-table ! (It was Frossard, as some may remember, who in 1870 opened the ball by attacking Saarbrücken on August 2, when the Prince had his "baptism of fire," and when, by the way, some correspondent of the *Times* took the trouble to telegraph that I had been "shot through the head" during the action—a trifling lapse which Mr. Delane very kindly corrected soon afterwards). The Emperor and Empress did not always approve of General Frossard's strictness, but they wisely never interfered.

On these festive occasions at the Tuileries, the Empress, before accompanying the Emperor to the *salons* where their guests impatiently awaited them, would look into the room where the Prince and his friend young Conneau (son of the late Dr. and Mme. Conneau) were at their studies, translating some Latin author or trying to solve a knotty arithmetical problem. The Empress would also pay these little visits to the schoolroom when the Court was at Compiègne.

"It is evening, in the late autumn," writes M. Filon. "The silence of the schoolroom is broken only by the loud ticking of the great clock. The only light is that given by a lamp, with its large shade. In the forest the wind whistles, and already it is cold. A door opens ; there is a frou-frou of silk and satin trailing over the carpet, a soft rattle of jewels—it is the Empress. 'It is you, maman ?' 'Ah ! you are at work ; don't disturb yourselves.'

And she embraces him tenderly, pats Louis Conneau's head affectionately, and goes to the window. Sometimes she would lean her forehead against the glass, looking dreamily into the deep, mysterious night, as if it was a relief to her to gaze into the silent forest and think. She said to me one evening: 'What a pity it is that the General cannot deprive me also of a dinner!' I seem even now to inhale the perfume which enveloped her. It was like a vision. It lasted only five minutes, but in that brief space all the splendours of Compiègne were effaced!"

The Prince was very fond of M. Bâchon, his riding-master. "Well done!" said Bâchon to some bystanders, on seeing the Prince vault into the saddle; "he will be a first-rate rider." The Empress could not induce the Emperor to give the Prince an education such as she desired. The boy had very soon conquered his father's will and his heart. The Emperor delighted in his son's turbulent ways and his playful little tricks. His Majesty almost forgot the cares of life in watching the boy play and in talking about him. By her unfailing vigilance the Empress endeavoured to counteract the tenderness which people were surprised to discover in a man apparently so phlegmatic as the Emperor. Fully appreciating the warmth of the reception given to him at the camp at Châlons in August, 1863, the Emperor wrote to his wife: "When I see, outside officialdom, a real sympathy, I am deeply touched, and then I think of you, and wish you were here." And on September 9, 1866, the Emperor wrote to his son, then at Biarritz: "You have given me much pleasure by writing, because it proves that you think of me. For my part, I am always thinking of you, and it seems long since I embraced you. St. Cloud is very dull since



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.,
AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The portraits of the Empress and of the Prince Imperial are from photographs
presented to the late Monsignor Goddard by Her Imperial Majesty.

you left. I work all day, and in the evening we play billiards or someone reads."

His father called him the "Little Extinguisher." Before he had reached his eighth birthday the Prince made it manifest that he had a will of his own, which only his mother could curb. The Emperor was as wax in the hands of this little fellow with plump cheeks, curly hair, caressing eyes, and rather sleepy manner, clad in black velvet jacket and "knickers," white waistcoat, and scarlet stockings. Everybody who passed through the Tuileries gardens gazed kindly at the little figure, solitary amongst the other children at their games, debarred from joining in them from the day when he began to wear the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He could only look on, rather sadly, at the sports of those others, fortunate at not having been born in the purple. At home he was the veriest chatterbox, reduced to mutinous silence only by the presence of his mother. We may be certain that the Empress was out of the way when, his father having refused to take him to the theatre, he revenged himself for the slight by smashing 4,000 francs' worth of toy soldiers!

In 1869, whilst the Empress was at Suez, the Emperor was so much engaged with his son that he omitted to send her information which she impatiently awaited. He mentioned, in his letters to her, the manifestations and the incidents of October 26, and the agitation of the public mind, but hastened to leave these matters in order to write to her about the Prince, whom he kept with him in his own study, even whilst important subjects were under discussion, well satisfied that at such times the Prince should leave his studies "to say his word"! "I like to

have his advice," said the Emperor. "But," replied the Empress, "a child who has been well brought up ought to be silent when grown-up people are talking." She was always endeavouring to develop her son's sense of duty and truthfulness.

Always an ardent student, the Prince, long after he had left Woolwich, requested M. Bavoux, who was about to visit Chislehurst, to furnish him with a list of books, all of a solid kind. "I found, however," says that gentleman, "that he already knew most of the works which I had thought would be useful to him. On his table were Arthur Young's 'Travels in France,' the 'Compte Rendu' of Necker (whom the Prince thought a much overrated man), and the second volume of Taine's 'Revolution.'"

The Prince did not seem quite at his ease on the first day of his friend's visit. The second day he was much gayer.

"He walked slowly about the extensive grounds, stopping sometimes ; always speaking without any hesitation and in a tone of authority, as if he were already on the throne. 'I shall do this,' 'I shall do that,' he would say, without emphasis, and with a calmness and strength which showed that he was quite master of himself, and that he felt he was made to be the master of others. He had studied a great deal—the history of France, the Revolution, the Empire, and the history of the Church. He was well posted in all French matters, and *au courant* of the lives and manners of most of the politicians. He was serious-minded, but youthfully so. He discussed the gravest questions like a statesman. . . . He liked dancing, and was very pleased that he was going to a ball in a day or two."

He had a propensity for regarding all subjects from a philosophical point of view, weighing carefully

what was unchangeable and true in them. One of his greatest eulogists and most devoted friends maintains that whatever subject he wrote about in his letters was raised by his reflections, which displayed a high intelligence and a marked nobility of spirit. His judgment upon most things was very just, and he expressed himself with a precision which showed clearness of mind and decision of character. He was, indeed, a man of forty when he was really only twenty-three. The letters in which he put forward his ideas and his projects for the future of France surprised his friends by the maturity and vigour revealed by those communications.

In M. Gaston Calmette's brilliant " 'Case' for the Empress" will be found a reference to, and an emphatic denial of, the allegation that the Prince Imperial was kept short of money. Her Majesty's observations on this much-disputed and rather unpleasant subject were provoked, it may be presumed, by, *inter alia*, the assertions of Comte d'Hérisson, which, for the reader's enlightenment, may be summarized.

After finishing his course at Woolwich, the Prince's impecuniosity, according to the above authority,* was such, "thanks to his mother," that he refrained from accepting invitations to "outings" which would have involved him in a certain expenditure. He also refused invitations to country-houses, as he could not afford to give the customary "tips." "Two examples out of a thousand will show the inconvenience to which he was put daily."

As Count Shouvaloff (the Russian Ambassador) had been exceedingly civil to the Prince, his Im-

* "Le Prince Impérial (Napoléon Quatre)," by Comte d'Hérisson. Paris : Paul Ollendorff. 1900.

perial Highness invited His Excellency to dine at the St. James's Hotel (now the Berkeley) ; General Fleury was also asked to meet the eminent diplomatist. Fleury unexpectedly brought with him a friend, in the person of M. Arthur Meyer, then, as now, the well-known editor-in-chief of the *Gaulois*.

"M. Meyer," said the General, addressing the Prince, "at first hesitated to accept the invitation, which I took the liberty of giving him in your Imperial Highness's name ; but he accepted it when I told him that this dinner would be a delightful souvenir for him."

"You did quite right, as you always do, General," said the Prince, "and I thank you for bringing M. Meyer."

After dinner the Prince left the table to pay the bill. Owing to the presence of an extra guest, the amount was more than he had anticipated, and he found that he was short by some thirty shillings. In this emergency the Prince was compelled to send for Fleury, who of course at once made matters right.

Comte d'Hérisson relates that on another occasion M. Bâchon, the Prince's *écuyer*, went over the stables at Chislehurst with his young master. Pointing to one of the horses, M. Bâchon said :

"Monseigneur, you cannot possibly continue to mount that animal. I can understand now why you have kept out of the hunting-field. Let me get one which will be worthy of you."

A few days later Bâchon told the Prince that he had found a splendid hunter for him. The price was absurdly low—only 6,000 francs. The owner was really giving the animal away.

"Two hundred and forty pounds !" said the Prince. "It is certainly very little, but it is too much for me. I have not got it."

"Never mind that, Monseigneur! If you will allow me, I will go and ask the Empress for a cheque."

The Prince was aghast at the suggestion, and emphatically forbade Bâchon from asking the Empress for any money at all. There were tears in the Prince's eyes when, after more confidential talk, Bâchon ventured to say: "If things are like that, Monseigneur, much is explained which I did not understand until now. I am not rich, but I have something which I can sell; it shall never be said that the Prince Imperial rides such an animal as *that!*"

It is to these and similar allegations that M. Calmette gives a formal denial.

The recorder of the stories here outlined adds that Her Majesty knew perfectly well all about this *gêne d'argent*, which so mortified and distressed the Prince, and "wished money matters to remain as they were."

"Ask me for whatever you want," the Empress is asserted to have said to her son, "and you shall have it immediately."

"The Prince rebelled against being still treated as a child, but his pride and his respectful deference to his mother's wishes prevented him from ever uttering a word of complaint."

There is perhaps more surmise than exactness in the assertion that M. Rouher influenced the Prince in the making of his will, dated February 26, 1879, with a codicil leaving to the eldest son of Prince (Jérôme) Napoleon the task of continuing the work of Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. Immediately after the news of the Prince's death reached England, M. Rouher arrived at Chislehurst. The Prince's will was locked up in a desk, of which M. Pietri had the key

“M. Rouher remarked that he did not like to open the desk in M. Pietri’s absence in Corsica ; at the same time it was evident that he knew the contents of the will, and that for the simple reason that he himself had written that document, and that the Prince Imperial had simply copied it !”*

As a matter of fact, M. Rouher, after consulting a London solicitor, did “open the desk,” and so was enabled to show the Empress her son’s will, which is outlined in the chapter “The Empress’s Millions.”

When Bismarck was told that Napoleon III. had passed away, the Chancellor is credited with having exclaimed : “He has killed a son who is alive and reburied an uncle who is dead !”

Let us hope that this bitter gibe was never spoken. In a sense it was true, for the Emperor’s death had destroyed all but the faintest hope of the Prince Imperial ever reigning long before he fell under the Zulus’ assegais. The manner of his slaying, however, martyred and ennobled him as nothing else could have done, and the Empress was solaced by the knowledge that the whole world hastened to participate in her grief. The spontaneous outburst of sympathy in this country was, with some few exceptions, the result of a feeling that the young man had been cruelly deserted by his companions, “left to die,” without a friendly hand being raised in his defence. The circumstances attending his end were of themselves sufficient to immortalize him ; but those who knew him cherish and laud his memory for his many qualities other than his proved courage. Of the sincerity of his religious belief, of his nobility of soul, Monsignor Goddard has told us something ; and we

* Comte d’Hérisson.

know from other of his friends that, when he was taken into the room where the dead Emperor was lying, the first words uttered by the suddenly bereaved boy were from the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done."

To M. Evariste Bavoux, a Conseiller d'État of the Empire, a lifelong friend of Napoleon III., and an occasional guest at Chislehurst, the Prince's "Prayer" suggested the "Imitation" of Thomas à Kempis; it is "*d'une douceur si pénétrante qu'on dirait, si l'on ne craignait de faire un rapprochement sacrilège, qu'elle semble une continuation du 'Pater,'*" and M. Bavoux adds: "I have seen former political adversaries, and women, who could not read it with dry eyes. . . . Beautiful as was the intelligence displayed in the Prince's letters, it was surpassed by the beauty of his soul."

Few men have possessed in so marked a degree his delicacy and chastity of thought and his purity, revealed to the world only after his death. In his conversation, there often came to him elevated thoughts, which he expressed simply, without suspecting their beauty. Someone was praising intelligence, and describing it as the greatest virtue in the world, the real Sovereign.

"Yes," said the Prince; "but don't you think virtue is more valuable?"

At the dinner-table at Camden Place, some time after the Emperor's death, duelling was discussed. With two exceptions, all present, ladies included, favoured the duel as an institution. The Prince denounced it as barbarous, impious, and condemned by the Church. The ladies smiled almost disdainfully; they could not understand how a young man

of eighteen could fail to regard duelling as chivalrous—"duelling, which means two men, with drawn swords, both ready to run his opponent through!"

Baron Tristan Lambert had taken the Prince's side in the argument, and when the party was breaking up the Prince said to him: "We had a difficult time, but I assure you I shall not change my mind."

Amongst evening diversions at Chislehurst was the game of "questions."

"What," a lady asked the Prince, "do you think the worst quality of a man?"

"Fear," was the reply.

"What is the best way to be happy?"

"To do nothing against your conscience."

The Emperor's affection for his son was, in the opinion of many, carried to extremes. One day in his early boyhood the Prince went into his father's study, and began to handle the ornaments which struck his fancy while the Emperor was deep in his papers. Presently there was a crash, and, looking up from his desk, the Emperor saw the floor strewn with fragments of porcelain. "Louis" had knocked over a *tasse* belonging to a Sèvres service which Napoleon I. had taken with him to St. Helena. Napoleon III. set great store on the priceless relic, but not a word of anger fell from his lips. He rang the bell, a servant answered the summons, the Emperor said, "Take the Prince to his room," and then set about picking up the pieces of the shattered vase.

The Prince Imperial was, to employ a somewhat banal phrase, "quite a ladies' man," and was in his element when in the society of the fair sex. It was, I think, Mme. de Metternich who humorously said she would rather have the boy-Prince's opinion on a dress

than Worth's. Up to the age of fourteen he was a veritable *gamin de Paris*, laughing and dancing round everybody in the room. He was artlessness itself. From Compiègne, in October, 1869, Napoleon III. wrote to the Empress: "Le matin, et après le déjeuner, nous chassons. Louis regrette beaucoup l'absence du beau sexe!" His impetuosity was almost feminine, and it was said of him that he was "as jealous as Othello." No lady went to the Tuileries, to Compiègne, or to St. Cloud, whose toilettes were not remarked and criticized by him.

Shortly after the Prince's death it was proposed to erect a statue in Westminster Abbey, the expense to be defrayed by a national subscription, chiefly in the army. The idea was supported by the then Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and many distinguished officers; but it was attacked in the House of Commons as being likely to give umbrage to the Government of the Republic. In February (1880) a memorial, signed by more than 5,000 persons, was presented to Dean Stanley protesting against the proposal, and a deputation from the International Peace Association attended in support of the protest. The Dean said it was not proposed to erect the statue in the Abbey Church so called, but in the royal mausoleum attached to it; and Dr. Stanley emphasized the point that the French Government had not objected to the erection of the monument, "and the decision of last year could not be revoked."

Dean Stanley had not fully considered how the House of Commons might regard the project. He soon realized that the "collective wisdom," or, rather, 162 malcontents—that red-hot Radical Joseph

Chamberlain amongst them—would have none of the statue. This is what happened. One expected better things of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain.

In the Parliamentary Session of 1880, Mr. Briggs moved a resolution condemning the proposal to erect a monument to the Prince in the Abbey. Mr. Gladstone deprecated any interference by the House of Commons with the Abbey, several Members spoke of the young man's gallantry and his father's friendship for England, and others used strong language with respect to the agitation out of doors against the monument. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was of opinion that the proposal would be objectionable to the French Government. Mr. Broadhurst spoke strongly as to the feeling of resentment which the idea had aroused amongst the working classes of France—a feeling sympathized with by the working classes in England. At the end of the long and heated debate, Mr. Briggs's motion was carried by 162 to 147, although most of the members of the Ministry (Mr. Gladstone, then Premier, included) were for "passing it by." Those members of the Government who voted for Mr. Briggs's motion were Mr. John Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre.

Mr. Gladstone made the acquaintance of the Prince Imperial at Chislehurst railway-station in the autumn of 1871—an event noted by M. Augustin Filon in an interesting essay, "A French View" of the eminent statesman, contributed to the *Daily Mail* in December, 1909.

"I was escorting my pupil," says M. Filon, "to King's College, where he was attending a course of

lectures on natural philosophy by Professor Adams, and we were waiting for the London train at Chislehurst station, when Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Lord Frederick Cavendish,* appeared on the platform. He was returning from his first visit to our exiled Emperor—a visit which he had retarded to the extreme limits of possible delay, for this was in the autumn of 1871.” (The Emperor had been at Chislehurst since March.) “As soon as Gladstone was made aware of the presence of the Prince, he came up to him and entered into conversation. He asked questions about his studies and about King’s College, which he warmly eulogized. He seemed worried at first; his manner was cold and stiff. But gradually his face relaxed and softened, and on parting he looked down on the imperial lad with a sort of fatherly interest mingled with pity. I never forgot that look, and I was sadly surprised, a few years later, when Gladstone denied a place in the Abbey to the memorial of the unfortunate Prince who died a soldier of England.”

“Looking at it from a purely historical point of view, and taking into consideration all the circumstances,” said H.R.H. the Duc de Nemours, “the death of Prince Louis Napoleon is one of the most hideous tragedies of modern times”; and that is how the fatality was regarded all over the world.

Very generous, too, was the tribute of the Comte de Chambord: “Pauvre jeune homme! He was indeed a hero and a Christian. His ‘Prayer’ touched me greatly; it is a proof to those who doubt it that our religion is still fervent and alive in the breasts of the best and greatest.”

* Brother of the late Duke of Devonshire, and a victim of the Phoenix Park tragedy.

His Royal Highness ("Henri V."), who was then at Frohsdorff, caused a Mass to be said for the Prince, himself and all the members of his little Court attending the memorial service. On the same day (June 26, 1879) upwards of 500 prominent Royalists assembled at the Chapelle Expiatoire, Paris, and walked in procession to St. Augustin's, where they laid an immense wreath on the altar. Indeed, the Legitimists in France and elsewhere distinguished themselves by their sympathetic attitude towards the young Bonapartist Prince.

"The premature death of this young man," said the then Prince of Wales, "has caused pain and sympathy in our country from the highest to the lowest. Speaking personally of him, I can say that a more charming young man, and one having more promise, has seldom existed. If Providence had designed that he should succeed his father as Sovereign of that great country, our neighbour, he would have made an admirable Emperor."

Equally generous was the Duke of Cambridge's tribute :

"This young man, so brave and so distinguished, came to see me several times before he departed for Africa. He was determined to go; never have I seen such determination. As to his conduct, I do not believe there can be any doubts about that. He was an excellent, magnanimous young man, animated by superior principles. His courage was extraordinary. Everybody in England will render homage to the noble qualities of the young Prince; I am sure that everywhere, besides, they will be appreciated. Why has a life so precious been so unfortunately lost?"

Queen Alexandra wrote of him : “ He died a hero’s death, wearing our uniform.” Dare I, in conclusion, adapt Malesherbes’ lines ?

“ A rose he lived, and he lived as a rose
The space of a summer morning.”

CHAPTER XI

SOME LETTERS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WRITTEN AT CHISLEHURST

The Prince Imperial to Prince Louis Murat.

“CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
March 22, 1872.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I was about to read the letters which have been sent to me from France for the 16th of March, when I received yours, which contributed to increase my happiness, for you know, dear cousin, how much I appreciate your kindly remembrance of me.

I gather from your letter that you are leaving for Switzerland. Permit me to express a hope that you will have a pleasant journey, and to ask you to believe that I am, and always shall be,

Your affectionate cousin,
LOUIS NAPOLEON.”

To M. Clément Royer.

“CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST (KENT),
September 8, 1871.

SIR,

The letter which you have written to me, and in which you express, in such affectionate terms, your attachment, has profoundly touched me as well as their Majesties, to whom I have shown it. The

Emperor has taught me to appreciate your friendship by the value which he attached to that of your father. It gives me much pleasure to learn from you that the dates August 15 and 25 have evoked regrets among those who remain faithful to the cause of the Emperor. Our thoughts are always with those who are in France and whose friendship is known to us. Now, more than ever, we think of our dear country, for this time of the year brings with it many cruel souvenirs.

It is with a sentiment of lively gratitude that I am, sir,

Your affectionate

LOUIS NAPOLEON."

To the Same.

"CHISLEHURST,

November 24, 1875.

SIR,

I take the opportunity of the departure of M. Falcon de Cimier to send you my sincere wishes for your happiness and my thanks for your unalterable devotion to my cause. I remember that on the morrow of the Commune, at the moment when they overthrew the monument [the Vendôme Column] consecrated to the glories of our country, you wrote to me that it was easier to pull down statues than to efface the remembrance of them from your heart. Ever since then I have seen that I was not deceived in reckoning you, not only amongst the most faithful, but amongst the holdest; and to-day it is as your friend that I share your happiness and beg you to believe in my best wishes.

NAPOLEON."

To Louis Napoléon Joseph Eugène Conneau.

This letter was addressed to the son of the late Dr. Conneau, formerly a senator of the Empire, and the companion in captivity at Ham of the future Napoleon III. M. Conneau *fils*, after studying with the Prince Imperial at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, entered the French Military School of St. Cyr, leaving it in 1876 as a sous-lieutenant. The Prince Imperial sent his friend a sword, and with it this letter.

“CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
June 29, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On my return from camp I found the letter in which you express a wish that your father had already made me acquainted with, and that it would be a duty and a real joy to realize.

I asked M. Clary to get me, at Paris, a sword of the highest quality and of regulation pattern. On one side of it I have had engraved the dedication, and on the other an old war-cry of France that I wish to see you take as your motto, being most certainly *Passavant le Meilleur*. You pass before the best in my friendship; that is why I hope you will also pass before the best on the battle-field, and wherever duty may call you.

My affection for you is flattered by the thought that it is I who will have given you the sword which will be, I am sure, the instrument of your fortune and future glory. If I have the happiness, which it is my ambition to have, of fighting with you side by side, I shall say at each blow that I see you strike, ‘*Mordieu !* the sword is worthy of Conneau, and

Conneau is worthy of the sword !” And the sight of your courage will make me thrill with confidence. If, unfortunately, I should not have the happiness of sharing your perils, if I may not some day fight in such good company—well, I shall still have the satisfaction of thinking that this souvenir of our close friendship will follow you everywhere, and that, hanging by the side of your heart, this good weapon will always be ready to show that your heart is warm and noble.

NAPOLEON.”

On the sword was engraved: “Napoléon à L.-N. Conneau. *Passavant le Meilleur.* (Fabrique de Paris.)”

*The Prince to M. Rouher (before leaving
for the Cape).*

“CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
February 25, 1879.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR ROUHER,

I am leaving Europe, and I may be away some months. I have too many faithful friends in France to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. For eight years I have been the guest of England. I completed my education at one of her military schools, and on several occasions I have strengthened the ties which unite me to the English army by taking part in the great manœuvres which it has executed. The war which England has been carrying on for more than a year at the Cape of Good Hope has assumed a gravity which it had not presented until now. I wish to follow the operations, and I shall embark in two days.

In France, where, thank God ! party spirit has

not killed the military spirit, they will understand that I have not wished to remain a stranger to the fatigues and the danger of those troops amongst whom I have so many comrades. The time which I shall devote to assisting in this contest of civilization against barbarism will not be lost. Whether I am far away or near, my thoughts will be constantly of France. I shall follow with interest and without uneasiness the gradual phases which she will go through, for I am sure that God will protect her! During my absence the partisans of the imperial cause will remain united and confident, and will continue to give the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrines, remains always animated by sentiments of the most ardent patriotism.

Receive, my dear Monsieur Rouher, the assurance of my sincere friendship.

NAPOLEON.*

Letters addressed to M. Eugène Loudon.

“CHISLEHURST,

January 16, 1878.

Since you wrote to me last, the words attributed to M. Gambetta have been partly borne out. General Ducrot has been replaced, and the French Republic, having tasted a first success, believes it can follow this work of weeding-out. The Marshal's [MacMahon] turn will follow naturally, and in the most simple manner. All this does not in any way lessen my confidence in my cause: far from it; on the contrary, I think it is necessary to double zeal and energy. For

* The letters given above were translated for this work from M. le Comte d'Hérissou's instructive volume, “Le Prince Impérial (Napoléon IV.).” Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1890.

if another august personality [the Emperor] accustomed himself to exile, I do not wish to see mine prolonged indefinitely. Even as I think of the future, and for the honour of my name——”

“CHISLEHURST,

March 28, 1878.

. . . I have entire confidence in the future. I believe in the historical necessity. But this fatalistic belief will not cause my efforts to be relaxed. *When it is necessary to act, I shall act.*”

“CHISLEHURST,

December 26, 1878.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR LOUDON,

You will not mind my asking you to do something for me. I believe the first requirement of a man in my position is to know the *personnel* of his country. Political questions are the chessboard ; the pieces are the men. I have organized a plan by which I shall receive precise information upon military, administrative, judicial, and political matters of France. I want you to take part in this organization by sending me some information upon the Catholic Church and the French clergy. I want your notes grouped in a certain order [this order the Prince described in detail].”

“CHISLEHURST,

February 19, 1879.

. . . I have not travelled much, but I have made some notes of what I have seen in foreign countries. I have, for instance, found more real democracy in Spain than in France. In Spain a grandee, a Duke, is very respectfully served by his valet, but the next moment the valet rolls a cigarette between his fingers,

takes the one his master is smoking, and lights his own from it ! Both master and servant consider as quite a natural thing this *sans-gêne*, which would make a Frenchman jump ! . . . Your devotion knows no obstacles, and your political faith, like your religious belief, is beyond all doubt. If the plan which I elaborated eighteen months ago has not succeeded, it is because there are certain pusillanimities whom nothing in the world would enable to triumph. While regretting that the revolutionary evil is not nipped in the bud, I bow before the decisions of Providence, which doubtless ordains that the trial which France should undergo should be complete and definitive. Patience and good courage ought to be our watchword. Nothing very important will happen until next year, when——”

To M. Taine.

“CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
October 8, 1877.

SIR,

All who wish to be enlightened upon the situation in our country, and to ascertain the causes of the instability of our social condition, should be grateful to you for your work, the ‘*Origines de la France Moderne*.’ It would be impossible to show more attractively the results of many years’ laborious research and deep thought. I must express the gratitude I owe you for writing those pages. Your work not only responds to the needs of my mind, but it has given me heartfelt satisfaction. Although far from my country, I see it, at least in thought, through your book ; and, thanks to you, sir, I have been able to spend many hours in France.

NAPOLÉON.”

In his reply to the Prince's letter, M. Taine said he had never aspired to be more than a historian ; he had never engaged in political strife ; his desire had been to render a service to his countrymen by "telling them what their grandfathers were like."*

To the above may be added this charming letter written to the Prince Imperial, shortly before the war, by the late Marchioness of Ely. Lady Ely was sent by Queen Victoria to the Tuileries shortly before the Empress Eugénie's accouchement, and, with the exception of the doctors and the attendants, was the only ocular witness of the birth of the Prince. She wrote :

"A son Altesse le Prince Impérial,

MONSIEUR,

Will your Imperial Highness do me the honour to accept the accompanying souvenirs ? I brought them from Jerusalem for your Imperial Highness. They have all been blessed, and I took them with me to all the holy places. One is a pilgrim's shell. I hope your Imperial Highness is quite well. I am so sorry not to have been able to go to Paris, as I had hoped to do ; but my mother has been very ill, and I cannot leave England at present. Last week I returned, with the Queen, from Balmoral. There was no little snow in the Highlands, and we saw a great deal when we were coming south ; but the Queen has not suffered from

* The third volume of the "Life and Letters of Taine," abridged and translated from the French by E. Sparvel-Bayly, was published by Constable in July, 1908. The letters deal with the war and the Commune, and with Taine's work on the French Revolution.

the cold. May I ask your Imperial Highness to be good enough to present my humble duty to their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and the Empress? I hope the Empress is quite well. I have the honour to be always your Imperial Highness's very sincere

JANE ELY."

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE EMPRESS AT HASTINGS AND CHISLEHURST

To the Emperor of Austria.

“HASTINGS,
September 13, 1870.

SIRE,

The Government which has possessed itself of power at Paris has addressed itself directly to Count Bismarck in order to obtain the signature of a Treaty of Peace. M. Thiers has been charged to intercede with the neutral Powers, and to request them to mediate between the belligerents. I will not examine the chances of the deliverance of my country by the Army of the Rhine, which is fighting heroically under the walls of Metz, and by the courage of the defenders of Paris. I may not have a personal opinion on these questions. But France, afflicted by the disasters which she has undergone, wishes to stop the flowing of blood and desires peace.

Have not the neutral Powers a humane duty to perform—to protect the interests of the future by rendering possible, through their friendly intervention, an equitable Treaty of Peace? Misfortunes weigh heavily upon us, Sire. The Emperor a prisoner, he can do nothing for his country at the moment. As for me, driven from France by circumstances foreign

to my will, I am a spectator of a conflict which lacerates my heart, and I cannot remain mute before so many sorrows and so many ruins. I know that in addressing your Majesty you will understand that my sole preoccupation is France, and that it is for her alone that my sorely tried heart pleads. I nourish the hope that your Majesty will use your influence to preserve my country from humiliating exigencies, and to obtain a peace which will respect the integrity of its territory.

EUGÉNIE."

The Emperor Francis Joseph, in his reply, expressed his deep sympathy with France in her misfortunes, remarking, however, that there were occasions when Sovereigns were not able to follow the promptings of their hearts.

To the Emperor Alexander II.

"HASTINGS,

September 13, 1870.

SIRE,

Far from my country, I write to-day to your Majesty. A few days ago, when the destinies of France were still in the hands of the power constituted by the Emperor, if I had taken this step I should perhaps have appeared in the eyes of your Majesty, and in those of France, to be doubting the living strength of my country. Recent events have given me my liberty, and I can address myself to your Majesty's heart. If I have rightly understood the reports from our Ambassador, General Fleury, your Majesty put aside *à priori* the dismemberment of France. Fate has been against us. The Emperor is a prisoner, and is calumniated. Another Government has undertaken the task which we regarded as our

duty to fulfil. I entreat your Majesty to use your influence in order that an honourable and durable peace may be concluded when the time arrives. May France, whatever may be its government, find your Majesty animated by the same sentiments which you have displayed to us during these heavy trials ! Placed as I am, everything may be misinterpreted. I beg your Majesty, then, to keep secret this step, which your judicious mind will understand, and which I have been inspired to take by the remembrance of your sojourn in Paris.

EUGÉNIE."

The Tsar's Reply.

"TSARSKOE-SÉLO,
October 2, 1870.

I have received, Madame, the letter which your Majesty has been good enough to send me. I understand and appreciate the motive which led you to write it, and which makes you forget all your misfortunes and think only of those of France. I take a sincere interest in them, and ardently hope that peace will promptly arrive and put an end to them, as well as to the evils which result therefrom for all Europe. I believe that the more equitable and the more moderate this peace is the more solid it will be. I have done, and will continue to do, everything which appertains to me to contribute to this result, which has all my wishes. I thank you for your *bon souvenir* and for your confidence in my sentiments.*

ALEXANDER."

* Five months later (February 27, 1871) the Tsar wrote to the Emperor William I. : "I thank you for sending me the details of the preliminaries of peace. I share your joy. I am happy to have been in a position to prove my sympathy as a devoted friend."

To the Countess Walewska.

“CHISLEHURST,

November 7, 1870.

I admit that I greatly regret it [the rupture of the peace negotiations], although, for us, the meeting of an Assembly cannot be other than the ruin of our hopes ; for in the present circumstances it will certainly vote the *déchéance*. But the desire to see the country make that peace which is indispensable, even from the point of view of the future, dominates everything else with me. . . .

EUGÉNIE.”

To Mme. Bazaine.

“CHISLEHURST.

. . . The delegates at Tours knew how short was the supply of food [at Metz]. I sent Bourbaki there, who did not conceal anything from them. Later, General Boyer was sent to M. Tissot, to let him know that the armistice ought to be pressed on, if the army was to be saved. Finally, I myself warned them by telegram of the urgency [for the arrangement of an armistice] ; but they did nothing—only cried ‘ Treason ! ’ because that was the only way of sheltering themselves from the accusations of the public. For the rest, when one betrays, one does it, generally, to benefit by it. Evidently the Marshal’s interest was to remain at the head of his army as long as possible. . . . You are right in thinking that for nothing in the world would I put dynastic interests before the interests of France.

EUGÉNIE.”

"If I were at the Tuileries!"

Some days before writing the above (November 20), the Empress penned another letter, the terms of which redound to her credit :

"CAMDEN PLACE,
November 9, 1870.

Alas ! each day brings one chagrin the more ! I am almost discouraged at seeing nothing on the horizon for our poor country. To-day it is said that the negotiations for an armistice are broken off. I confess I deeply regret it, although for us the meeting of an Assembly can be only the ruin of our hopes, for it would certainly, in the actual circumstances, vote the *déchéance*.

But with me the desire to see the country make that peace which is indispensable for it, even from the point of view of the future, dominates everything else. From various quarters I receive letters which tell me that disorders are at their height. I fear also lest the conditions of peace should become harder and harder. But what to do and what to think when one sees a system of treachery practised towards the country tending to its illusion and its loss ? I am very unhappy, and have hardly the courage to hope.

General Changarnier behaved admirably at Metz, and nobody has a word to say against him.

If I were at the Tuileries, I should not hesitate to write and tell him how I admire his attitude. But in existing circumstances *I dare not do it*, for I fear that such action on my part would be misinterpreted.

If you see L——, try to make him understand how clever it would be of Germany not to insist upon the surrender of territory, as to do so would only

engender war upon war. I think they [the Germans] must feel that they have undertaken a difficult task. But conquerors never stop. It is this which loses them."

The Empress's letters are curious, if only because they indicate the moral condition of affairs prevailing at Camden Place a very few months after the fall of the Empire.

Not long after the disaster at Sedan, and during the first few weeks of her residence at Camden Place, the Empress was urged by Count Bernstorff, then Prussia's representative at the Court of St. James, to sign, in her capacity of Regent, a treaty of peace, the terms being the cession of Strasburg and the immediately surrounding neighbourhood—merely the outskirts—and the payment of an indemnity of one milliard francs (£40,000,000). Count Bernstorff put forward this proposal after he had conversed with M. de Persigny on the subject. The Empress, however, "entrenched herself in her pride," and refused to sign the treaty, on the ground that she did not wish to be a source of trouble to the Government which had come into power. It was said, later, that when the Government of National Defence heard of this negative action on the part of the Empress, it "entered into relations with her and thanked her." The following letter, written by the Empress, does not, as will be seen, support that view :

"It is best for me to be silent and wait."

CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
November 20, 1870.

The same motives which caused me to maintain the greatest reserve still existing, it is best for me to be silent and wait.

But I reject indignantly the idea that I have had relations with the Tours Government. In reply to a letter, addressed to me by a diplomatist, one of my friends, who begged me to prevent the capitulation of Metz until an armistice was concluded, if it was in my power to do so, I pointed out that as the capitulation was hourly expected, as the food-supply had given out, it was necessary, in order to save Metz, to hasten the armistice.

Those who know me are well aware that I would sacrifice my own interests in order to preserve the army, but that I would never make a merit of sacrificing my friends. As to the affair of the Fourth [September 4, 1870, the day of the *déchéance*], I will merely say that General Trochu abandoned me, *if not worse*. He never appeared at the Tuileries after the invasion of the Chamber, nor did any other Ministers, with the exception of three, who insisted upon my going, although I did not want to leave until the Tuileries themselves were invaded. Light will be thrown upon this, as upon many other things. . . . I believe General Changarnier already knows this through General Boyer, who has been perfectly *au fait* of all which passes here [Chislehurst].”

“*A little money for our wounded.*”

“CAMDEN PLACE,

December 10, 1870.

Count C—— [probably Count Clary, a prominent member of the little Court at Chislehurst] will hand you, in the name of the Prince Imperial, a little money for you to make the best use of for our wounded. I deeply regret that I am not rich enough to be able to relieve their distress.

All that you tell me about General Changarnier deeply interests me ; but I believe that he is decidedly on the side of the Orleanists. I regret it, for he would certainly have a finer rôle with us.

I believe an Assembly can only be very hostile, because I do not believe, at present, in the freedom of the vote. Meanwhile no Government would be strong enough to sign a peace on the conditions which Prussia will necessarily impose. I do not at present believe in a prolongation of the war. It is probable that a fresh sortie will be attempted unless the acceptance of an armistice should bring peace."

"Ignorant people like myself."

M. Magne was Minister of Finance under the presidency of M. Thiers. The Empress wrote from Chislehurst to one of her friends while the war was still raging :

"I have just read the report of the Minister of Finance, and I cannot refrain from a feeling of pride in perusing this remarkable work, for we owe it to a former Minister of the Empire. It is admirable in its lucidity and simplicity. We were not accustomed to find our way through masses of figures. M. Magne has the talent of making ignorant people like myself believe that they are financiers."

"That crazy Gambetta."

"The news from France horrifies me. That crazy Gambetta seems desirous of replacing by agitation that organization which is so necessary. The success of the Army of the Loire comes to give us courage ; but I am afraid lest it should undertake a march which might end in its perishing, like that of Sedan. May

Heaven protect it ! It seems to me that we are approaching the end of things.

Here [in England] the public mind is over-excited. People talk about the war, but hope for a Congress."

Very Sad News from Paris.

"CHISLEHURST,
April 21, 1871.

The news from Paris is very sad. Behold the fruits of personal ambitions. Victor or vanquished, the responsibility of the Government will not be less. They abandoned Paris to retake it ; but at what a price ! They left arms with the National Guards to secure a false popularity ; but what means are to be taken to disarm them ?

Whatever be the result of the struggle, the Government bears within it the germ of its death. For the rest, people are used up very quickly at present."

The Vendôme Column.

"CHISLEHURST,
May 19, 1871.

The pulling down of the Vendôme Column horrifies me. It is worse than a defeat ; it is a shame for everybody."

*The Empress to the Duchesse de Mouchy.**

"CHISLEHURST,
June 17, 1871.

MY DEAR ANNA,

I know not whether my indignation will be strong enough to enable me to surmount the disgust which

* *Née* Princesse Anna Murat.

I experience in thinking of this man [General Trochu], who, after having betrayed and deserted his Sovereign, attempts to dishonour a woman from a French tribune [National Assembly]. In a fantastic narrative he ventures to represent me as an ambitious creature, prepared to sacrifice both the nation and the Emperor. You who know that the Emperor has become more dear to me since his misfortunes—you who know how much I admire his abnegation, his courage, his unshakable calmness in the presence of the vilest calumnies—do you think I would have chosen to renounce him at such a time? I resolutely accept the share of responsibility that accrues to me in the political events I was mixed up with during my tenure of the Regency; but there is one honour which belongs to me, and of which I will not allow myself to be robbed—the honour of having had but one thought, the safety of the country, and of having made all dynastic considerations subservient to that great cause.”

I embrace you tenderly, you and yours.

Your affectionate

EUGÉNIE.”

The Comte de Chambord.

“CHISLEHURST,

October 18, 1873.

Several changes have taken place, and, if I may credit the newspapers, the acceptance by Monsieur le Comte de Chambord is a foregone conclusion. All seems to be going on wheels, and meanwhile I believe it impossible that the country will accept for very long what is done outside it. The Comte de Chambord, *if he accepts*, is no more than the heir of King Louis

Philippe. One Chamber calls him—another overthrows him, like King Amadeus. The great principle which he represented, and which placed him beyond caprices and passions—that Divine right of which so much was heard—is as naught to-day, and he will remain the elected of the Assembly. We know whither these concessions lead. The road is shorter to traverse when littered with one's prestige. I refuse to believe that the Comte de Chambord will, so to speak, deny what he has himself said."

When the Comte de Chambord declared that he could not accept the tricolour, thus destroying the hopes of his friends, the Empress rejoiced :

"What do you say about the Comte de Chambord's letter? I knew that he could not abandon his principles or his flag. . . . His letter is a beautiful one."

*The Empress to the Bishop of Troyes.**

CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
January 10, 1874.

MONSIGNOR,

I am told, but I can scarcely believe it to be true, that you have forbidden the celebration of Masses which it was wished to have said in your diocese for the repose of the soul of the Emperor Napoleon III. I can hardly believe it, because the Church has never refused a prayer for the dead. The spirit of charity and brotherly love form one long chain which binds us the one to the other, the

* In a communication addressed to a local paper, *L'Indépendant de l'Aube*, the Bishop complained that he had been misinterpreted by the Paris Press. He explained that he had informed a certain *curé* that "he would tolerate a Low Mass, provided no letters of invitation were sent out."

rich or the poor, those in prosperity or those in adversity, the living and the dead. No—it is impossible that you can have refused a prayer for him who founded the Institution of Almoners for saying the prayers after death. No—it is impossible, when you protest against those civil burials which deprive a Christian of the prayers of the Church, that you can have refused those same prayers when asked for. Moreover, it is impossible that you can have forgotten the oath which you took in the presence of him who is no more. If, however, such be really the case, I can only finish my letter by calling to your memory the closing sentence in the form of oath taken by the Bishops of our Church: ‘May I be able to answer my account for it to God.’

EUGÉNIE.”

The Empress and the Glasgow Dumfriesshire Society.

In 1908 the Empress was asked to become a patroness of a charitable institution in Scotland. Her Majesty’s Secretary, M. Franceschini Pietri, was instructed to write as follows:*

“FARNBOROUGH HILL,

FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,

October 21, 1908.

SIR,

The Empress has received your letter requesting her to accord her patronage to the Glasgow Dumfriesshire Society. Her Majesty regrets to be unable to grant the request which you, as President of the Society, have addressed to her. Having, how-

* Translated from the original, a copy of which was sent to the author by Professor Edgar. It is the only letter of the kind which has come under the author’s notice.

ever, for a long time declined to accept any of the numerous invitations of this kind which she has received, requesting her to appear on published lists of patronesses of associations, she regrets that she cannot make an exception in this case, and is consequently unable to depart from her rule. In order, however, to show the interest she takes in your Society, to which she is united by very old family ties, she desires me to send you the enclosed cheque [£5].

I remain, sir, yours, etc.,
F. PIETRI.

TO MONSIEUR JOHN EDGAR,
President of the Glasgow Dumfriesshire
Society, and Professor in the Uni-
versity of St. Andrews."

*Ma chère Marie je
Viens de voir le monde
je desirais vivement
savoir l'impression
que ma conversation
leur a causée. Tachant
de le savoir
Lingard*

“MA CHERE MARIE,

Je viens de voir le nonce. Je désire *vivement* savoir l'impression que ma conversation lui a causée. Tâchez de la savoir.

EUGÉNIE.”

“MY DEAR MARIE,

I have just seen the Nuncio. I *particularly* want to know what impression my conversation made upon him. Try to find out.”

NOTE.—Some of these letters are reproduced from M. Pierre de Lano's interesting work, “L'Impératrice Eugénie,” published by Victor Havard (Paris) in 1894.

CHAPTER XIII

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

BY THE RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR GODDARD

ON Sunday, January 15, 1871, I had the honour of breakfasting with Her Majesty the Empress. I sat on her left hand. During breakfast the conversation was general, Her Majesty making occasional observations to those around her on the affairs of France, etc. Amongst other things, she said that "they had eaten horse-flesh on more than one occasion—once when an invaluable race-horse broke its leg, and once when they went to the horse abattoir." Her Majesty observed that the omnibus horses would be of much service.

One of the gentlemen said: "*Votre Majesté est complètement en erreur.*"

"*Pourquoi donc ?*" observed the Empress.

"*A cause du bœuf,*" was the reply.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous voulez dire ?*" asked Her Majesty.

"*Ah ! Je ne puis plus dire, Madame.*"

"*Ah !*" said the Empress ; "*c'est vrai. Je comprends ;*" which was more than I did.

We spoke of the School Bill, of poor St. Sulpice, hit by the shells, etc.

After breakfast Her Majesty took me on one side,

and kept me in conversation for more than an hour. Of course we spoke principally of the state of affairs at the time. She regretted much the indifference of "nos alliés," and thought February 8 "bien loin."

She said that she herself, had matters been left in her hands, would certainly have made peace after September 4, and that the Republicans at that time, if they only "en voulaient à l'Empire," would have had a better chance of securing their end. She agreed with me that they were only continuing the war for their own ends.

She had received information that the Chamber would be "envahi." She sent for Trochu, to whom, as Commandant of Paris, everything was entrusted, and asked what he intended to do. He made some evasive reply, and said that, as for the person of Her Majesty, the mob would have to pass over his body.

"Mais il n'est pas question de moi, mais de la Chambre," said the Empress to Trochu. "He shuffled, and the Chamber was invaded."

"Trochu's conduct," continued Her Majesty, "was unintelligible, considering that he professed to be a religious man. His conduct will come home to him. His Fourth of September is coming. The preservation Government has lost all the strong places of France; the Empire did not lose one. Moreover, Trochu, as a religious man, must feel the fall of the Pope, for as long as I was in Paris the Pope was safe. When I left Paris the Italians entered Rome. I do not understand this Trochu; he is a pig-headed man, a Breton. I knew his 'famous' plan. He recounted it to me a hundred times. But in truth he never believed that Paris would be invaded. He did not think the Prussians could do it. Now we

can say nothing. The time will come when we shall be able to lay the truth before the world."

I observed that our Holy Father was much to be pitied.

"Alas ! yes," said the Empress ; "but I trust he will not leave Rome. If he does, he is lost. It is an immense matter to be on the spot, *comme nous savons*. But I understand that much influence from England is brought to bear upon the Pope to make him leave Rome and live in Malta or Ireland."

"No doubt," I replied, "Protestants—but I do not mean Protestants, but the *Tablet* party."

"Is Dr. Manning popular in England ?" asked the Empress.

"Not at all," I replied ; "neither among priests nor the laity."

"But why was he made Archbishop ?"

"Because he had been for years building up influence in Rome with the Pope for that end. He was not chosen by the Chapter."

"Ah ! really," remarked Her Majesty. "I did not know that."

"His influence in Rome was unbounded," I observed. "He had access to the Pope at all times by the back-stairs."

"Ah yes," said Her Majesty ; "and I fear that his influence was not exercised for good at all times. It was a great pity ; but surely the clergy in England are, as a body, more liberal than that ?"

"Undoubtedly, but, unfortunately, that clique is in power in England at the present moment. They claim to represent Catholic opinion, but they do not."

"And poor Père Hyacinthe," said the Empress—"see what pride leads us to ! He is just like

Lammenais. He will become *libre-penseur*, or rationalistic. Pauvre homme ! This next year he was to have preached at the Tuileries, but neither he nor we are there ! And, indeed, soon after this arrangement was spoken of came his affair with Rome, and I mentioned to the Archbishop of Paris that I did not think it would be prudent. But the Archbishop replied that Hyacinthe had not yet entirely broken [with Rome], and that perhaps he would do so if any change were made ; that he (the Archbishop) was sorry he had spoken to him ; that he must be prudent, and would see. Then came Père Hyacinthe's affair with the Council, and all was ended."

Then we went back again to the war.

"Ah, ma pauvre France !" exclaimed the Empress. "Quel malheur affreux ! It is never out of my mind, neither night nor day. And these Prussians will now never be content with what they would have been. Qu'ils sont raides ! But England's turn will come ! It is a selfish and narrow policy not to intervene."

We then spoke of Monsignor de Las Cases, an old schoolfellow of mine, now Bishop of Algiers. (I received a letter from him some time ago in Paris. He is quite mad about the Council ; and when I read the letter I exclaimed : "Il est donc fou !" But it is only temporary. He will calm down.)

The Empress then promised to come and see the schools. She thought, she said, that she had walked there one day, but did not know the name of the village, or she would have gone in. She was so tired when she got there, she added, "qu'elle n'en pouvait plus," and did not know how to get back.

Before *déjeuner* the Prince Imperial came and introduced himself most affably. He is a nice-looking

small boy, with his mother's beautiful blue eyes and *nez distingué*.

The Empress is still beautiful, but very worn, with deep wrinkles on her forehead. How beautiful she must have been, with her dark eyelashes and eyebrows, Irish blue eyes, and fair hair ! God help her ! Her kindness and affability, and her suffering, borne so patiently and cheerfully, would touch the hardest heart, and have made me her slave. I would die to do her the least service.

I was much moved by a little incident during the breakfast. They were talking about the difference between the English and French in respecting public property, and it was observed that the French had made great progress. The Empress joined in, and, agreeing, said that the Avenue [de l'Impératrice], which was formerly named after her, was now called Rue ——. Here a gentleman interrupted her with a remark which I did not catch, and the Empress, with wonderful simplicity, observed : " Oh, I do not say that the street has not gained by changing its name from mine ! Je ne m'en plains pas. But certainly it was admirably respected by the people, excepting that the *piétons* would go where the cavaliers should have gone, and *vice versa*."

We spoke also about the *curés* being movable or irremovable ; and the Empress thought it was a little *dur* that we should be nearly all removable at the caprice of our Bishops.

The Empress was most kind, and put me at my ease at once.*

* From the late prelate's miscellaneous papers, which were all placed at the author's disposal in August, 1909, by Mr. George Goddard, one of the Monsignor's brothers.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EMPRESS AT FARNBOROUGH HILL

VENERABLE trees, thick with leafage, embower the great house, which stands far back from the highway leading to the camp yonder. Through the dip at the foot of the lawn rushes now and again, to or from Babylon, a shrieking locomotive ; sometimes the roar of cannon reverberates through the quiet, moss-grown lanes and the glorious woods. Save for those incongruous sounds, the silence is only broken by the familiar noises of country life. A delightful bit of that Old England of which we are all so fond—a place for meditation, with only the birds chattering in the coppice, and on the velvety lawns, for company.

A tinge of mysticism, an agreeable flavour of medievalism, are afforded by glimpses of the Benedictine Monks, who worship in the church among the fir-trees and within the abbey hard by. The “religious” who have found sanctuary in this quiet nook are not of our country, but of the great nation whose pride was so humbled in the terrible year. Expatriated by the “decrees” of their own Parliament, even as all the “congregations” have since been dispossessed of their property, and Catholicism humiliated to the dust by the liberty and equality loving Republic, they owe their abbatial home and their church to the bounty of the lady who is herself

an exile, and who broods over her griefs and her sorrows, and mourns the husband and the son who repose in the mausoleum watched over by the Benedictines. Pity her, for the fourth decade of her exile has almost run its course, and the summer brings with it the most tragic and melancholy thoughts that the human mind can conceive. As she sits in her solitude in the great tree-embowered mansion, Fate unrolls for her an endless panorama which she would willingly blot out from her mental vision; but it is hers to endure.

“I cannot even die,” she moaned, when they told her of her son’s heroic end; “and God, in His infinite mercy, will give me a hundred years of life!”

When, in 1880, it was announced that the Empress Eugénie was about to leave Camden Place, Chislehurst, for Farnborough Hill, speculation was rife as to the cause which had led her Imperial Majesty to take such an unexpected step. I may explain that the Empress would never have left Chislehurst had she not been thwarted in her endeavour to obtain the land at the back of the Catholic church for the purpose of building thereon a mausoleum wherein to enshrine her illustrious dead. The price she offered for the property was £80,000. The land belonged to a wealthy resident—a merchant named Edlmann, of Hawkswood, Chislehurst, and New Broad Street, London. He was a strong Protestant, and by his will directed that no part of his “Cooper’s” estate at Chislehurst, which he devised in trust for sale, should be disposed of for the purpose of enlarging St. Mary’s Catholic Church, or for the use of any other Roman Catholic church, chapel, or institution. When the Empress approached Mr. Edlmann with a view to

purchasing the land (it is a beautiful meadow, in a valley, sloping gently from the Catholic church), he refused to enter into any negotiations for the sale of the property ; and this finally induced the Empress, who was bent upon erecting a mausoleum somewhere or other, to quit Chislehurst. Farnborough Hill happened to be in the market at the moment, and she secured it.

And now for the most curious part of the story. It was found that Mr. Edlmann, who in his lifetime would not listen to the Empress's desire to purchase the field in the rear of St. Mary's Church, left special directions in his will authorizing the trustees to "renew" his offer to give to the Empress Eugénie about a thousand square yards of land whereon to build a mausoleum for the imperial family ! Inasmuch as the Empress had done everything in her power to buy the land in question, she must have been somewhat surprised at reading that part of the testator's will which I have quoted. If the offer of the land was ever made, it must have been subsequent to the Empress's resolve to shake the dust of Chislehurst from off her imperial feet ; for she would most gladly have availed herself of the opportunity to get possession of the field at or about the time of the death of the Prince Imperial.

The house, or mansion, which the Empress acquired in 1880, and to which she removed from Chislehurst on September 30, 1881, is a substantial and an admirable example of Early English architecture, built, under the superintendence of an eminent architect, by the late Mr. Longman, of publishing fame. The lower part is of red brick, with dressings and mullioned windows of stone ; the upper

part is also of brick, "rendered over" in cement, and picturesquely relieved by panels in teak. Two carriage-drives, with corresponding lodge-entrances, lead to a handsome portico paved with tiles, through which you pass to the entrance hall, 17 feet in height and about 24 feet in length, by 22 feet in width. Beyond, up a flight of steps, is a stately inner hall, or corridor, 66 by 15 feet. Here is the principal staircase, leading to a magnificent suite of reception-rooms, ample testimony to the lavish and artistic taste of the designer and architect.

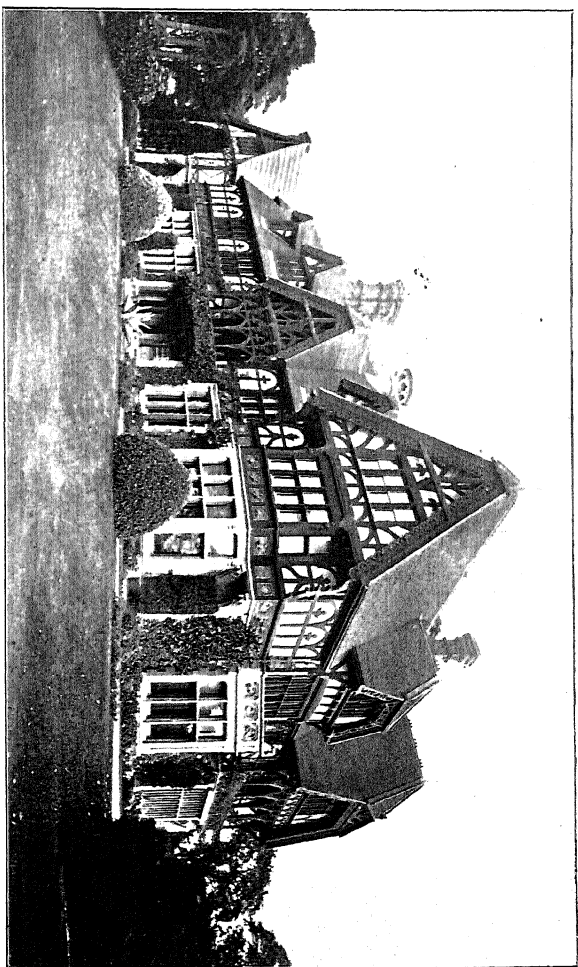
The drawing-room, 32 by 22 feet, is a superb *pièce*, and the outlook, through its bay and triangular windows, on the lawn and grounds, with the groups of fine trees dotted about here and there, is charming. Opening out of this *salon* is a smaller and more cosy one. The library is nearly 25 feet square—a noble oriel-windowed chamber, harmonizing with the ideas of modern refinement. There are two *salles à manger*; one known as the "Oak-Room." Then there is the "Gentlemen's Room," also entered from the inner hall. Such is the main floor.

You reach the first-floor through a long corridor, over the inner hall, leading to the eight principal bedrooms and two dressing-rooms. In the wing approached by a second corridor are six secondary bedrooms and a staircase giving access to the clock-tower. On the second-floor are eight additional secondary and servants' bedrooms, with bathrooms on each floor. The domestic offices are completely shut off from the inner hall. There remain to be noted the large kitchen, scullery, housekeeper's room, servants' hall, pantries, dairy, storerooms, extensive ranges of cellars, with furnace and stockroom for the

heating apparatus and bathrooms. A more complete dwelling the Empress could not have found ; even the gas being made on the estate, and the water supplied by steam-power and hydrants both inside and outside the house, in case of fire.

From the terrace which runs the whole length of the house, there is a wondrous picture of woodland and meadow. Surrounding the mansion are pleasure-grounds, some 6 acres of velvety lawn and emerald turf, flower-beds, terrace walks, shrubberies, lawn-tennis and croquet grounds, and a cinder cycle-track 3,000 yards long, all in good taste and skilfully planned. The park alone covers 68 acres ; there are serpentine walks and drives through the woodlands ; the timber is remarkably fine, and besides the ordinary forest trees there are some examples of very rare coniferæ. There are wooded islands on the ornamental lakes, a boat-house, a fishing cottage, or summer-house, boasting a fireplace ; a kitchen-garden covering 3 acres, greenhouses, vineries, with peach, camellia, melon, and cucumber houses ; stables, loose-boxes, harness-room, a cottage for the coachman, and bedrooms for the grooms. On the estate, comprising in all some 300 acres, are several cottages, including one for the use of the bailiff, a very extensive range of farm buildings, a gasometer, and a boiler-house. And there is a farm. Such is the material aspect of Farnborough Hill, the second English home of the Empress Eugénie, a striking contrast in every way to that gloomy mansion on Chislehurst Common, with its tragic and bitter memories.

The Empress, in her time, has been almost as much a lover of life in the open as was her illustrious friend Queen Victoria. Her favourite spot is amongst the



RESIDENCE OF H.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÈNE, FARNBOROUGH HILL, HANTS.

trees on the western side of the main road, where there are shady walks which are delightfully cool even under the fiercest sun.

The visitor to the Empress's Hampshire home sees at the principal entrance Winterhalter's picture, portraying the imperial lady in the midst of a party of guests at the Tuileries. Many portraits of the Bonapartes diversify the rooms in the *rez de chaussée*, where also is the Empress's study, furnished in a manner appropriate to the surroundings. The library is well stocked with modern English works, for Her Majesty is a great reader and admirer of our literature, and speaks and writes English with facility, although her own correspondence is almost invariably in French. A feature—many who have been privileged to explore the recesses of the mansion consider it the dominant feature—of Farnborough Hill is a gallery running the whole length of the house. Here the walls are covered with Gobelins tapestry; here, too, are the cases of Sèvres which once belonged to Napoleon I., and in a room called the "Salle de Fer" are innumerable Napoleonic relics, forming a family museum, every object in which is of historical value. The "Salle de Repos" has large bay-windows looking north and west. You come to a conservatory, adorned by a statue of the Prince Imperial, with his favourite dog, the work of the celebrated Carpeaux, who gained his first laurels when the Second Empire was in its lustre, and whose later achievements grace the Grand Opera House at Paris. At the base of this statue of the "little Prince" are grasses, gathered by the Empress in South Africa when she made her sad pilgrimage to Zululand under the escort of Sir Evelyn Wood. Yes, this withered herbage was plucked by the Empress

from the soil at the spot where her son met his tragic fate on June 1, 1879, less than seven years after the death of his father. The statue of the Prince is immediately opposite the entrance to the Empress's sitting-room, in which she passes most of her time when she is at Farnborough. In what is known as the "Prince's Room" is stored everything which he left; here, too, until its removal to the Carnavalet Museum, was to be seen the silver cradle given by the city of Paris on the birth of the Prince. David's great picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps" is a conspicuous object on the grand staircase.

The museum, which adjoins the stables, contains an extraordinarily diverse collection of Napoleonic relics. Here are the carriages in which the Emperor and Empress rode to Notre Dame on their marriage-day—the harness as well; and the state coach used by Napoleon III. on the day he opened the first Corps Législatif and Senate under his *régime*. There are the little carriage—a brougham—in which the Prince Imperial took his airings in his early childhood; the Bath-chair given by Queen Victoria to the Empress when she first visited our beloved Sovereign at Windsor Castle; a Russian sledge, the gift of some friends of the Empress; an ox-car presented to Napoleon III. by some Spanish admirers; a china hand-basin on a wooden stand, used by Napoleon I.; a bronze statue of Napoleon III., by Klésinger; and the late Emperor's state harness, in gilt mounts. What Napoleon I. was like when he was a youth, studying at the military school at Brienne, is revealed by the statuary on the terraces.

During its nearly thirty years' occupancy by the Empress Eugénie, Farnborough Hill has not been

particularly accessible to the publicist. After the death of her son, the imperial lady desired more than ever to live in sorrowful seclusion, beyond the range of cameras and writers of "picturesque" articles. It was as if a notice-board had been displayed with the notification, "The Press not admitted." There is a story of an American journalist who, long after the Empress had removed from Camden Place to Farnborough, made his way to Chislehurst, bent upon obtaining an "interview" which should contain the illustrious lady's "story" in refutation of criticisms of her conduct before and after the war, and of his returning to London, after a melancholy waste of time, a sadder and, in one respect, a wiser man.

But a favoured guest, in the person of M. Lucien Alphonse Daudet, did not, probably, incur the displeasure of his imperial hostess for the "indiscretion" which he perpetrated early in 1908. So full of charm, and of that delightful piquancy of which his father, the creator of Jack and Tartarin, was a master, is M. Lucien Daudet's appreciation of the Empress and her surroundings, that I deem it nothing short of a duty to rescue from oblivion a considerable portion of this brilliant study :

"The Empress Eugénie is expected to arrive in Paris shortly.' This news, periodically reproduced by the papers, recalls to some a figure almost unreal, which has voluntarily entered into the past ; to others, on the contrary, it speaks of a dear and incomparable reality, the presence of one who, without any other designation, is, and will always be, 'the Empress.'

I do not wish to present here a photograph, although there would be plenty to say about this woman—tall, with pure lineaments, at once classical and characteristic—whom one sees pass sometimes in her

'electric,' or whom, if the day be fine, we may meet walking quickly in the alleys of the Bois, different—ah, how different!—from the 'old lady, bent by age, leaning on her stick,' whom the reporters—always 'well informed'—describe with so much inaccuracy.

No, I only wish to reveal a little of that 'unknown' which enfolds all Sovereigns, but more than others the Empress Eugénie; and for these reasons—that she has been a victim of one of the most formidable historical injustices, and that systematically she wishes her name to be enveloped by silence.

The Empress is a Spaniard—of a country whose formation was slow and sad; of a country which underwent a barbarous invasion, and met it with an obstinate tenacity bred of its race and its blood; differing in this from France, whose territory was formed naturally by its marriages and its contracts rather than by its treaties: Brittany, Dauphiny, Burgundy. She saw the light of day at Granada, under a sky vibrating with light, in a town where every stone, venerable and gilded, spoke of art and of splendid warfare. In her veins runs the blood, on her father's side, of one of the oldest houses in Europe, that *sang bleu* of the Guzmans, whose mere name evokes legendary heroisms and the noblest passions.

From her mother, of Scottish origin, she inherits a melancholy which lightened that which would have been too great a burden to be borne by a woman in her heavy heritage—that light veil which, in the glorious days of autumn, chastens the warm sun of Spain, leaving it as brilliant, but less fierce. All through her life the Empress has felt the effects of this double origin, in which mingle Cervantes and folk-lore, the burning sierra and the lake of green waters. Chivalrous to temerity, wilful and proud, even to self-renunciation, generous to a fault, possessing in the highest degree what the English call 'self-control'—that control over herself which permits her still to revisit that Paris where she reigned

supreme, and to live there sometimes and to love it still—she allies all these intrepid qualities to a Northern sensitiveness, lacking expansion, and all the more dolorous that it scarcely manifests itself ; that inner sensitiveness which, in such a nature, makes what in chemistry is called a precipitate to reactions always surprising and sometimes disconcerting, even inexplicable to those who do not understand it.

Add to this an extreme love of independence in everything, for herself and for all who surround her ; an uprightness which exacts the same from others ; an imagination always alert, and a great taste for precision—such, I believe, are the dominant characteristics of the Empress. They resemble a perpetual balance, an interior and instinctive combat, the equilibrium of which is an exceptional charm.

How many walks I recall in the alleys of the park at Farnborough Hill in the evenings of glorious days ; or in winter, when the great trees were powdered with frosty rime, giving to the English landscape the semblance of some phantom picture ; or in the early morning, in the second park, which has been christened Compiègne, planted with rhododendrons and young pine-trees ! The black dogs gambol round us, now racing off like mad things, then returning at the call of their mistress. The Empress's firm voice mounts higher and higher in the pure, invigorating air, as, leaning on her cane, with which she taps the sandy paths, she gazes around, examining the works which are in progress, and drinking in the freshness of the morning which she loves. Her features are more than usually animated ; Compiègne has revived memories of the past.

M. Pietri is there, with his philosophic smile. Comte Primoli takes a snapshot of a beautiful view, despite the warning of the Empress, while Comte Clary narrates some story of his wanderings in distant countries. Here are represented three generations of devotion, fidelity, and adoration. How many

walks I remember also at Cap Martin amongst the strawberry flowers and the anemones in the garden of Villa Cynos ! In the talk which ripples on here at Farnborough Hill there is not a banal word—not one of those facile *clichés* which help to sustain a conversation at Court. Always, at the Empress's home, there are original, interesting talks. Seldom are political matters touched upon, for the Empress has completely dissociated herself from such subjects. She could find plenty to say if she chose, but she prefers to remain silent. With what wisdom, with what an enlightened judgment, what serenity, she talks ! It is the privilege of great souls to be clarified by suffering, whether physical or moral. To this woman who, more than any other, has been struck by the death of her husband and her son, and by the loss of a throne, is reserved the glory of giving the noblest example, and of acquiring from her nameless misfortunes an extreme moderation in all things, a total ignorance of hatred. It is a mixture of wisdom and indifference, something like a Nirvana of the soul, in which there gleams, like a lighthouse, a love of justice, all the more striking because she has been made familiar with injustice. If it were not absurd, it would be laughable to hear what people tell us of the Empress's fanaticism—that famous Spanish fanaticism. It always reminds me of those little books which are sold on the quays in Paris—'The Mysteries of the Inquisition,' and others. To quote a charming simile, often employed by the Empress, each book has its label, like that on a chemist's bottle. Once the label has been stuck on, who will take the trouble to rub it off and replace it by a more appropriate one ?

Sometimes some timid or stupid person will let slip a violent phrase or one devoid of impartiality, only to be checked by the Empress with a sharp "What do you know about it ?" accompanied by a look like the flash of a sword ; and often one is surprised to hear a phrase, uttered as if by chance,

expectant of gaining a smile, received in dead silence. The Empress has heard it, but will not answer ; the ignorance of the imprudent person carries its excuse with it, for at Farnborough Hill indulgence is *de règle*, and the proverb *Péché avoué est pardonné* reigns paramount.

But there is no pity for cowards, and with what a voice the Empress pronounces that word "Lâche !" With what disdain she speaks of certain people and certain things which they have done ! Those who attack, knowing that they are safe from a rejoinder ; those who make the defenceless suffer ; those who take advantage of their immunity from retort ; those in particular who evade their responsibilities, throwing them upon others ; those who share the hours of joy, and become renegades in time of trouble—these only are the Empress's enemies. To deserve her congratulation or to incur her blame is the great preoccupation of those surrounding her. A word in praise of a good deed is their most cherished reward. There is no more cruel punishment than a mute reproach, to be read in her look, in the expression of her face. Similarly, when one is troubled, with what impatience one awaits the moment to be alone with the Empress, to be seated near her in her large study, where that white statue of a child, full of valour and grace, dominates all else ! Rapidly the Empress unwinds the tangled skein of trouble, and will say, in that sweet, consoling voice, 'Do not turn life into a tragedy !' She only can find the word which will heal the wound, because she alone can define it. One evening, to someone who believed herself to be terribly unhappy, and who had come to confess to her, the Empress said : 'No, you do not suffer at heart. You think so ; but it is your pride which is wounded at the moment. Just consider. Is it not so ?' And it was true, and when she left the room the unhappy person was cured.

One of the Empress's characteristics is her loathing of *cabotinage*, of shamming, of the *larmes faciles*.

This naturally makes people say she is hard-hearted. I always admire those who believe they have the right to open the mysterious sluices of tears. Real grief does not drape itself in English crape. Real sorrow knows how to smile, for it has time before it, and knows only too well the true value of tears. Those who have the honour of approaching the Empress know that there are times when pent-up griefs overflow, when the clear voice breaks, when the eyes become dim. They know and they dread that time, and are full of sacred terror. Ah, if all the great and all the little who have suffered dared to tell all they owe to the goodness of the Empress! Her active, silent, anonymous goodness—a goodness which dreads to be thanked, which hardly believes in gratitude—a goodness unexpected and un hoped for, and which makes one sometimes think of the words of the Evangelist: ‘I will come like a thief in the night!’

If the Empress has had her moments of fanaticism, it is because she has known how to be as young as the youngest, eager to know and to understand everything. On her table you may see one of Huysmans’ books alongside a new medical review; a catalogue of automobiles is half concealed by the last volume of Lenôtres; there is an unfolded map showing the stages of her voyage to Ceylon. And that which is so rare and so attractive with the Empress is that this admixture of reality and poetry does not make her a *dame de la mer*, an unreal phantom, but a traveller at once nostalgic and resolute, captivated by the flow of the waves and the harmony of the sky—captivated also by life, by the charm of a new country and its precise features of interest. That is the characteristic of a mind always young—the characteristic also, alas! of a solitary heart which seeks in vain under unknown skies forgetfulness of the deserted hearth, of the glorious hive from which the bees have flown. And even as she knows how to mingle the half-light of melancholy with the deeds of high

noon, so she pleases herself, and excels, in regarding the past through the light of the present. How passionately she speaks of a former time of which we are ignorant! Of the sudden appearance of the great Stendhal, of Mérimée, of Rachel! Of the electric *salon*, illuminated by geniuses, of Mme. de Girardin! One loses count of time and space; the minutes fly; then brusquely the Empress glances at the clock, utters a rather scandalized 'Oh!' at the lateness of the hour, rises, and with that celebrated, incomparable circular salute which each takes to oneself, and which unites us all to her in such respectful admiration, she wishes all her guests good-night; and we follow with our gaze the long trail of her black robe, and the wake of violet and bent grass, leaving us, until to-morrow, lonely and abandoned."

In the earlier years of her residence at Farnborough Hill, the Empress often drove to Aldershot, where she was warmly welcomed by the officers, some of whom, especially those who were stationed at the camp in the early eighties, had enjoyed the acquaintance of the Prince Imperial both at Woolwich and at Chislehurst. It was on a May day in 1883, when she was returning from a visit to the North Camp, that Her Majesty had a narrow escape from what threatened to be a serious accident. Taking fright, one of the horses began to plunge; the other became restive, and got one of its hind-legs over the pole. Some passers-by went to the rescue, extricated the Empress from her somewhat dangerous position, and Her Majesty walked home accompanied by her attendants.

Many to whom the Empress was only a name caught glimpses of her in London in 1908. One Sunday evening (June 15) she arrived from Paris at

the Grosvenor Hotel, and remained until the next day, when she left for Farnborough Hill. Her Majesty appeared to be in much better health than when, in the previous December, she lunched with the King and Queen—a rare event—at Buckingham Palace, on the eve of her departure for Ceylon. (Readers of the Court Circular did not fail to note that she was described on that occasion as “Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie,” and to remember that the three first words never appeared in our official Court record, after 1870, in Queen Victoria’s reign.) The Empress was again seen at the Grosvenor for a few days at the end of July in the same year. She returned to Farnborough on August 1, and was on her yacht in the Solent for the Cowes week. She had intended to rent “Egypt” (Lady Cardigan’s summer residence for so many years), but the negotiations fell through. The Empress was again a prominent figure at the yachting carnival in 1909, and from the deck of the *Thistle* she watched the gay scenes which were daily enacted on the Tsar’s yacht.

Mr. Cody’s experiments in aviation at Aldershot in the summer of 1909 drew to the flying-ground, amongst many other spectators, the Empress Eugénie, who was not content until she had heard from the aviator’s own lips all the secrets and possibilities of the aerial machine.

As he descended from his aerial excursion in the gathering twilight, Mr. Cody was approached by Lieutenant-General Smith-Dorrien, who imparted the gratifying intimation that an illustrious personage who had been an admiring witness of the successful flight desired to make the distinguished aeroplanist’s acquaintance. “Your Majesty,” said the gallant



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AT ALDERSHOT, 1909.

On the right of the Empress are Lieut.-General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, K.C.B.,
and Mr. Cody, the aviator.

To face p. 258.

General, "allow me to present Mr. Cody;" and the delighted scientist received the warm congratulations of the Empress Eugénie, who, in her own gracefully fascinating fashion, told Mr. Cody of the intense interest with which she had watched his gyrations. Her Imperial Majesty speaks the most perfect English, and it was with undisguised pleasure that the aviator heard from her own lips that she had witnessed "a wonderful sight." Had Mr. Cody and his machine been in existence when the Empress was still Mlle. de Montijo he would assuredly have had for a passenger the beautiful woman who was destined to pass eighteen years of her eventful life on the imperial throne of France—destined, moreover, to see the whole fabric of the Second Empire, as Mr. Gladstone was wont to say of less important matters, "smashed and pulverized," and her consort, herself, and their ill-fated son, exiles. The Empress may still live to hear "the heavens fill with shouting," and to see them rain

". . . a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Let us hope, however, that this appalling spectacle will be spared her.

NOTE.—M. Lucien Alphonse Daudet's charming "appreciation" of the Empress Eugénie is given here by the kind permission of M. Gaston Calmette, Editor of the *Figaro*, in which it originally appeared in 1908.

CHAPTER XV

THE IMPERIAL FÊTE AT FARNBOROUGH HILL

AN unparalleled event in the Empress's English life has now to be recorded.

The date was November 26, 1907; the scene, Farnborough Hill, where, consequent upon the visit of the King and Queen of Spain to their English relatives and friends, the Empress Eugénie was, for the first time during her exile, "at home," not only to the Spanish Sovereigns, but to her friends and neighbours, some hundred or so in number, and amongst them a goodly sprinkling of soldiers from Aldershot.

King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie, who were the Empress's guests on the 26th and 27th, first went to the imperial mausoleum and laid wreaths on the tombs of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, then journeyed to Aldershot, and in the afternoon joined their imperial hostess. The royal pair, accompanied by Miss Vaughan (a niece of the Empress's friend, Mme. De Arcos), Comte Clary, and M. Pietri, were received at the Abbey of St. Michael by the Lord Abbot, who, attended by some of the Benedictine Monks, conducted the King and Queen into the crypt, and witnessed the placing of their wreaths on the tombs.

That evening Farnborough Hill was ablaze with light. The *salle à manger* is most artistically

tapestried, and as seen by candlelight, when the guests had taken their places a little after eight o'clock, was indeed beautiful to look upon. The Empress was led in by King Alfonso with the grace of one inspired by the traditions of the Court of Madrid, and strikingly pathetic was it to see the youngest monarch in Europe, as he then was, conducting the silver-haired châtelaine to her seat at the banqueting board, while the youngest and one of the most beautiful Queens in Christendom and her illustrious mother looked smilingly on. M. Franceschini Pietri could not have imagined such a scene being enacted under the roof-tree of the imperial lady whose fortunes he has so faithfully followed for the greater part of his lifetime.

When all were seated, it was seen that the Empress's dinner-party was thus composed. First, the august hostess, whose plain black dress and widow's cap and veil formed a startling contrast to the brilliant toilettes of the other ladies and the bright uniforms of the soldier-guests from Aldershot. Next, King Alfonso, Queen Victoria Eugénie (whose second name is that of her godmother), and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Then General Sir John and Lady French, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de Villa Urrutia, the Duc d'Albe (the Empress's grand-nephew), the (Spanish) Duc de Santa Maura, the Duchesse de Santo Carlos, the Marquis de Torrecilla, the well-known and popular Marquis de Villalobar, Comte Grobe, Comte Clary (whose father was so well known at Chislehurst), Major MacEwen (16th Lancers) and Mrs. MacEwen, Mr. Vaughan (of the Coldstream Guards) and Miss Vaughan, and M. Franceschini

Pietri. Court dress was worn by King Alfonso and the other gentlemen, with the exception of Sir John French and the officers.

Queen Victoria Eugénie's robe was of delicate blue chiffon, her favourite hue, and the colour which more harmonizes with her fair beauty than any other. Her pearls, by their purity, recalled those world-famous ornaments of her august godmother; her diamonds scintillated with her every movement; glistening "Mercury" wings in her hair had replaced the tiara of brilliants in which she is generally seen at State entertainments.

Every guest took away, and will prize, the menu of the "King and Queen of Spain's Dinner," given by the Empress at Farnborough Hill on November 26, 1907, her first and only entertainment of the kind since she was driven forth from the deserted Palace of the Tuileries. That gilt-edged dinner-card, with its gold-embossed Royal Crown of Spain, is worthy of preservation. There may never be another like it, although imperial dinner-parties at Farnborough Hill may possibly follow it. The Empress was radiant; she laughed at King Alfonso's artless stories, for His Majesty narrates piquant things in a very piquant style, exactly as did the father who was destined never to see him. Her Imperial Majesty was full of lively conversation; and when, presently, the happy people who had been bidden to the "at home" arrived, after long drives through the dark Hampshire lanes, they were amazed, as they did homage to the still-beautiful lady, to find, not the sombre recluse of their imaginings, but a smiling *grande dame*, who for that occasion had put off her eighty-two years (or nearly) in favour of a gracious juvenility

which, *mirabile dictu*, had even its delightfully gay moments. Perhaps the presence of her youthful goddaughter and her consort, *le jeune premier de l'Europe*, as he has been humorously called, had something to do with it; for, as Goethe has told us, "Mighty is the goddess of propinquity." Surrounded by these happy children, what wonder if the Empress felt young and happy again? Miss Margaret Cooper's and Mrs. Swinton's songs delighted hostess and guests alike, the Empress and the King were convulsed at Mr. Harry Tate's ludicrous story of his auto-car experiences, and Leipzig's conjuring tricks puzzled them all.

Some six or seven months after the visit of the Spanish Sovereigns to Farnborough Hill—to be exact, on June 23, 1908—the Empress's goddaughter gave birth to a second son, who was christened Alexander, after that Battenberg Prince who once ruled over the nation which has now its own Tsar.

The marriage of Princess Ena was a great joy to the Empress, who was said to have been, as perhaps she was, instrumental in arranging it. The engagement will be remembered for the outburst of anger with which it was greeted by a section of British Protestants, who saw in the Princess's "conversion" a renewal of the machinations of the "Scarlet Lady," and vigorously protested against all such backsliding on the part of a member of our Royal Family. In this demonstration of outraged faith Miss Marie Corelli fervently joined. That gifted lady took the "conversion" so deeply to heart that she wrote and published an article, "advance sheets" of which were "courteously supplied" by the editor to some favoured newspapers. It must have salved the national con-

science to see the talented author of "The Sorrows of Satan" in the character of a "Defender of the Faith," and doubtless her "remarkable article on the conversion of Princess Ena" was entirely to the taste of many worthy people.

Miss Corelli was concerned to "point out that one of the prime movers and supporters of the Spanish marriage was the Empress Eugénie"; and she was good enough to inform an ignorant world that "The closest intimacy exists, and has existed for years, between the Empress and the Battenberg family, and it is generally understood that the Princess Ena will inherit a considerable fortune under the will of her august friend. Whether any conditions are imposed on that inheritance, such as that she shall" (as, alas! she did) "become a Roman Catholic in order to benefit by her godmother's testamentary intentions, is merely a matter for surmise. But that such conditions are likely, considering the extreme devotion of the Empress to the Ultramontane party in Europe, does not appear an unreasonable hypothesis." Perhaps not—to Miss Marie Corelli.

On September 2, 1908, the Empress Eugénie was gladdened by a second visit, lasting, however, only a few hours, from King Alfonso and his Consort. I do not know if the presence of any evil-disposed persons was anticipated, but there was a goodly show of "the force," and the approach to the railway-station was cleared of all and sundry long before the royal train drew up; dotted along the road leading to the imperial residence were more policemen. And all this display of constabulary to keep the immense crowd of about fifty Farnborough folk, including many children, and even infants in arms,

from interfering with the young royal couple, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and three of the Queen's brothers !

Shower after shower pelted down, but the Farnboroughians stood their ground. Presently the first of three or four "autos" appeared. In it were the King and Queen and Princess Henry, who were amused to see a baby of about three summers wave a strip of red and yellow crinkled paper and coo its infantine "hurrah !" The young Queen gave that baby one of her winning smiles, the King waved his hand, and then the "auto" vanished into space. And this was how Farnborough welcomed the Empress's charming goddaughter and her consort, although the papers put it rather differently.

Now, this particular Wednesday chanced to be the thirty-eighth anniversary of a great event in the world's history, an event which was the immediate cause of the hostess of the Spanish Sovereigns taking up her residence in England ; for it was, as we know, on September 2, 1870, that Napoleon III. surrendered to the King of Prussia—the day after the battle of Sedan. It was certainly an extraordinary coincidence that this date should have been fixed for the King and Queen of Spain's visit to the Empress, and it was also curious that the Press took no notice of the circumstance. Whilst the imperial lady and her guests were at lunch, I stood once more by the red granite sarcophagi of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial ; and I noted that the most prominent objects on the tombs in the crypt of the Abbey Church of St. Michael were the wreaths—one of bright scarlet, the other of purple—which King Alfonso and his Queen had placed there in 1907.

Although I have seen much of Alfonso XIII., I happened to see much more of his father, for I had the pleasure of accompanying Alfonso XII. on his memorable journey from Paris to Madrid on his accession to the throne which his mother, Queen Isabella, had been forced to abdicate, and which, later, King Amadeo, after less than a couple of years' bitter experience of the fickle Spaniards, discarded. The young King is a highly interesting study. He is the most restless of monarchs—always "on the go"; attractive by his frank gaiety, by that *joie de vivre* which is his leading characteristic. Take this little scene as an illustration. It is a September morning, an hour before he is due at Charing Cross Station to receive the farewell benediction of the Archbishop of Toledo. A slim figure appears at the door of the Ritz; a figure clad in a grey suit, his trousers well turned up, a soft Homburg hat (green) perched jauntily on his black-haired head; a cigarette, in a long tube, between his lips; a short stick in his left hand.

He does not walk, he skips—may I say he swaggers?—down the steps, elbows squared, a "get-out-of-the-way-I-am-coming" look on his mobile countenance. It is "English style," and nothing else, with him. He has become the personification of the London young man of the obsolete "Johnny" type of a decade ago. Now he is in the "auto," scarcely waiting for the chauffeur to open the door. Six or seven minutes later he is buying three more felt hats, all green, with a "Be quick, please; I'm in a hurry." Anon to a Holborn mart for hockey sets—thirty-two, "exactly like this one." Back to Regent Street, "as fast as you can go—I've very little time"—just time to please another merchant by selecting, choosing breathlessly,

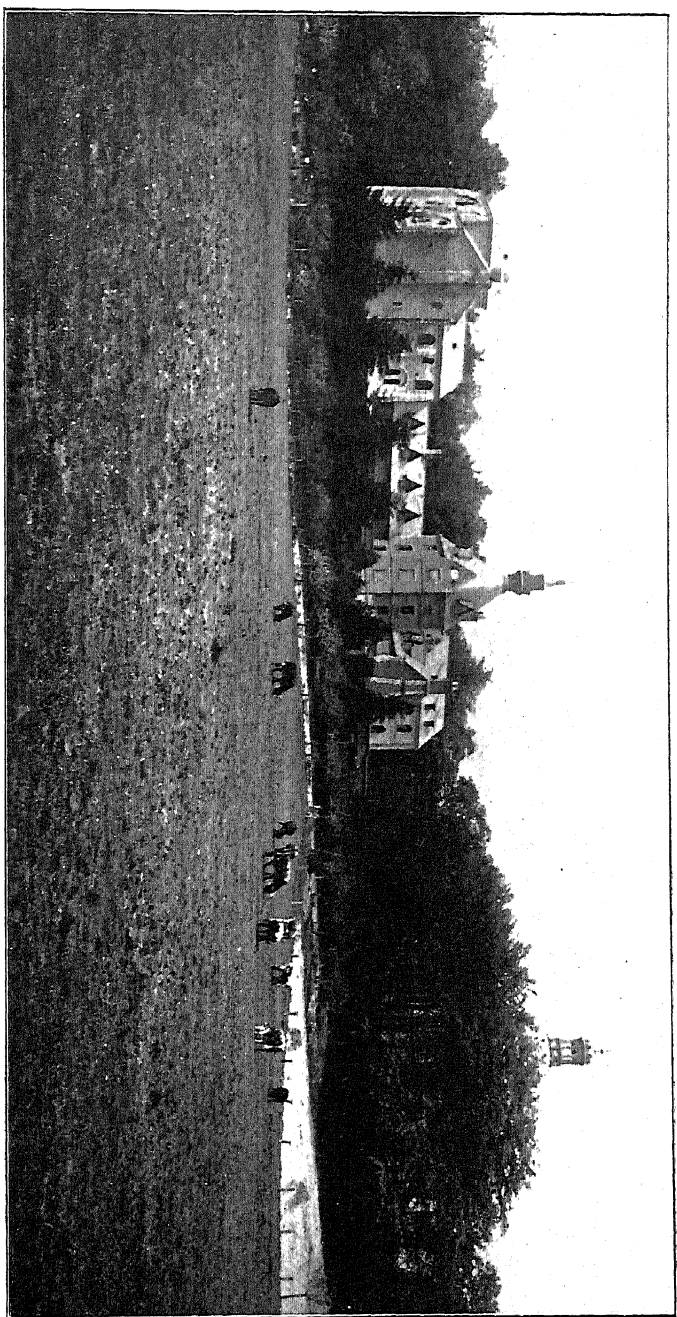
but with good taste, some diamond brooches and other trinkets. "Charing Cross—be lively !" Before eleven the train is off, and we catch a glimpse of his eager face, we hear a voice shouting "Good-bye !" We had seen the last of the thirteenth Alfonso, twice the guest of the august Lady of Farnborough Hill, the attached friend of his well-remembered grandmother.

CHAPTER XVII

WHERE THE DEAD REST

EVEN now, probably, the fact that, some fourteen years ago, the Empress, by deed of gift, transferred the Church and Abbey of St. Michael—the imperial mausoleum and its appurtenances—to the Benedictine Monks in perpetuity is unknown except by a very few.

The buildings date from 1886-7, and were erected by the Empress primarily for the purposes of a mausoleum. In the crypt repose the remains of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial, which were removed from St. Mary's Church at Chislehurst on January 9, 1888. The total cost of the church and what was originally a priory, but is now elevated to the dignity of an abbey, was upwards of £80,000 ; since 1887, however, there have been enlargements of, and considerable additions to, the monastic buildings, involving further expenditure. The "priory" was a brick building, with no particularly noticeable features; the "abbey" forms a quadrangle about 180 feet in length each way, the style being an adaptation of Early Gothic. Externally it is faced with Kentish ragstone, with caps and bases of columns in Portland stone, the columns being mostly of black Connemara marble. The architect was Mr. Benedict Williamson. Of late years the Benedictine community has greatly developed, and there are now at Farnborough some



ABBAY OF ST. MICHAEL, FARNBOROUGH HILL, HANTS,
The gift of H. I. M. the Empress Eugénie to the Benedictines.

forty members, French and English, including *religieux de chœur* and *frères convers*.

It was the Empress's original intention that the church should be served by two or three "secular" priests. Negotiations with the Dominicans were barren of result, and the charge was given into the hands of a few French Premonstratensians, known also as the White Canons of St. Norbert. They are an Order of Canons Regular, founded by St. Norbert in 1120; and before the Reformation they had a large number of flourishing houses in England. The French Congregation which first sent some of its members to Farnborough had its mother-house at Frigolet, near Tarascon, a name familiar to English readers as the home of Alphonse Daudet's world-famous Tartarin. The members of the Order of Pré Montré remained at Farnborough until 1895, when they were replaced by the Benedictines.

St. Michael's Church stands on the crown of a hill, opposite the residence of the Empress, who from her windows can see the place of sepulture of her consort and her son. The building is of cruciform shape, and has a nave of three bays without aisles, transepts with a cupola and lantern over the crossing, and an apsidal sanctuary, the aisles of which are enclosed, forming sacristies. Under the transepts and apse is the crypt, with the two massive sarcophagi, of red Aberdeen granite. Into the architectural details of the building I need not enter further than to remark that the church is a good example of the French flamboyant style, and that much of it resembles some of the Rouen churches, especially the crockets and pinnacles. The carved stone holy-water stoup at the entrance bears the arms of the Empress. The altars

of the Sacred Heart and of Our Blessed Lady are of beautiful coloured marbles. The high altar is of Caen stone, in sixteenth-century style, and is surmounted by brass candlesticks, with three angels seated at the base; the initial N and the imperial crown are prominent here. Near the steps dividing the nave from the sanctuary are a statue of St. Louis, King of France, and a remarkable crucifix, composed of a single piece of ivory, surrounded by a curious frame of carved wood. This was presented by Pope Pius IX. at the baptism of the Prince Imperial.

The sacristy contains some beautiful ornaments used in the celebration of the Office. The visitor is shown a chasuble of red watered silk, embroidered by the Empress herself. Her Majesty's wedding-dress was converted into white vestments, which are used at the great festivals of the Church. The Duchesse de Mouchy made one of the chasubles; and a set of red vestments—one chasuble, two dalmatics, and one humeral veil—formed the Sultan's gift to the Empress. Magnificent purple vestments, in well-wrought velvet, were made from the pall which covered the Emperor's coffin. The visitor who is not disposed to linger in the sacristy will miss seeing some other very artistic objects. There are the altar-cards which are used in the Requiem Masses for the imperial family, illuminations of exquisite workmanship, presented by M. Léon Dandalin Mniszech. The border is a garland of violets, a white scroll containing the Prince Imperial's prayer. On a cartouch, flanked by two eagles and golden bees, is the Prince's motto, "Passavant le meillor." Below the imperial crown are two escutcheons, inscribed "Dieu l'a voulu"; "de Dieu que le nom soit béni"; "Sursum corda."

Descending a few steps, one enters the crypt, which extends beneath the choir and both transepts. Red and white marble form the pavement. The brass candlesticks, the crucifix, and other altar ornaments are fashioned in twelfth-century style, and are well-nigh unrivalled. Behind the altar is seen a head of Christ, which was for many years at Arenenberg, the early home of Napoleon III. The Emperor's tomb (the gift of Queen Victoria) is on the right side of the altar, the Prince Imperial's on the left. On the former is the simple inscription, "Napoleon III." On one of the coffins enclosed in the granite tomb is engraved, on a gilded brass plate :

NAPOLÉON III.
 EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS
 NÉ À PARIS
 LE 20 AVRIL 1808
 MORT À CAMDEN PLACE
 CHISLEHURST
 LE 9 JANVIER 1873
 R.I.P.

The Prince Imperial's sarcophagus, which was the gift of his friends, is inscribed :

NAPOLÉON
 PRINCE IMPÉRIAL
 NÉ À PARIS
 LE 16 MARS 1856
 MORT EN SOLDAT À ITIOTIOZY
 (AFRIQUE AUSTRALE)
 1 JUIN 1879

The coffin is of mahogany, covered with purple silk, its eight gilded handles all bearing the letter N. On a gilded brass plate, whereon are an eagle sur-

mounted by the imperial crown, and a Latin cross, is engraved :

NAPOLÉON

EUGÈNE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH

PRINCE IMPÉRIAL

NÉ À PARIS LE 16 MARS 1856

TUÉ À L'ENNEMI AU ZULULAND (AFRIQUE AUSTRALE)

LE 1 JUIN 1879

DÉPOSÉ DANS L'ÉGLISE CATHOLIQUE DE STE. MARIE DE
CHISLEHURST

LE 12 JUILLET 1879

R.I.P.

The body of the "little Prince" rests, I am told, on a fine cloth, marked with a crowned N. Between his hands, which are crossed on the breast, is a rosary, blessed by Pope Pius IX., his godfather. In the young martyr's coffin are three photographs—one of the Emperor, one of the Empress, and one of the Duchesse de Medina-Cœli, *née* Louise Stuart (a cousin of the son of Napoleon and Eugénie); on the breast are a crucifix, a gold medal, and a medal of the Virgin.

Both sarcophagi were for many years covered with wreaths. The arm-chairs and prie-Dieu near both tombs, and those in the left transept of the church, came from the Château Eugénie at Biarritz, in which the Emperor and Empress formerly resided; and in the abbey itself are carefully preserved many objects recalling the memory of the Emperor and his son.

The Rme. Père Abbé, Dom F. Cabrol, who was elected Lord Abbot of St. Michael on July 20, 1903, was born at Marseilles on December 11, 1855. At twenty he entered the monastery of St. Pierre at Solesmes (in the Sarthe), and there made his "profession" on September 29, 1877. Before 1903 he



THE LATE VERY REV. MONSIEUR GODDARD,
From the *Edmundian*, 1909, by permission of the Very
Rev. Monsignor Ward, St. Edmund's, Ware.



THE RME. PÈRE ABBÉ, DOM F. CABROL,
Lord Abbot of St. Michael's, Farnborough
Hill, Hants.

was Prior of what was then the Priory of Farnborough. The first Abbot of this ecclesiastical foundation, Dom Cabrol is a prolific writer, and author of several volumes of great value to students of ecclesiological and archæological literature. The Lord Abbot's published volumes include the following: "*Histoire de Cardinal Pitra*" (Retaux, Paris, 1893); "*Étude sur la Peregrinatio Silvix, les Églises de Jérusalem, la Discipline et la Liturgie au IV^e Siècle*" (1 vol., Oudin, Paris); "*Le Livre de la Prière Antique*" (Oudin, Paris); "*La Prière pour les Morts*" (Oudin); "*La Prière pour les Malades*" (Oudin); and "*Les Origines Liturgiques*" (Letouzy, 1906).

Since the Benedictines have been at Farnborough, they have completed, under Dom Cabrol's direction, a very important and valuable work, entitled "*Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie*," characterized by the best traditions of the Benedictine school, and of the greatest assistance to all labouring in this field of literature. It is published by Letouzy, Paris, and as a work of reference is second to none. The renowned Abbey of Solesmes, to which the Farnborough monks belong, was restored in 1833, and five years later Pope Gregory XVI. declared that this Congregation inherited the privileges accorded by the Roman Pontiffs to the Congregations of Cluny, St. Vanne, St. Hydulphe, and St. Maur, which were dispersed during the Revolution. For many centuries these Congregations were the glory of the Church and of France. Their fidelity to monastic observances had made holiness flourish, and their encyclopædical knowledge shed a lustre on their Order. By their works on the Fathers they opened up a new method of historical research. Under the direction of Abbot

Guéranger, the Congregation of Solesmes was specially occupied in the study of the Liturgy, and published many learned works on the subject. Of these the best known is the "Année Liturgique," which has gone through numerous editions in France, and has been translated into English. These traditions are continued by the Farnborough monks, and the principal object of their works is to make known the origin of liturgical worship, prayers, and ceremonies.

Dom Férotin, now of Farnborough, is a well-known *érudit* on the Continent. His "Histoire de Silos" and "Recueil des Chartes de l'Abbaye de Silos" were awarded the Saintour prize by the French Academy. Dom Souben, analyzing in the "Beauty of Christian Dogma" all the dogmas of Christianity, brings out the special beauty contained in each, and shows how the Christian, in following the good, has naturally obtained the beautiful. This able writer has also published "Les Manifestations du Beau dans la Nature" (Lethielleux, Paris), "Dieu dans l'Histoire et la Révélation," the first part of a "Nouvelle Théologie Dogmatique" (Beauchesne, Paris). Dom Delpech, one of the collaborators of Dom Moquereau, in the "Paléographie Musicale," has written many delightful accompaniments to those plain chants which are such striking features of the services of the Catholic Church. Dom Leclercq was Dom Cabrol's principal assistant in the production of the "Monumenta Ecclesiæ Liturgica," the first volume of which appeared in 1902 under the title "Reliquiæ Liturgicæ vetustissimæ ex Omnibus Scriptis monumentisve ab ævo Apostolico ad pacem Ecclesiæ excerptæ" (Firmin Didot, Paris). Another publication undertaken by the Benedictines is a "Recueil de Pièces Authen-

tiques sur les Martyrs depuis les Origines du Christianisme jusqu'au XXI^{ème} Siècle." Of this notable work the first volume was published in 1902, under the title "Les Temps Néroniens et le Deuxième Siècle" (Oudin, Paris).

An author who has admirably described the Benedictine life is André Turquet, M.A. "Men of our day," he writes, "understand nothing of monastic life, because, carried away by the fever of progress, and always thirsting for movement and novelty, they place the ideal of life in exterior activity and in material progress. Many persons consider that the active life of a parish priest or of a missionary is alone suited to the present times, and think that there is no longer any reason for the existence of monks."

Remember what Izaak Walton says in his "Compleat Angler": "You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it. . . . The nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are." I suppose Sala and Walton form about as striking a contrast as could be imagined, yet they were at one on this point of monastic admiration and respect for those who live the cloistered life, and occupy themselves, like the Farnborough Benedictines, in works for the benefit of the present and future generations.

Montalembert, in an eloquent passage, wrote: "The first of all the services which monks conferred on Christian society was to pray, to pray much, to pray continually for those who prayed badly or did not pray at all. . . . They lightened the weight of the iniquities of the world; they re-established the

equilibrium between the empire of heaven and that of earth."

Even Anatole France, who is not precisely the sort of man whom Cardinal Manning would have rhapsodized over, has admiring words for the Benedictines. As for the Carthusians, if you would understand something of the beauty of the lives which they led up in the Dauphiny mountains, you must read what that bellicose journalist, Louis Veuillot, who was "*plus Catholique que le Pape*," has written about it. Something of that life I was fortunate enough to see for myself, long before the monks were despoiled of their home at the Grande Chartreuse, which had been theirs for nearly a thousand years. And I can still see the hooded figures, each carrying a lantern, filing noiselessly into the church at midnight, and hear their voices as, one after another, they read the Office, while, from the little gallery, I gazed down on the scene which was enacted night after night through the slow-moving centuries.

At Farnborough Abbey the day begins at 4 a.m., and half an hour later the monks are in the church for Matins and Lauds, which comprise their night Office. Prime (morning prayer) is said at a quarter past seven, and at half-past eight Mass is sung, preceded by the hour of Tierce, and followed by Sext. The afternoon is divided into two: they recite Nones at half-past three, and then Vespers are sung. At eight o'clock Compline is recited—the last of the seven canonical hours in the Catholic Breviary. Between the services the members of the community occupy themselves with intellectual work in the silence of their cells, specially devoting themselves to the study of archæology, the Christian Liturgy, and

ecclesiastical history. When circumstances require it, the Benedictine monks, wherever they may be, undertake preaching and other ministerial work. The literary studies of the monks naturally necessitate recourse to the great libraries of the world, and it is a pleasure to me to be the medium of expressing the gratitude of the members of the Farnborough community for the facilities which they enjoy at the British Museum. They write : “ Nous sommes fort reconnaissants à la nation anglaise, qui offre tant de facilités de travail aux érudits. Le British Museum est une institution que nous entourons d’une très grande vénération et de toute notre gratitude.”

It will be in harmony with this part of the story of the exiles if I narrate here the episode of the transference of the imperial remains from Chislehurst to Farnborough on January 9, 1888, the anniversary of the Emperor’s death.

The gunners from Woolwich raised the coffins shoulder-high, and bore them to the gun-carriages in the lane ; the young Lieutenant (Wing) gave the word, “ March !” and the *défilé* to the railway-station began. Chislehurst had ceased to be the Bonapartist shrine.

The Marquis (later the Duc) de Bassano and M. Franceschini Pietri were the official witnesses of the last act. It was, however, the figure of the priest which stood out in boldest relief, vested in white surplice and purple *pan*, or *cotta* ; and Monsignor Goddard was, too, the sole occupant of the mortuary car in which the coffins travelled to the mausoleum at Farnborough. This car, into which Lord and Lady Sydney and a few others—some of my friends included—were permitted to take a glance, was draped with black and

carpeted with purple ; and we saw lighted candles in silver sconces, a large ivory crucifix, shields with the monograms of the dead, and silver stars gleaming on the black drapery.

Thus simply were the remains of the Emperor and his son removed from Chislehurst to their final resting-place, amidst the farewell salutations of a few thousand spectators in the murk of the winter morning.

Earlier in the day, soon after Mass, I had rested awhile in St. Mary's Church, noting once again the faded purple velvet pall (worked by the Duchesse de Cambacérés), which had covered the Prince's coffin since 1879—that pall powdered with bees and violets, wrought in silver and gold, and bordered with silver fringe. Some wreaths of natural flowers, placed on the coffin nearly nine years previously, were wondrously fresh, but contact with the air caused them to fall to pieces before our gaze. Within the Emperor's sarcophagus (which had been removed to Farnborough) were three coffins. The outer one, of well-seasoned oak, was now seen to be perfect, or nearly so, but parts of its velvet covering had rotted, and verdigris covered the bright brass fittings. The breastplate, surmounted by the imperial crown, was uncorroded, but the brass cross at the foot of the plate was of a dull green. The violet velvet drapery of the Prince's coffin, the breastplate, and the fittings were unspotted.

Farnborough was in a blaze of sunshine when the coffins were carried up the hill to the mausoleum by the bearing-party of Royal Horse Artillerymen, to be met outside the church by the Superior-General of the Premonstratensians (the White Canons of St. Norbert) and the few monks of that Order who were then the custodians of the mausoleum. The Brothers,

chanting the Psalms for the Dead, advanced to receive the coffins from Monsignor Goddard, who halted at the door of the crypt, for now his long and faithful guardianship of the remains had come to an end.

In the crypt we saw the coffins placed on purple-draped tressels in front of the altar. The scene was unforgettable. Acolytes, in grey serge cassocks, held aloft, some crucifixes, others tapers ; facing the altar were grouped the monks, in cream-coloured cucullus and square white cap, and the Superior-General (Père Paulin), vested in black, gold-embroidered. The Papal Prelate, Monsignor Carter, was distinguished from the monastic body by his black soutane and purple girdle. In the little group of officiating priests (Fathers Joseph, Prior of Storrington ; Edouard, Justin, and Ambrose) was Father Bellord (chaplain at Aldershot), who, with Dr. Scott (another striking figure), had, I remembered, received the Prince Imperial's spear-pierced body when it was brought into Sir Evelyn Wood's camp. One looked vainly round for the Empress Eugénie ; but there was to be seen the pale, clear-cut face of a Bonaparte—Prince Louis Lucien ; and watching this final scene were the venerable Duc de Bassano, his son and ultimate successor, M. Pietri, Mme. De Arcos ; her sister, Mrs. Vaughan ; and others of the Empress's household. Let me not forget also Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, General Sir Drury Lowe, and Colonel and Mrs. Talbot. The few strangers present regarded with interest Uhlmann,* who brought the Prince Imperial's body to England ; and Léon, who had been the young martyr's valet.

Few could look on unmoved when the Empress's

* This faithful servant died in 1906.

men-servants deposited the coffins in the sarcophagi and Père Paulin gave us his blessing.

Some of the witnesses of these funereal scenes at Chislehurst and Farnborough Hill recalled a kindred event which had occurred twelve years previously, when, on June 7, 1876, with the consent of the President of the French Republic (the Bonapartist Mac-Mahon), the remains of King Louis Philippe, Queen Marie Amélie, and the other members of the Orleans family who had been buried at Weybridge were taken from the vaults of the Roman Catholic chapel at three o'clock in the morning. There was one Protestant amongst those royal dead, the Duchesse d'Orléans, whose remains were the first to be removed. Mass was said for all the others, and then the ten coffins were placed in a special train (the Comte de Paris and his attendants accompanying them), transferred, at Southampton, to the steamer *Samphire*, and conveyed to Honfleur for interment at Dreux. The coffins contained the King and Queen, the Duchesse d'Orléans, the Duchesse d'Aumale, the Prince de Condé, and five of the royal children. One of the five coffins bore the name of the Duc de Guise ; the four others were uninscribed. An urn contained the embalmed heart of the Prince de Condé. So private were the proceedings that, apart from the officials and those immediately concerned, less than twenty persons witnessed the removal of the illustrious dead.

Formerly the Empress was a frequent visitor to the mausoleum ; of late, however, she is only seen there once or twice, or perhaps thrice, a year. When in England, she attends the commemorative service for Napoleon III. on January 9 ; and she is occasionally

present at the festival of Corpus Christi, when there is a solemn public procession of the Benedictines.

On January 9, 1908, Her Majesty was on the way to Marseilles, there to take passage to Ceylon ; on that date, in 1909, she attended the anniversary service at the mausoleum, accompanied by one of her ladies and two gentlemen. (M. Pietri, who is seldom absent from this dolorous function, was in Paris, whither, owing to indifferent health, he had gone for change of air.) While a solemn Mass was being sung in the church for the repose of the soul of Napoleon III., the Empress was in the crypt, or mausoleum, assisting at the celebration of a low Mass, at the conclusion of which the officiant at the solemn Mass descended to the crypt to give the absolution. In January, 1910, the Empress was in Paris. The Masses celebrated on January 9 are not, as they are usually supposed to be, Masses for the Dead, and for this reason : the date being within the octave of the Epiphany, the Catholic Church does not permit the latter to be sung *en ornements noirs*.

As a rule, the Empress is absent from England when the commemorative services for the Prince Imperial (June 1) and that for the Emperor Napoleon I. (May 5) are celebrated at Farnborough Abbey Church. At no other church in the United Kingdom are Masses celebrated for Napoleon I.

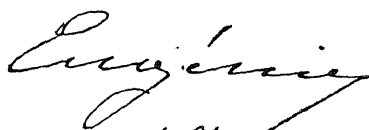
The Empress drives to the mausoleum, often in an "auto." When, after the service, she leaves the abbey church, the Lord Abbot greets their benefactress in very simple fashion, and the next moment the imperial car is lost to sight in the pine-woods.

On Sundays the Empress hears Mass in her private

oratory. This service is attended by two or three members of the suite, and in the summer by Her Majesty's often numerous guests. Mass is celebrated by one or other of the Benedictines in rotation.

"The Empress's Church" is numerously visited. A room at the entrance-lodge is well stocked with portraits and views, and these souvenirs are in great request.

How little the Empress's handwriting has changed in the last thirty years will be seen by comparing the signature on page 384 with the following, written at Killarney in 1909 :



Eugénie
26 Juillet 1909

CHAPTER XVII

THE "CASE" FOR THE EMPRESS *

It is not a defence which I undertake : the Empress would not pardon any of her friends for writing such.

It is not a biography, for a whole book would be necessary to narrate this existence, with its most touching contrasts.

I should like, by facts, to destroy an iniquitous legend, which tends to pervert our history, being based only on falsehood and bad faith.

For many years there have been published, a little everywhere, a series of books, pamphlets, or articles, which might lead public opinion astray. The writers have discussed the slightest acts of a Sovereign whose misfortunes ought to have protected her from these injustices. They have scrutinized her life, her projects, her most private thoughts, and even her inconsolable suffering ; and they have invented round her name base stories [*fables de bas étage*] which have been adopted both by persons who have knowingly forgotten the past, and by those who never knew it.

It is to the friends of happy days, those to whom

* This triumphant vindication of the Empress is from the brilliant pen of M. Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, in which it appeared in 1891. M. Calmette now (1910) most kindly allows it to form an important section of this volume.

she was so good and generous, that belongs the duty of protesting against this deluge of insults, and I ask permission to raise my feeble voice to re-establish the impartial truth. The Empress would perhaps like me to revive a past which is buried with her dear departed ones ; but I am sure to have with me all who remember, and also the thousands of mothers whose sons and daughters were, in the days of grandeur, the god-children of the Sovereign adulated and acclaimed by all France. . . . By the nobility of her attitude, by her tact, and by the great probity of her life, the Empress Eugénie attracted the sympathy and respect of all Europe.

As to her son, the Empress had the extreme merit of admirably directing his education ; intelligence and firmness on her part were necessary, for she had to fight against herself and against everybody. The Emperor, who adored the Prince Imperial, was very weak. Everybody flattered the child ; there were even people who sought to make themselves agreeable to him in order to obtain some favour or other from him later. The Empress knew how to preserve him from dangers of all kinds, and inculcated such sentiments of honour, uprightness, and loyalty that of this child she made an accomplished man, a Prince worthy of the highest destiny and ready to fulfil the highest duties. Such for fifteen years on the throne of France was the woman who is accused of egotism, parsimony, and intrigues.

It has been everywhere stated, *à propos* of the events of 1870, that the Empress said, "It is my war !" but nothing could be more untrue. The Empress, on the contrary, desired peace. I can say this of my own personal knowledge. And the Emperor

and his Government wished very sincerely to avoid a conflagration. But ever since 1866 the Opposition had represented France as humiliated by Prussia, and as vanquished at Sadowa, and that opinion spreading made it imperative that France should take up the gauntlet, pronouncing in favour of war with a tumultuous energy which nobody has forgotten. If the most ardent promoters of this movement have declined, since our reverses, the responsibility of their attitude in order to throw the blame upon the Empress, history will have none of such partialities ; besides, the newspapers of all opinions which were published in July, 1870, and the official report of the proceedings in the Corps Législatif, establish beyond all manner of doubt that the inhabitants of Paris desired the war ; indeed, so great was the feverish exaltation in the midst of which our troops left the capital, that, when the time came for the Emperor to leave in order to join the army, he took the precaution not to pass through Paris.

The Empress never approved of that unreflecting enthusiasm which took possession of all minds. Her emotion was great and deep during the whole of these warlike manifestations of a populace in a state of delirium ; and a historian, M. Rothan, who has never been a warm partisan of the Empire, has admitted that, if the Empress was a victim of these warlike passions, she never shared them. "What is certain," declares M. Rothan, "is that, at the termination of the proceedings of the Council which had met to decide as to the fate of France and the dynasty, the Empress anxiously asked M. de Parieu what he thought of the decisions arrived at." "I think, Madame," replied the President of the Council of

State, "that if England would to-morrow find a means of our avoiding war, she would have deserved well of France." "I am quite of your opinion," answered the Empress.

From the moment when war became inevitable, she showed herself very confident as to the result of the conflict, but went bravely forward, dreaming of the greatness of France, of the glory of her husband, and putting complete faith in that army which had been victorious for eighteen years, and which had been led by the Emperor, of the gravity of whose malady she was ignorant.

The consultation of doctors and surgeons on July 2, 1870, had been kept secret by command of the Emperor, who forbade anything being said about it to the Empress. Had the result of that consultation been made known, many catastrophes might have been averted ; but it was not revealed until after the Emperor's death, when the document was found concealed amongst the papers at Chislehurst. It was signed only by one doctor, Germain Sée, although Drs. Nélaton, Corvisart, Fauvel, and Ricord took part in the consultation. Besides, the diagnosis was not agreed in by all, and Dr. Corvisart, who, alas ! ought to have known better than anybody the Emperor's condition, believed that His Majesty was suffering from nothing more than neuralgia, and he declared to the Empress that there was no need to dread any complications.

The Empress, therefore, had nothing to fear as to the condition of her husband. Her one aim was to protect the Emperor from the insensate accusations of those who were already disputing over the *débris* of the throne. What most hurt her was the absurd

reproach of cowardice, and it was on that account that she prevented the Emperor from returning from Châlons, when, after the first defeats, having confided the chief command of the armies to Marshal Bazaine, he wished to return to Paris with a portion of his troops.

"For his honour's sake," said the Empress, "he must not return to Paris. He must not abandon his troops." She saw the Emperor without authority, without prestige, delivered up, defenceless, to the insults of the mob, accused of want of foresight, of poltroonery, and of cowardice, and she made up her mind to turn aside from him this stream of abuse. She had no other idea—she never had any personal ambition; she never failed in the most scrupulous patriotism that could be demanded of her. Adversaries and friends alike all felt it their duty to respectfully uncover before her.

General de Chabaud-Latour tells us what the attitude of the Empress-Regent was from the moment when tidings of the first reverses came. He says: "During the night of August 7 and 8 we learnt what had happened at Forbach and Reichshofen, and I was summoned to the Empress's room with the Ministers. Using the noblest and most dignified language, she said to us: 'It is not a question of saving the Empire, but of saving France.'"

General Trochu even confirmed this, for on the day after his case was tried he wrote in effect: "The Empress displayed calmness, character, heart-sentiments, more French than imperialist. I will do her the justice to say that."

The constant preoccupation of the Empress was, in effect, the defence of the country, and she never

ceased to give everybody the loftiest and most disinterested advice. "Do not think about the dynasty," she was ever saying ; "occupy yourselves solely with the country. If I believed that by going away I should facilitate the defence, I would go immediately." When they asked her to go to Tours with a section of the Government, she replied to MM. Ollivier, Buffet, and others, who could bear witness thereto : "It is true ; a Government must be organized outside Paris. The Chamber will go ; but as for me, I shall remain in Paris—my duty is there." These were not merely vain phrases ; they were supported by unquestionable deeds.

When they were thinking of reinforcing Marshal MacMahon's army on the eve of Sedan, somebody told the Empress that the 22,000 men commanded by General Vinoy formed the guard of Paris, and that, if they left, the capital might at any moment be at the mercy of a demagogic movement. The Empress's reply has been faithfully reported by M. Henri Chevreau. "Once more," she said, "do not think of me or of the dynasty. Think of the army, think of France. What remorse we should suffer should it ever be said that the presence of these 22,000 men might have changed a defeat into a victory, and that we had kept them in Paris for our personal defence ! Do not lose a minute. Let General Vinoy leave this very day."

During those ever-to-be-remembered days of September 3 and 4, 1870, when she was struck at one and the same time as Sovereign, wife, and mother, hearing *coup-sur-coup* of the disaster at Sedan, the surrender and imprisonment of the Emperor, the defeat of the army, the flight of the Prince Imperial,

the rising in Paris, and the approaching break-up of the Empire, the Empress maintained the same attitude of courage and patriotism, of disinterestedness and sacrifice. Two facts, and two only, may be cited in proof of this assertion ; for there is no intention of narrating at length the cruel details of this long Calvary.

On September 4, prior to the debate in the Palais Bourbon, on the question of proclaiming the *déchéance* of the Empire, which M. Jules Favre had given notice the night before of his intention of moving, M. Buffet and several other gentlemen went to the Tuileries to desire the Empress to confer all the powers attaching to the Regency upon a commission of five persons to be nominated by the Senate ; that, as M. Buffet explained, being the only way of averting the proposed motion of *déchéance* and preserving the future of the dynasty.

The Empress, pale and calm, biting her handkerchief in her endeavour not to lose her presence of mind, declined the proposition, remarking :

" The future of our dynasty is what touches me least to-day. What I have suffered has been so sad, so horrible, that at this moment the thought of preserving the crown for the Emperor and my son gives me very little worry. My only care, my only ambition, is to fulfil the duties which have been imposed upon me. If you or the Corps Législatif should believe that I am an obstacle to the organization of measures of resistance, why, then, pronounce the *déchéance* ; I shall not complain. I could then leave my post with honour ; I should not have deserted it. For myself, I am ready to face all danger and to follow the Corps Législatif everywhere where it wishes to organize resistance to the enemy. Even should that

resistance be looked on as impossible, I think I should still be useful to obtain less unfavourable conditions of peace. Yesterday the representative of a Great Power offered to propose mediation by neutral States on these two bases—the integrity of French territory and the maintenance of the imperial dynasty. I replied that I was disposed to accept mediation on the first point, but I energetically rejected the second. The maintenance of the dynasty is a question which concerns only the country, and I would never allow any foreign Powers to interfere in our internal arrangements.”

M. Buffet and Admiral Jaurien de La Gravière were both present at this interview, and could confirm the above. While the Empress was speaking she was disturbed at least twenty times by the arrival of messages telling her that the *émeute* in Paris was spreading, that the mob were breaking the eagles at the Palais Bourbon, that the Revolution was imminent, that the mob, with shouts of “Vive la République !” were demanding the *déchéance*, and that the Chamber of Deputies, without awaiting the return of M. Buffet, was going to adopt M. Jules Favre’s motion. Other despatches informed her that nobody knew what had become of the Prince Imperial, and a telegram from the Emperor said, “Yesterday I suffered all the moral and physical tortures that a human being could endure.” General Lepic, Sous-Intendant of the Imperial Palaces, came in for orders, and the Empress said : “Whatever you do, whatever happens, I will not allow a single shot to be fired on my account.”

Inside the Tuileries all was confusion and tumult. All in the palace seemed to have lost their heads. They went, they returned, they lamented, they moved furniture and other things, and they escaped. It was

a time of cowardice, of hideous sentiments, of desertion, and of bitterness. Despite the devotion of many of those surrounding the Empress, her agony was terrible. She wandered from room to room, praying, sobbing, harassed by fatigue, tortured by presentiment, neither eating nor sleeping, not even daring to take off her clothes at night, and, after all that had occurred, dreading still further catastrophes.

Then came the supreme disaster—the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies by the mob and General Trochu's treason. All was finished. The Empress, fearful of compromising any of her suite, would only accept the escort of foreigners to conduct her out of Paris ; and it was for that reason that, accompanied by two Ambassadors, the Prince de Metternich and the Chevalier di Nigra, she went to claim shelter from a foreigner, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the American dentist, of whose devotion she felt assured. This was her last political act in France : it was not the least disinterested one or the least elevated.

In the land of exile, at Hastings, the Empress's first thought was of her country. She wrote to the Emperor of Russia, then to the Emperor of Austria, to interest them, not in the cause of the Empire, but in the cause of France ; and she begged both to transfer the sympathy which they showed her to the men of the Government of September—those who had taken her crown and chased her from her palace. It was for them that she solicited, for them that she implored, because in them she still saw France, and because the French flag, even in their hands, was dear to her. "Let God only give a victory to the Army of the Loire," she wrote, "and it will console me for all our misfortunes."

Further, it was upon her express demand, addressed to the Tsar on September 12, and thanks to the direct intervention of the Emperor of Russia with King William, that Germany consented to the interview at Ferrières. This little-known detail cannot be denied, for in the archives of the Foreign Office is preserved the text of the despatches exchanged on this subject between the National Defence and General Fleury, who remained at the head of the French Embassy at St. Petersburg until September 24, 1870.

In thus intervening, the Empress believed that peace would result from the interview at Ferrières, and that the territory would be preserved in its integrity. The trial at the Trianon, again, revealed in many ways how disinterestedly the Empress seconded the views of the Tours Government, and with what disdain she repelled all suggestions of personal interest. After the proceedings at the Trianon, the Commissary of the Government rendered this solemn homage to the patriotic abnegation of the Empress Eugénie: "We render homage to the generous efforts of the Empress in favour of the Army of Metz, and we recognize the elevated patriotism of that woman who, refusing to treat, as she was urged to do, despite the griefs of exile and immense regrets, understood better than Marshal Bazaine the laws of duty, honour, and abnegation in respect of the interests of the country."

The most cruel misfortunes awaited the Empress in the land of exile. After the Emperor Napoleon's death came that of the Prince Imperial, in whom she had put her last hopes; but even that great grief did not disarm her enemies, since they sought to attribute the catastrophe in Zululand to the mother's avarice.

What a monstrous accusation! How inept! It was attributing the most vulgar motive to a most chivalrous act. The Prince Imperial's tastes could not have been simpler; he led the calmest and most retired of lives. He had rooms at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The Empress had also taken for him a house near the school, and it was there that he spent the greater part of the year at work, going as often as possible to visit his mother at Camden Place. He received very few people, and many of these were interested persons. Even those in his *entourage* sought to exploit his too-well-known generosity. It was more especially to this cause that we must attribute the small amount which the Prince Imperial spent on himself.

He gave away almost all that he received from his mother. But, even admitting that he had had need of money, would not Prince Louis Napoleon, the heir to the Empire, with his boundless credit, have found, in twenty-four hours, the means of borrowing millions, if he had wanted to do so? Money, then, had nothing to do with his departure for Africa; nor is the motive for that act to be found in any family dissensions, for there had never been any between the mother and son. The exiled Sovereign lived only for him; both had the same sorrows and the same hopes; and when, taking advantage of the Prince Imperial's sojourn at Woolwich, some members of the Bonapartist party came over to England to obtain a meeting with the Prince unknown to his mother, in the hope of taking him by surprise or influencing his opinions, his response was the simplest and most honourable: "I will see you with the greatest pleasure at Chislehurst. I go to my mother's every Sunday."

On the contrary, what is true is that the Empress begged her son to renounce his projects. Unfortunately, she was not acquainted with them until his departure was irrevocably decided upon and officially announced by the Prince to his comrades. Once before, during the Servian campaign, the Prince had wished to take part in the operations in the Balkans, but his mother had prevented him from doing so. "Thou dost not belong to thyself, Louis—thou belongest to thy party," said the Empress. At her request Prince Charles Bonaparte had also intervened and opposed the project. But the day on which the Empress learnt of the expedition to the Cape tears and prayers were in vain. It was too late. We know what happened.

Deprived of her last consolation, her last hope, the Empress reminded one of the last words of Bossuet : "We cannot conceive what manner of tears the eyes of Queens can contain, and what depths of grief there are in their hearts!" The Empress showed superhuman courage in this supreme trial. She reconstituted at Farnborough the *milieu* in which the Prince had lived, grown up, and ripened, surrounded herself with relics of his past, and built a magnificent sanctuary, wherein father and son repose side by side. There the Queen, whom she calls so affectionately "her friend and sister," visits her, and thither resort the faithful friends of other days ; but these expressions of touching sympathy cannot console a woman who is inconsolable.

As in the years when she reigned, she has remained the providence of numerous families that one knows nothing about ; and if to-morrow all who have been saved by her would raise their voices, the clamour

would be great and touching. There are those who maintain that the papers found at Chislehurst would crush her cruellest enemies. I believe it, but the Empress pays no attention to attacks. After having suffered so much, she has pardoned everything and everybody—explained all and forgotten all. Her deep religion has endowed her with a resignation superior to all sadness, and furnishes her little by little with the strength to combat worldly ills ; and it is thus that, after having endured unheard-of trials—trials which nobody in the world seemed able to support—the Empress has emerged from her misfortunes more courageous and more worthy than ever. Let all good people salute her reverently ; let them silently respect the infinite sorrow which will remain with her until death !

GASTON CALMETTE,
Editor of "Le Figaro."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EMPEROR PORTRAYS THE EMPRESS "IN HER TRUE COLOURS"

TO-MORROW is the fête-day of the Empress, so it will not be out of place to dedicate a few lines to her. Spanish by birth, and the daughter of a great patrician house, some public organs would seem to take every pains to represent her as being imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism, and, in fact, with all the prejudices of nobility. What good is it to occupy one of the first thrones of the universe if one is misunderstood in this way? A short sketch of her life will put her before the public in her true colours. The father of the Empress Eugénie was the Comte de Montijo, one of the few Spaniards who, being inspired with passionate devotion to the Emperor, followed him through all his campaigns. Taking part, as he did, in our triumphs as in our reverses, and crippled with wounds, he was one of the last to combat the enemies of France on the heights of the Buttes de Chaumont. Retiring to private life on the downfall of the Empire, he kept his Napoleonic sentiments, and ere long his liberal opinions made him the object of persecution on the part of Ferdinand VII.

In 1838 the Comtesse Montijo came to Paris with her two daughters, and placed them in one of our

largest educational establishments. Brought up at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, she who was one day destined to be Empress of the French, and who was then called the Comtesse de Téba, learned, as it were, French at the same time as her native tongue, Spanish. A few years later the Montijo family returned to Spain, where the Count died. Left under the wing of their mother, the two young girls received from her that complement of education which completes a lady's training and prepares her for her entrée into society.

All those who visited Madrid at that time must remember that hospitable *salon* which the intellectual leaders of every country would seem to have made a place of rendezvous. A *grande dame* who was justly famous for her intellectual qualities and her affability, the Comtesse Montijo did the honours of this *salon*, of which her two daughters were the chief ornaments.

Ere long the eldest espoused the Duc d'Albe. The youngest was remarked, not only because of her great wit and intelligence, but for the amicable and lovable qualities of her heart. Frequently surrounded by persons animated with sentiments of a different epoch, her precocious intellect prompted her to reject what she could not approve of in their opinions ; and whether owing to recollections of the years passed near her father, or to the influence of her French education, or, finally, to the power and vigour of her own personal convictions, she was frequently heard in intimate *réunions* boldly to defend the cause of progress and the new ideas. Her lively imagination sought food for these noble aspirations towards the beautiful and useful, and she was often seen poring for hours at a time over the works of Fourier. Her friends nick-

named her, laughingly, "La Phalanstérienne," but everyone admired this young girl of eighteen who was to such a degree interested in social problems, and who seemed to be preparing herself by study and meditation for some great and mysterious destiny.

One curious incident in her life is worthy of being chronicled. Always full of sympathy for those who are suffering, and by nature feeling compassion for the oppressed, she was inspired with a secret sympathy for the Prince who, a victim of his convictions, was a prisoner at Ham, and, notwithstanding her extreme youth, she begged her mother to bring him some consolation. The Comtesse Montijo, it is said, had decided on undertaking this pious pilgrimage, when her plans were suddenly changed by reason of unforeseen circumstances. This long-suffering Prince she was destined to see a few years later, not in a dungeon, but placed, by popular acclamation, at the head of a powerful State; she was destined to exercise over him the influence of beauty, intellect, and the most noble sentiments; she was destined to associate herself with his existence and to share his destiny.

The Comtesse de Téba has not been lost sight of in the éclat of the Crown of France. The Empress remains a woman of simple and natural tastes. After her visit to the cholera patients at Amiens, nothing seemed to surprise her more than the murmur of applause which from every side greeted her courageous venture. In the end, indeed, this even annoyed her. The lot of the unhappy classes most especially is for ever exciting her interest, and she likes to busy herself about what are termed to-day *œuvres sociales*. Everyone knows with what efficacious activity she

took part in the reorganization of the prisons for children, in that of the Sociétés de Sauvetage, and in the *régime* of the charitable institution. She founded the society for the advancing of money to children who work; and how many generous reforms she is now pushing forward, and with what marvellous perseverance! One can always find in her a little of the young “Phalanstérienne.” The condition of women preoccupies her to a most eminent degree; she endeavours to ameliorate and elevate it, and, if necessary, she intends decorating Rosa Bonheur.

Twice during the Italian War, and during the Emperor’s voyage to Algiers, she has been Regent, and all know with what moderation, with what political tact, and with what justice, she exercised the viceregal functions.

When in private life, the Empress gives herself up to serious reading, and one may even say that no question of economy or finance is unknown to her. It is charming to hear her discuss these difficult problems with the most competent authorities. Literature, history, and art are also frequently the subjects of her causeries, and at Compiègne nothing is more delightful than what are known as “the Empress’s teas.” In these select *réunions* she will discuss with equal facility the most difficult topics and the most familiar questions. The originality of her views, and the boldness—nay, even temerity—of her opinions, astonish and captivate one. Her language, sometimes incorrect, is full of colour and verve. Wonderfully precise in all business discussions, she rises, when engaged in a conversation on political or moral topics, to real eloquence.

Pious without bigotry, and highly cultivated with-

out being pedantic, she talks on every topic with the greatest *abandon*—indeed, perhaps she may be a little too fond of discussion. Very quick by nature, she very frequently lets herself be carried too far in the heat of argument, and this has more than once made her enemies. Her exaggerations, however, are always the result of her love of the good. But, besides the clever woman, the prudent and courageous Sovereign, we must show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son.

She wished the Prince Imperial to have a manly education: she has a full account given to her of his work, and follows the progress of his studies, thus assisting, as it were, from day to day at the growth of this young mind, at the mental development which, in the case of an heir to such brilliant prospects, is the guarantee of a splendid future.*

* Written by the Emperor shortly after his marriage, and published in *Le Dix-Décembre*, to which he often contributed. The manuscript was in his own writing.

CHAPTER XIX

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S "MILLIONS" AND THE EMPEROR'S "FORTUNE"

THE extent of the Empress Eugénie's real and personal estate, and the manner in which the illustrious lady intends to apportion it, have formed the subjects of much speculative comment. It was asserted in 1906 that the Empress had resolved to mark her appreciation of the friendly relations which have always existed between the members of our reigning House and herself by presenting Princess Ena of Battenberg, on the occasion of her marriage, with "all her landed property in Spain." However surprising this announcement may have been to the widow of Napoleon III., it doubtless caused her less amazement than the statement, "under reserve," that "the Vicar-General of the Jesuits has succeeded in inducing the Empress Eugénie to place the whole of her fortune, amounting to £6,000,000, at the disposal of the Church," represented, in this case, by "the Jesuits." Doubtless the Empress is rich, but the number of those who can speak with knowledge of the extent of her wealth is very limited; hence the misstatements published from time to time. Wealthy as she may be, those acquainted with the Empress know her to be essentially "a just woman," and are firm in the belief that "there is no likelihood of her alienating any of

her possessions which ought legitimately to pass to the Bonapartes.”*

It has been asserted by many who enjoyed his friendship—Monsignor Goddard included—that the Prince Imperial died comparatively poor. The amount of the legacy which he inherited from the Comtesse Baciocchi, of which so much was heard prior to his death, has never been divulged; the Prince probably did not derive any pecuniary benefit from it, as the property which formed the basis of the legacy was in a condition necessitating the expenditure of much of the income upon repairs and upkeep. When the Prince died, the Baciocchi property passed to the Empress, and may have much increased in value. Similarly, the Empress’s pine-forests in the Landes became more valuable of late years. Those estates, however, she disposed of in 1905 for a sum stated to amount to £100,000.

Before the Prince-President became Napoleon III. the property of the Orleans Princes was confiscated. The decree of confiscation was signed by “the President of the Republic, Louis Napoleon,” on January 22, 1852, and in it the members of the Orleans family were pleasantly reminded that “there still remained to them more than 100,000,000 francs (£4,000,000), with which they could sustain their rank abroad.” In 1816 Louis XVIII. had made the members of the First Napoleon’s family sell their personal property within six months; and in 1822 Louis Philippe acted similarly to the Princes of the elder branch of the Bourbons. When the property of the Orleanists was “restored to the domain of the State” in 1852, the

* This opinion was expressed by the late Monsignor Goddard in a letter to the author dated February 20, 1906.



H.I.H. GENERAL PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON
(ONLY BROTHER OF H.I.H. PRINCE NAPOLEON, THE PRETENDER).

*Photograph by
Boissonnas & Egger, St. Petersburg.*

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dowry of 300,000 francs (£12,000), which had been awarded to the Duchesse d'Orléans, was continued intact—a graceful if slight concession by the Prince-President Louis Napoleon. The State appears to have benefited to the extent of £3,120,000. The residue, amounting to about £1,600,000, was restored to its rightful owners, by decree of the National Assembly, on November 23, 1872, the Assembly voting unanimously for the restitution of the property.

Why did the Comtesse Baciocchi bequeath her property to the Prince Imperial in preference to her own or her husband's relatives? Perhaps an explanation may be found in the following facts. Comte Baciocchi, as probably few are aware, held a high position at the Palace of the Tuileries, and was in great favour with Napoleon III. When the concession authorizing François Blanc (the Père Blanc of celebrated memory) to set up his "tables" in the Principality was granted by the late Prince of Monaco (Charles III., father of the present ruler of the little State), the acquiescence of Napoleon III. was necessary, and Comte Baciocchi was credited with having induced the easy-going Emperor to refrain from putting any obstacles in the way. Probably M. Blanc was duly grateful.

The Prince Imperial by his will, made at Chislehurst on the eve of his departure for Zululand, appointed the Empress his sole legatee, and charged her with the payment of legacies amounting to £64,000. He left £8,000 each to his cousin, Prince Joachim Napoleon Murat, to M. Pietri, Dr. Baron Corvisart, Mlle. de Larminat (in recognition of her devotion to the Empress), M. Filon (his former tutor), M. Louis

Napoleon Conneau (son of Dr. Conneau), M. Napoleon Espinasse, and Captain A. Bizot, the three last of whom the Prince described as his oldest friends. The Prince also bequeathed annuities of £400 per annum to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte (who resided in London until his decease some years ago), £120 per annum to M. Bachon (his former riding-master), £100 per annum to Mme. Thierry, and the same amount to M. Uhlmann (groom); and he expressed a desire that his other faithful domestics might continue in the receipt of their wages.

The will of Napoleon III. was dated April 24, 1865, just before the Emperor left France for Africa, five years prior to the war with Prussia. He left the Empress the whole of his private property, the value of which has never been publicly stated. To the Prince Imperial the Emperor bequeathed the throne and a civil list of £1,600,000 per annum. After the Emperor's death, the circumstance that he had left no more recent will than that dated 1865 was the subject of much comment, for, as it happened, the Prince Imperial was practically disinherited by the terms of the will, made more than seven years before his father's decease, at a time when the possibility of such a disaster as was sustained by France in 1870 could not have been foreseen. As events turned out, the young Prince was left by the Emperor *sans le sou*. The Prince Imperial's bequests were probably liquidated by the Empress out of the Baciocchi legacy, or, supposing that to have been insufficient for the purpose, out of her own income, which was increased by the legacy of the Comtesse Baciocchi, to which Her Majesty succeeded on her son's death.

The civil list of Napoleon III. was originally fixed,

in 1852, at 25,000,000 francs, or £1,000,000, out of which 1,500,000 francs (£60,000) went to the Princes and Princesses of the imperial family, amongst whom it was divided by the Emperor in the manner which he deemed fitting. It was decreed that, when he married, the amount of the jointure to be allocated to his consort should be decided by a *senatus consultum*; the civil list was not, however, to be increased for that purpose. The private property which Napoleon III. possessed on the territory of the Empire when he assumed supreme power went to the public domain—became merged in the property of the State. Had there been no male issue of the Emperor's marriage, Prince Jérôme Napoléon Bonaparte, cousin of Napoleon III. and brother of Princesse Mathilde, would have succeeded to the throne. There was a time, too, when Jérôme's chances of the succession looked somewhat promising, for the Prince Imperial was not born until nearly three years after the marriage. This domestic question occupied the attention of Sir Charles Locock, the royal physician, when Napoleon III. and his Consort visited Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle in 1855.

The statements published concerning the Empress Eugénie and Princess Ena were founded more upon floating gossip than upon an accurate knowledge of the facts. That the young Queen of Spain has always been a great favourite of her imperial god-mother is natural when it is remembered that Princess Henry of Battenberg's close friendship with the Empress extends over a period of nearly forty years. Both Queen Victoria and Princess Henry were on the most cordial terms with the illustrious exile from the date of her arrival at Chislehurst; and with the

Empress's widowhood in 1873 the bonds of affectionate sympathy between the three increased in strength. Queen Victoria and Princess Ena's mother were often at Chislehurst, and later occasionally at Farnborough Hill, and the Empress visited Windsor Castle at fairly frequent intervals. One of her most memorable visits to Windsor took place in 1894, when, with Prince Victor Bonaparte, she dined at the Castle, and, for the first time, met the present Tsar, shortly before he ascended the throne.

During the lifetime of the Prince Imperial, the likelihood of an alliance between the ill-fated son of Napoleon III. and Princess Beatrice was much discussed ; but no such idea was ever contemplated by any of the members of our Royal Family—certainly not by the late Queen. Gossip on this subject gave rise to the frequently expressed opinion, after the Prince Imperial's decease, that Princess Beatrice would not be "forgotten" by the imperial lady. When, in 1905, it was learnt that the Empress Eugénie was interesting herself in the matrimonial affairs of her beautiful young goddaughter, it was perhaps natural that what had been formerly said respecting Princess Henry should be repeated in connection with the bride of King Alfonso.

Those who occupied themselves in estimating the extent of the Empress Eugénie's disposable wealth, and in crediting her with the intention of bestowing a magnificent *dot* upon the Queen of Spain, may be complimented upon the fertility of their imagination. The Empress has lived a life of seclusion. What the demands upon her purse have been, however, few can say. Many relatives and cherished friends who, had they outlived the Empress, would have benefited by

her testamentary dispositions have long since passed away, amongst them being her favourite niece. But many remain ; and who can pretend to indicate the channels through which the "gold hoard" of the imperial lady is for ever drifting ? The Church has its claims ; and the "party's" requirements cannot be ignored, although the possibility of a restoration of the Bonapartist dynasty, in the person of Prince Victor, appears in 1910 to be still somewhat remote.

In Bonapartist and Royalist *salons* in Paris it used to be openly said that the bulk of the Empress's wealth would, in all probability, be bequeathed to two ladies—one, the Empress's niece, daughter of that Duchesse d'Albe who died before Her Majesty left Chislehurst ; the other, Princesse Anna Murat, Duchesse de Mouchy, who was widowed in 1909. The younger of these ladies has since died. "Anna Murat," now a very wealthy woman, has always been a great favourite of the Empress, and the Princes Murat have had a considerable say in all Her Majesty's affairs. Outside the imperial *entourage*, very little, probably nothing, is known of Her Majesty's private affairs. The administrator-general, M. Pietri, is a monument of discretion.

As recently as 1907 the following categorical, and purely apocryphal, statement respecting the Emperor's private fortune was published by one of the Paris papers and widely copied by our own journals :

The great firm of Baring Brothers had been the bankers of Louis Napoleon before his elevation to the throne, and continued to act for him when he became Emperor. Every year Messrs. Baring furnished their client with a statement of account. One of these statements is dated 1852, the other 1866, and they show the condition of Louis Napoleon's private pecuniary affairs shortly

£100,000 Americans, £25,000 Mississippis, £200,000 Diamonds, and other items amounting to £75,000—in all, £882,000.

This statement, no doubt, may be spurious, yet it does not appear that anyone could have been interested in regarding it as such. Assuming it to be genuine, with his Civil List on a great scale, unimpaired, Napoleon could have had no motive in dissipating this huge total of assets. Between nearly a million sterling and the modest £60,000 specified by the solicitors of the Empress as the estate of the deceased Emperor, after the liquidation of the claims upon it, there is a great gulf fixed.

Other accounts of the "wealth" of the Emperor had, it seems, been circulated in the Press within a couple of months of the disaster at Sedan, for on October 25, 1870, Messrs. Baring published the sub-joined letter in the *Times*:

SIR,

With reference to various statements which have appeared in the public prints as to the investments of money said to have been made by our firm for account of the Emperor of the French, or as to stocks and property said to be held by us for his account, we deem it right to state, through the medium of your journal, that at no time have we made any investments for account of the Emperor, and that we do not hold any stocks or objects of value for his account. We shall therefore feel obliged to you for the insertion of this letter, and beg to subscribe ourselves,

Your obedient servants,

BARING BROTHERS.

The Emperor died on January 9, 1873, and on April 27 Messrs. Markby, Parry, and Stewart, solicitors, 37, Coleman Street, wrote to the daily papers as follows:

"The estate of the Emperor Napoleon III. has been sworn under £120,000; but it is right to state that this sum is subject to claims which will reduce the amount actually received by the administratrix [the

Empress Eugénie] to about one-half of the sum named."

Before her departure from the Tuileries, the Empress, acting on the urgent advice of Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, wisely allowed most of her private valuables to be despatched to England, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rabid mob. In March, 1872, there was sold by auction at Christie's a quantity of jewels, described as "the property of a distinguished personage"—in reality the Empress. In all there were 123 lots, which realized about £50,000. A marquise ring, with a pink diamond, surrounded by brilliants, had once belonged to the Empress Josephine. A watch realized £1,660; a brooch, in the form of an anchor, and a companion brooch, £2,150; a necklace composed of forty-one large pearls, £2,400; a brooch with a fine emerald, and one with a square emerald, 5,000 guineas; a brooch with emerald centre, £3,525; a tiara, £2,625; three brilliant pendants, 2,600 guineas; a bracelet, £2,250; and a pair of long earrings, brilliants, £3,255.

Reminiscences of imperial splendours were evoked in the autumn of 1909 by the appearance, in the window of a Regent Street jeweller, of a diamond tiara "formerly the property of the Empress Eugénie."

CHAPTER XX

THE EMPRESS IN FRANCE

WHEN the Empress is in France, she is as a rule free from newspaper comment, and it is only at infrequent intervals that her name is mentioned in the journals. A brief announcement that she has arrived at, or departed from, the Hôtel Continental, which she has made her Paris home for many years—that is all that is heard of her by the public. The Government is apparently quite indifferent respecting the length of her stay ; it might seemingly be permanent, if she chose. Probably the sea-green incorruptibles of the Third Republic are not entirely oblivious of the fact that the relict of Napoleon III. has some powerful friends on the Dover side of the Channel. M. Fallières and M. Clemenceau know this better than all others. More than this, they are fully conscious that the venerable lady who may occasionally be seen taking the air in the Tuileries gardens, or counting her beads at St. Roch, is no more a danger to the State than are the toddling babies and their bonnes.

One of the most public appearances made in Paris by the Empress since her exile was in the summer of 1907, when she drove to Bagatelle, “the Folly of the Comte d’Artois,” and successively the property of the late Marquis of Hertford and his heir, Sir Richard Wallace, where she inspected the pictures collected

by the energy of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Her Majesty stood long before Carolus Duran's portrait of Mélanie, Comtesse de Pourtalès, one of the oldest of her surviving friends ; and Chaplin's portraits of the Comtesse de La Rochefoucauld, *née* Mailly-Nesle (in whom many see a certain resemblance to the imperial lady), and the Comtesse de Kersaint.

What memories must have been aroused as the Empress regarded the fine pastel, by an unnamed artist, of the too-famous Comtesse de Castiglione, who, after turning the heads of all the men at the Tuileries, died poor, friendless, and solitary ! The portraits of the beautiful Lady de Grey, now Marchioness of Ripon (one of Beraud's greatest successes), of the celebrated tragédienne Rachel (who, the late Lord Glenesk assured me, was not superior to Sarah Bernhardt—and he had seen both), of Georges Sand, and of Hortense Schneider (the original Grand Duchess of Gerolstein), claimed the Empress's attention ; for she did not forget that all the wearers of crowns, and all the Princes and Princesses, who were so royally entertained by herself and her consort in 1867, made it a point of honour to see and applaud "the Schneider" in Offenbach's *chef-d'œuvre*, then at the height of its success. The fair Hortense is one of the few survivors of those palmy days. The then King of Prussia, who three years later received the sword of Napoleon III. ; Bismarck ; the Emperor of Austria (hale and hearty in 1910) ; the late King of the Belgians ; the Tycoon of Japan (who is Emperor to-day) ; the spendthrift Ismaïl Pasha (who "went broke" for £90,000,000) ; and even the Sultan Abdul Aziz, who took with him to Paris the recently

deposed Abdul Hamid (then a slip of a boy)—all flocked to the playhouse to hear Schneider warble “Dites Lui.”

The Empress seemed unable to tear herself away from the contemplation of her own image as portrayed by Winterhalter. She, however, prefers the portrait by Hippolyte Holfeld, and most artists will share her opinion, although Queen Victoria considered Winterhalter's picture the most faithful of the two likenesses. By some chance or other, portraits of Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugénie, both by Winterhalter, found their way to Strasburg, and were there sold by auction as recently as March, 1909. It was not until she had made a complete tour of the rooms at Bagatelle that the imperial *revenante* departed. As she drove through the Bois, few could have recognized in the white-haired lady in the black dress the consort of Napoleon III.

Again was the Empress much in evidence in June, 1908, when she spent a full week at the “Continental” on her way from Cap Martin to England. One morning she was to be seen, cheerful and alert, examining the “Hundred Pastels” in the Rue de Sèze ; an hour later again at Bagatelle, the attraction on this occasion being an exhibition of historical portraits, several of which were lent by the Duc d'Orléans, whose “camelots'” antics must have afforded the Empress not a little amusement. At the show of the pastels the Empress had met M. Dubufe, and had expressed a strong desire to examine the portraits in his custody at Bagatelle. M. Dubufe—a prominent Orleanist, and a valued adherent of the Pretender at Wood Norton—gallantly regarded this as a command. He motored to the Bois, and, when the august visitor

arrived at Bagatelle, received her with as much homage as if she were still a reigning Sovereign or the consort of the middle-aged Prince who aspires to the throne once occupied by Louis Philippe.

Accompanied by Comte G. Primoli and M. Pietri, the Empress made a leisurely examination of the works which had been drawing all Paris to Bagatelle. To M. Dubufe, her encyclopædic cicerone, Her Majesty confided her opinion of the portraits; two particularly interested her, for they represented the Duc d'Aumale and the Duc de Montpensier, whom the Empress had personally known. Besides the portraits of the Orleans Princes there were on view some of the works of the great sculptor Carpeaux; and presently the Empress was gazing on the busts of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, and on the medallion of herself which her son had made in the sculptor's studio. The bust of Napoleon III., the "Napoleon of the defeat," was executed by Carpeaux, at Chislehurst, not long before the Emperor's death; that of the Prince dates from the last days of the imperial reign.

Portraits which strongly appealed to the Empress (she could hardly have seen them previously, for they belong to the Duc d'Orléans' family collection) were Ary Scheffer's Queen Amélie, and Isabée's group of Louis Philippe and his children boating one moonlight night. Napoleon III. and his consort had shared the fate of the King and Queen, and, like the Empress, the King had escaped from the Tuileries in a cab only four years before he was replaced by the Emperor. The Empress saw likewise the portraits of the baby Comte de Paris and the Prince de Joinville in his naval uniform; and yet another canvas portraying

Queen Amélie and her children. Presently the imperial lady came to a lifelike portrait of her consort's cousin, Princesse Mathilde, who made that unhappy marriage with the wealthy Russian Prince, Anatole Demidoff. This picture, by Albert Besnard, was the *clou* of the exhibition, and the Empress seemed delighted at finding it at Bagatelle, although no great love was lost between the two ladies. Pleased, also, was the Empress with Cabanel's portrait of her old friend Mme. Carette, who had been her "reader" at the Tuileries; Cabanel, moreover, had painted the best portrait of the Emperor in that Court costume which became him singularly well. And there was Carolus Duran's lifelike picture of Émile de Girardin—how well the Empress remembered him! Not far away was Raffaëlli's study for the portrait of M. Clemenceau which attracts at the Luxembourg; and gazing on this canvas the Empress must have remembered Clemenceau's amusing proposal, shortly after he became a deputy (in 1871), that Corsica, the hearth of the Bonapartes, should be handed over to Italy as a sort of *étrenne*! But the Clemenceaus, father and son, had suffered pains and penalties at Cæsar's hands.

Those who chanced to be at the Church of St. Roch on the following Sunday (June 14) witnessed an unusual spectacle, for the Empress was present at Mass. Before leaving Paris for England, the same day, Her Majesty received, at the "Continental," a few of her most intimate friends.

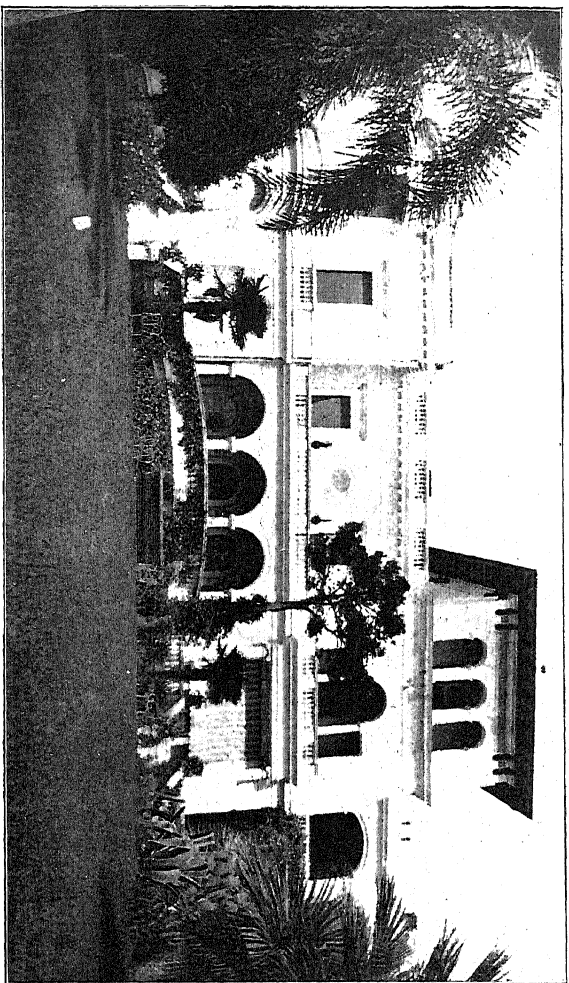
Cap Martin, which the Empress has made her Rivieran home since 1892, is a headland covered with forest, some two miles west of Mentone. When Her Majesty first expressed a desire to have a

permanent home on the shores of the Mediterranean, the Ministers in office (M. Carnot being President) did not favour the idea ; later, however, they gave their consent, and the Empress lost no time in installing herself on Cap Martin.

With her sojourn at Villa Cygnos in the spring of 1910 the Empress entered upon her twentieth consecutive season at Cap Martin. In March, 1891, she arrived for the first time at the Cap Martin Hotel, which has no superior on the Mediterranean coast from Marseilles to Mentone. Her Majesty occupied a delightful *appartement* on the first-floor, and at the Cap Martin she spent the four following winter seasons. During her stay at this charmingly-situated and perfectly-administered house the Empress purchased the land on which Villa Cygnos now stands from the proprietor of the Cap Martin estate, Mr. George Colvin White, of Ayr ; and since then she has passed every winter at this deservedly popular resort.

The Empress is still frequently seen strolling through the picturesque walks on the estate. Not seldom she enters the grand hall of the Cap Martin, and inquires of the genial general manager, Mr. R. C. Ullrich, about the happenings at the hotel, in which she takes the kindest interest.

In 1894 the late Empress of Austria stayed at the Cap Martin while the Empress Eugénie was residing there. One March morning, at six o'clock, the Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at the hotel, and almost immediately personally requested Mr. Ullrich to go to Villa Cygnos and ask the Empress Eugénie when it would be convenient to her to receive him. The verbal message so conveyed much excited the Empress, who had not seen the Austrian Kaiser for



VILLA CYRNOS, CAP MARTIN,
Residence of H.I.M. the Empress Eugénie.

many years. About nine o'clock Mr. Ullrich conducted the imperial visitor to Villa Cynnos, and accompanied His Majesty upstairs. The Empress came out of her *salon* into the corridor, intending to meet the Emperor halfway. The Austrian monarch, with both arms outstretched, hastened towards the imperial lady, saying: "Je ne veux pas vous déranger." The Empress was overcome with emotion, and burst into tears. The Emperor took her arm, and gently led Her Majesty into her *salon*, where hostess and guest remained in conversation for nearly an hour.

It was during one of her periodical visits to her Southern home that this incident occurred. For some time before the downfall of the Empire in 1870, it had, as many will recall, a most bitter and relentless opponent in M. Henri Rochefort, who, in his little scarlet-covered publication, *La Lanterne*, criticized and reviled Napoleon III. and his Court with unflagging pertinacity. M. Rochefort's appearance must, one would think, have been known to the Empress; but I believe she had never seen him *de près* until, by the merest chance, she was brought face to face with him at Monaco a few years ago. The scene of this strange rencontre was, curiously enough, the balloon-shed in which M. Rochefort was discussing aeronautics with M. Santos-Dumont. "As they were talking, the Empress, who had driven over from Villa Cynnos, unexpectedly made her appearance in the shed. M. Rochefort stood stiff and erect, holding his hat in his hand, and the Empress very slightly inclined her head. Neither spoke."

Faint echoes of the Empress's annual *villégiature* at Cap Martin are wafted to England at intervals, and we learn that this or that royal personage has been

spending some agreeable days at Cynos. With such stereotyped records even the Paris journals which daily regale their readers with the items known as *mondanités* content themselves. Once in a decade or so their columns are thrown wide open to some brilliant impressionist, and then we get in harmonious prose, which poets might envy, a seductive symphony of the "Impératrice douloureuse" in her Southern home or in some silent city temple. We may not unprofitably pause a moment to listen to the rhythmic cadences of one of these harmonists :*

Over there, on the shore of the blue sea, in the shade of the palms and the eucalyptus, swayed eternally by the salt breeze, in the perfume of its violets and its myrtles, the Villa Cynos has reopened its portals. And over the whitening head of the Empress the pale leaves of the olives, their venerable roots twisted in the red soil, droop in salutation once again. And when, towards eventide, the sun, weary of pouring all the day his splendid vitality over this favoured land, sinks behind the far-distant summits of the Estérels, in masses of molten gold and fiery crimson, there may be sometimes seen the grave silhouette of the Sovereign, leaning on the ebony cane, slowly descending the flowered terrace leading down to the sea.

As in bygone years, she will, perhaps, at this silent hour, when a great hush comes over all Nature, watch the waves spending themselves at her feet all along the shore which they lave ; and the anemones and the roses of the parterres gliding down to the blue waters will gather yet more beauty from the humid air. In presence of the wavelets melting on the shore, as if exhausted by the voyage, she, meditating, will perhaps ask herself why they die here. Are there not other depths, other oceans as vast, thrusting forward, without ceasing, billows also tinged with infinite bitterness ? But these come, since many days, to burst upon the heart without consuming it, without letting it die. Their billows do not fall upon the soul like revivifying dew ; they leave in their reflow a flood of tears. The roots which they bathe no longer give forth fresh

* M. Alexandre de Gabriac, in the *Gaulois*.

verdure. No sap rises to the dead tree-tops. Their plaintive cry does not cease with eventide; the murmur of the breeze does not equal the depth of their sighs.

Anon the scene is a dimly lighted church, a kneeling figure its solitary occupant :

Two tapers burn in the gloom before Our Lady of Sorrows. All else is steeped in a religious shade. Silence reigns—the silence of the tomb. Without, there is the sound of tumult—the great roar of Paris, coming from the Boulevard, and dying away at the portal of the funereal crypt. And one leaves the church without seeing any other visitor—only this Shadow, draped in black. Upon the white hair the widow's veil. Illumined by the pale gleam of the tapers, and detaching themselves from the heavy folds of the crape, are the regular traits, marble-like, of a pure profile: the silhouette, revealed thus *en passant*, of the august visitor traversing Paris, the imperial habitant of Cap Martin, come here in pious pilgrimage, at the close of day.

. . . On the shores of the Blue Coast the cry of sorrow remains. The groves of Cap Martin extend their soothing shadow over the pale face of a sorrowing Empress. And sometimes, when the sun is sinking behind the blue mountains, there comes into view a majestic silhouette, leaning upon an ebony cane, pacing slowly the terrace leading to the shore, pensively questioning the expiring waves.

All along the “Blue Coast” there is no more captivating spot than the little peninsula of Cap Martin, whereon, by the grace of the Government of the Republic, the Empress resides, under her own roof-tree, for many months every winter and spring. The august châtelaine of Villa Cynos appreciates the Cape for its manifold beauties and its agreeable seclusion, just as she values the quietude of her delightful Hampshire home, fringed by venerable oaks and tapering pines. Assuredly she did not require much, if any, pressing to make this glorious headland that French home for which she had sighed fully twenty years before the realization of her dream.

Naturally, what every new visitor to Cap Martin first inquires about is Villa Cynos, and whether there is any likelihood of seeing the Empress. Those who spend a few days at the Cape will certainly catch a glimpse of the great lady, and, should she be walking, they will be surprised at finding her anything but the "decrepit old woman" of the imaginative reporter. The balmy air, the soft winds, the bright sun, and the sparkling sea appear to have rejuvenated her physically and mentally, so that she is as capable of discussing the world's affairs now as she was a quarter of a century ago, when she was in her autumnal prime. She talks as delightfully as ever in her native Spanish, in French (but that of course), and in English, in which she has been long absolutely proficient. She followed events in Turkey in 1908-9 with the keenest interest, not devoid of sympathy for the deposed Sultan, whose overthrow recalled with realistic vividness the fate of her consort and herself. And she saw with a certain degree of satisfaction the triumph at Sofia of King Ferdinand, the nephew of her old Orleanist friend, the Duc d'Aumale.

Since Cynos became the imperial villa, it has witnessed the coming and going of more illustrious and notable personages than any other residence on the French littoral, "*où les cœurs épris ont toujours vingt ans.*" The Emperor Francis Joseph (despite the painful misunderstanding with Napoleon III. in 1870) and the murdered Empress Elizabeth, the late King Leopold, the King of Wurtemberg, Princesses of our own royal house, Ambassadors and Ministers, ecclesiastical dignitaries, the Murat Princes and Princesses; her husband's relative, the Dowager Duchesse d'Aoste (second wife, and now widow, of her uncle, the one-time

King of Spain—only sister, too, of the Bonapartist Pretender); men of letters and of science, and a few of the *fine fleur* of our aristocracy—these are only some of those who have crossed the threshold of Villa Cynos since the day of the housewarming nearly twenty years ago.*

The people of Cap Martin have tender memories of an imperial lady, not of the House of Bonaparte, who loved to ramble amongst the olives and along its shores, and who, like the mistress of Villa Cynos, was cruelly entreated by remorseless Fate. Crossing the Gorbio over the Elizabeth Bridge, you come to an imposing monument. Olives and palms environ it, and it is surmounted by a bronze palm-tree. The Mentone people erected it in 1899 "to perpetuate the souvenir of the sojourns of Her Majesty Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, in 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1897." Another Empress often comes to gaze upon it, and to murmur a little prayer for the victim of Luccheni's dagger.

* In March, 1910, the "Sovereigns' roll" of visitors to this Rivieran resort was lengthened by the presence of the King of Sweden, who stayed at the Cap Martin Hotel.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EMPRESS'S SUCCESSFUL LAWSUIT AGAINST THE STATE

ON May 8, 1907, judgment was given by the First Civil Tribunal of the Seine in the case "The Empress Eugénie *v.* The Prefect of the Seine." The decision of the Court was in favour of the august plaintiff. It was announced later that the State intended to appeal.

The Empress began her action in 1875,* so that the case was before the French Courts for thirty-two years! Her Majesty claimed the restoration to her of "objects appertaining to the private property of Napoleon III.," basing her demand on a *Senatus Consultum* of the early years of her husband's reign.

The Emperor's "personal possessions" were legally settled on December 12, 1857; the *chute* of the Empire came on September 4, 1870, two days after Napoleon had surrendered to the King of Prussia; and in 1875 the widowed Empress began her action

* Initial steps had been taken by Her Majesty soon after the Emperor's death, and at the end of January, 1874, M. Rouher came to Chislehurst to report to the Empress respecting a contract entered into with M. Magne for the restoration of the imperial property. Up to March, 1910, no "appeal" had been reported.

“to recover from the imperial palaces—become national estates since the establishment of the Third Republic—certain property, which had belonged to the Emperor personally, as distinct from that Crown property which had reverted to the nation.”

With some rare exceptions, all the inventories of the art collections in the various palaces were destroyed by the Communards in the spring of 1871. Despite this, however, the Administration of the Public Domains, after patient research extending over something like a quarter of a century, was in a position to make a very complete catalogue of objects of art and vertu, housed in the various “palaces,” which were admittedly the personal “goods and chattels” of Napoleon III. These were declared by the Court in 1907 to belong to the Empress Eugénie, the sole executrix, and the Seine Tribunal ordered them to be delivered to her.

The official list of what was declared to be the sole property of the Empress contains hundreds of items, mostly of great value. After the delivery of the judgment, only one person could be found who was in a position to give a coherent account of this *cause célèbre*—M. Firmin Rainbeaux, the sole survivor of the representatives of the Empress in the liquidation of the objects of the Civil List, who for thirty years had zealously occupied himself with the matter. M. Rainbeaux supplied documents and other material to M. Jean Agrève, whose ability in weaving the mass of detail into a comprehensible narrative (in the *Gaulois*) I gladly recognize.

From the outset it was stipulated that the pictures by David, Gros, Cabanel, and Meissonier, although purchased by the Emperor with his own money, should

not be included in the objects to be returned to the Empress. A judgment delivered on February 12, 1879, ordered the accounts between the State and the Empress to be examined. That judgment also decided what furniture belonged to the private domain, and consequently had to be returned to the Empress.

Forming part of the private domain, according to the 1879 judgment, were (1) the statues, busts, sculptures, and pictures, bought by the Emperor, which had been deposited in the Louvre and other museums, and had not hitherto been the object of the *placement* foreseen by Article 6 of the *Senatus Consultum* of December 12, 1852. (2) The pictures, marbles, and statues, bought by the Emperor, and paid for out of the funds of the Civil List; which, although having been placed provisionally in an imperial house, had been inscribed upon the inventories of the private domain, but had not been inventoried as objects belonging to the Crown, and had not been labelled with a mark indicating that they belonged to the private domain. The judgment of 1879 informed the *Préfet* of the Seine that the State would give up the pictures, portraits, and other objects, which were of no interest either from the artistic or the historical point of view, but had a private and sometimes a personal character.

The accounts were made out, and it appeared that the State admitted owing the Empress 2,287,205 francs (£91,493), with 5 per cent. interest from the beginning of the action in December, 1875. This decision was not accepted by those acting for the Empress, who demanded 2,000,000 francs (£80,000) more. This brought about a deadlock, which continued for twenty years. A judgment of the Seine Tribunal of January 12, 1899, settled the pecuniary matters.

The Empress's representatives abandoned the claim to an extra 2,000,000 francs. There was then an agreed sum of £91,493 due to the Empress by the State, plus interest. Her Majesty generously relinquished all interest. Nevertheless, the tribunal ordered the State to pay the claimant £91,493 and 5 per cent. interest for five years, or until the money was paid. But the State did *not* pay the amount, or any part of it, and the judicial decision remained a dead-letter. The Empress, at least, hoped to have returned to her the pictures, portraits, and other objects, which were "of no interest either from the artistic or the historical point of view," which the State offered to restore to her in 1879. She once more claimed the return of these souvenirs, and on November 17, 1899, consented to forgo three years' interest, amounting to 400,000 francs (£16,000).

Although by the judgment of the First Tribunal of the Seine, dated February 12, 1879, the Préfet of the Seine was notified that the State was ready to restore the objects in question, they were not restored, and up to 1907 the judgment remained *lettre morte*. The Empress knew that the inventories had been burnt in 1870 and incompletely rewritten, and she requested the Tribunal of the Seine to examine her list.

Amongst the objects claimed by, and ordered to be restored to, the Empress is a barometer by Grobé, a reproduction of a clock of the Louis XVI. period which is in the Louvre. In 1870 this barometer was inscribed in the inventories of the private domain under the number 12,465. Another much-prized object was a lady's bureau of the period of Louis XVI., purchased by the Empress with her own money at the sale at the Prince of Beauvau's. This was numbered 13,437, but

in the course of thirty-seven years the labels had disappeared. To proceed with the catalogue, there are a musical clock, with a statuette in white marble; and a piece of Gobelin tapestry, representing the First Consul in a red coat, after Gros' not very familiar picture. Both were included in the bequests of the Emperor's mother, Queen Hortense, and Napoleon III. had removed them from Arenenberg.

When the Musée des Souverains was formed, many well-known collectors, possessors of historical curiosities, were invited to lend some of their treasures to the museum, and by the side of these loans the Emperor placed in the museum a number of objects which figure in the catalogue drawn up by M. Barbet de Jouy, inscribed: "Belonging to the Emperor." In this category are sixty-three exhibits—arms, saddles, clothes, hats, etc.—which belonged to Napoleon I. These were either left by his uncle to Napoleon III. or were given to the latter by private individuals; and amongst them are the bench upon which the exiled Emperor used to repose at St. Helena—the gift of Mr. Baker, a resident on the island—and a cane presented to the exile by Colonel Barnes, of the garrison.

"Belonging to the Emperor" also in the Musée des Souverains were a portion of the sword-belt of Pépin le Bref; a casket said to have belonged to St. Louis, formerly in the Abbey of Lys, and purchased by the Emperor Napoleon III., with his own money, for 12,000 francs (£480); a window and a fragment of the prison of St. Louis at Mansourah; a casket which belonged to King Henry II.; the cordon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, belonging to Louis XVI.; and a box, covered with painted silk, believed to have been the property of Marie Antoinette.

Many years ago it was decided by the Government to exclude from the Musée des Souverains several of the historical relics associated with monarchy, and these were returned to the lenders. Thus it was that the late Princesse Mathilde resumed possession of her souvenirs of Napoleon I., which she bequeathed either to Prince Napoleon (the Pretender) or to his brother, General Prince Louis Bonaparte; while to General Petit was given back the Fontainebleau flag, and to the Marquis de Turenne d'Aynac and other collectors were returned the objects which they had lent. The Empress Eugénie was not treated on the same footing as the other lenders. The Prince Imperial's cradle—the beautiful work of Froment-Meurice—was, it is true, restored to her; but, at the request of Prince Murat, she lent it to the Retrospective Exhibition of 1900. When that closed, incredible as it may seem, the City of Paris refused to return the cradle. The Empress thereupon presented it to the Musée Carnavalet, requiring only that it should be labelled, “Donnée par l'Impératrice.”

At the Palace of the Élysée, the home of the President during his septennate, there are seven “pieces”; at the Palace of Fontainebleau, fifty-three, including a book given by Pope Pius IX. to Napoleon III.; at the Palace of Compiègne, twenty-nine; one at the Trianon, two at Rambouillet, four at the Museum of the Louvre, and, as previously indicated, an immense number at what was formerly styled the Musée des Souverains.

From the museum at Compiègne will come one of Daubigny's famous landscapes; from the Trianon, a pastel portrait of Louis Seize; from the Louvre, a piece of Gobelin tapestry. Also to be returned to

the Empress are two swords of the First Emperor ; the bit of the charger which he rode at Waterloo ; the celebrated *redingote grise* ; the tricoloured cockade which appeared in the Emperor's hat when he took farewell of the Guards at Fontainebleau, after signing his abdication ; two hats, one of them from St. Helena ; some spoils of battle which the conqueror picked up from the ground near the Pyramids after a battle ; and a variety of other objects.

The judgment of 1907, ordering 538 objects of art, etc., to be handed to the Empress, aroused one of the leading papers, the *Matin*, to frenzy. In an article headed "Au voleur ! Au voleur !" it thus amusingly expressed itself :

"The Empress Eugénie pleaded against the Préfet of the Seine. As soon as the judgment became known, that judgment which hands over to the ex-Sovereign 538 objects from our museums, the reporters hastened to the Préfecture. There they were informed that nobody knew anything about the case ! The Préfet, they said, was proceeded against in his official capacity. That means that he was made defendant without being defendant. The reporters were told to inquire at the office of the Domains. They went thither, and were told that no one knew anything of the matter ! 'See our lawyer, Maître Denormandie. He is a charming man and *très bien élevé*. Besides, he is the lawyer of the Princes of Orleans.'

"The reporters go to see Maître Denormandie, who is furious, and tells them that he is not going to reveal any secrets to them.

"Now, finally, what Administration, what *mandataire*, has put itself in accord (*s'est mis d'accord*) with the Empress Eugénie in order to deliver to her

538 objects from our museums? ‘We know nothing about it,’ says the Domains. ‘I shall say nothing,’ says the lawyer. ‘Ce n’est pas moi,’ says the Préfet of the Seine.

“Yesterday we asked the Minister of Finance what his intentions were, and if he meant to appeal against the judgment given in favour of the Empress. He also declared that he knew nothing about the affair. He was, however, about to get the dossier (the particulars of the case), and would study it.

“All the better! All the better! But what a misfortune that no one was found to study the dossier before the delivery of the judgment! It is a question of millions—do not let us forget this! And it is truly extraordinary that the State should have decided to abandon those millions without the Minister of Finance, or the Director of the Domains, or the Préfet of the Seine—all three the guardians of our fortune—knowing anything about it. We want to know who instructed Maître Denormandie to draw up an agreed judgment (*un jugement d’accord*).”

The *Matin* gave illustrations of “quelques-uns des objets d’art que l’Impératrice veut nous ravir,” and a few weeks later returned to the charge in the following heart-rending strain:

“When the singular judgment of May 8 was made known, we alone perceived the monstrosity which was about to be committed. It was then that we exclaimed: ‘We are going to be robbed! Help!’ We had to repeat for several days this cry of appeal and distress in order to get the Administration to consent to hear us. The State is now going to appeal. But what a singular *avoué* the Administration of the Domains retained! He put himself in accord with his

legal *confrère* on the other side in order that the State, which he represented, might be despoiled of works of art valued at 5,000,000 francs. And he demanded the confirmation of a judgment which the State is now obliged to appeal against! What a singular *avoué*!

"We cried 'Au voleur!' and our voice has been heard. . . . Our museums will not now be despoiled. Those riches, those relics, which are our joy and our pride, will remain ours; they are saved." [The *Matin* assumed that the hoped-for appeal of the State against the judgment would be successful!] "They will not be scattered about amongst foreign collections after the death of the Empress. We must say that it was not to carry them with her to the tomb, the edges of which are already brushed by her mourning veil, that the widow of Napoleon III. obstinately demanded things which do not belong to her, but which are ours—ours, we French people. What would she do with them? Offer them to her friends, who are not all our friends? Offer them to Sovereigns, present them to the museums of other countries in gratitude for the consideration which she has met with on her road of exile?

"By this unexpected judgment, arrived at by an understanding between counsel, abandoning to the plaintiff the objects claimed, which 'are not family property, which neither from the point of view of history nor from that of art present any interest'—the casket of the King St. Louis, worth 200,000 francs (£8,000); the bureau of Marie Antoinette, worth 500,000 francs (£20,000); the sumptuous saddles, the magnificent arms picked up by our soldiers on the battle-field—all these things would have gone from us if we had not guarded them."

But the Empress has been long in possession of many other treasures and precious relics besides those which, by the terms of the judgment of 1907, the French Government was ordered by its own tribunal to return to Her Majesty ; and in addition to those at Farnborough Hill, detailed in a previous chapter.

In May, 1906, the announcement was made that the Empress had presented the château, or villa, of Arenenberg to the canton of Thurgau, that the building was to be transformed into a school of agriculture, and that the contents of the château were destined to ornament the walls and cases of a museum in Switzerland. It was at Arenenberg that much of the early youth of Napoleon III. was passed, and his filial affection had led him to collect a vast number of pictures, objects of art, relics, and furniture, all more or less associated with the family history. Two or three years ago it was said that the Empress, "indifferent to the souvenirs which bedeck, with a melancholy beauty, these old walls, had presented them to the canton of Thurgau."

There were at this château of Arenenberg, which the Empress Eugénie, since her exile, used to visit regularly, innumerable souvenirs of Bonapartism. There were the Empress Josephine's harp ; the harpsichord played on by Queen Hortense—her rocking-horse, her story-books, and her music-books. On the walls of the villa a prominent position was accorded to Gros' celebrated picture, "Bonaparte à Lodi," and to a sketch of Napoléon Eugène, who died when very young. Then there were the portraits of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais ; of the First Emperor, by the great David ; of the King of Rome, of the Empress Josephine, of "Madame Mère," of King Louis of

Holland, of Mme. Campan, and of the Prince Imperial (painted at St. Cloud in 1870, shortly before he set out for the war).

There was to be seen, too, by those privileged to ramble through the château, a bust of Byron ; while strangers gazed curiously at the camp-bed used by Napoleon III. during the campaign of 1870—used, however, very seldom ; and the Emperor's carriages, which did not, I fancy, undergo much wear and tear in the month of August of the "Terrible Year." There was, too, at Arenenberg the carriage in which Napoleon III. is said to have crossed the battle-field of Sedan after the disaster ; it may be so. . . . The château of Arenenberg is near the Rhine and the Lake of Constance, and it was here that Queen Hortense died in 1837, and that her son, Napoleon III., lived when he held a commission in the Swiss artillery.

Then there is La Malmaison, which since 1906 has been one of those museums with which Paris is so largely endowed. This charming property, so rich in its historical associations, was purchased by the late M. Osiris, a wealthy Greek, who resided in Paris until his much-regretted death. M. Osiris, with characteristic generosity, made a free gift of Malmaison to the State, which, however, hesitated to accept it, inasmuch as there was no furniture in the house. That difficulty was soon overcome, and in the month of July, 1906, Malmaison was thrown open to the public in its completed state—the noble gift of M. Osiris.

The very name Malmaison conjures up the glories of the First Empire, for here it was that the First Consul and Mme. Bonaparte resided, and here that the repudiated Empress Josephine lived, sur-

rounded by a few faithful friends. Here, one reads, she kept up the semblance of a Court, "a poor and pathetic make-believe." Here, too, on a stone bench in the garden, had sat Bonaparte just before his departure for Elba. Since Malmaison housed, first, Napoleon Bonaparte, and, secondly, the grandmother of Napoleon III., Josephine, who died there in 1814, the building has undergone many changes; but now the original furniture is there "to speak unerringly of Napoleon and his deserted consort, and of the whole family of Bonapartes."

This furniture has a history. Some of it came from the national stores; all of it is closely connected with the history of the House of Bonaparte; but, strange to say, the most interesting pieces are the gifts of the Empress Eugénie. And this it is which, in conjunction with the imperial lady's *gain de cause*, brings Malmaison into the category of actuality; for it is hoped that she will transfer to Malmaison many of the valuable objects which the First Civil Tribunal adjudged to be hers.

Some of the furniture at Malmaison was acquired, at various times, by the Empress Eugénie, and some by Queen Hortense (Josephine's daughter), mother of Napoleon III. This furniture and other priceless objects were placed in 1906, without much attempt at order, in the hall adjoining the chamber once occupied by Josephine; and amongst them are a bust of that lady and portraits of Pashas brought by Napoleon I. from Egypt after his campaign in the Land of the Pyramids. The visitor sees a small mahogany box; it looks uncommonly like a receptacle for gloves or ribbons. But it was much more than that. It was, in truth, Napoleon's private casket, which held some

of his most secret and confidential papers. In the lid is a slit, not too easily perceived, through which the documents glided. There is a lock, cleverly dissimulated under a small steel ornament; and it has been well said of this imperial box, which the Empress Eugénie must have been loth to part with, that "no jewel-case of a famous lady could tell more secrets than this unpretentious casket, which has sheltered an Emperor's intrigues."*

The bureau of Napoleon I. is one of the valued curios of the many at Malmaison. It is in mahogany, ornamented with bronze figures; and in it the Emperor kept his military plans, the rather fantastic scheme for invading England included. Seated at this bureau, he prepared the campaign of 1805, the end of which was Austerlitz—and "'twas a famous victory." In front of the desk you may see, and even sit down in, the chair used by the "Little Corporal." There is the harp with which Josephine was wont to solace her ennui. How often did its strings vibrate for the benefit of Napoleon Bonaparte, the artillery Lieutenant! Some of those strings have gone long since, and some of the golden bees and stars are lacking. Such is the "atmosphere" of La Malmaison to-day.

With what gratified surprise must the Empress have heard, at the moment of her arrival at Cap Martin from Ceylon, in the first days of April, 1908, that a portion of the château of Malmaison was to be devoted to the immediate formation of a veritable Napoleonic museum! M. Jean Ajalbert, conservator of Malmaison, conceived this luminous idea, and M. Clemenceau, M. Pichon, M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, and other members of the then Cabinet, spontaneously gave

* Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

the project their warm encouragement. A strange spectacle, indeed, that of the Government of the Republic supplementing the venerable Empress's many invaluable gifts to La Malmaison by the addition of other Napoleonic souvenirs from the National Garde-Meuble and other depots !

CHAPTER XXII

SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW

“ Demain c’est Moscou qui allume le soir comme un flambeau ;
Demain c’est la vieille garde s’en allant par la plaine ;
Demain c’est Waterloo ; demain c’est Sainte Hélène ;
Et demain c’est le tombeau ! ”*

NAPOLÉON III. found his Moscow at Gravelotte and at Beaumont—his Waterloo at Sedan. To-morrow it was Wilhelmshöhe : “ Et demain c’est le tombeau.”

After forty years, few remain of those who filled the great parts in the tragedy which humiliated one Empire and laid the foundations of another.

After forty years ! There is one who remembers. What does she see as the panorama of the past is slowly unfolded ?

* * * * *

In the council-chamber of a palace, an Emperor and his Ministers deliberate with anxious mien over the proposal of a neighbouring Power to place a Teutonic Prince on a vacant throne. Cæsar, worn and bent by his dire malady, is all for temporizing. Then, to the amazement of all the world, the veteran King and his man of blood and iron are confronted by a declaration of war.

The boulevards echo with frantic cries of “ To Berlin ! ” By thousands and by scores of thousands

* Victor Hugo.

armed men pace the streets, marching blithely to their doom. Cæsar and his child-son depart, and a beautiful Woman presides over the destinies of France.

On the frontier the enemy's helmeted outposts are driven in; the town on the Saar is bombarded; the red-trousered host occupy a corner of Prussian territory for a few hours; and all France rings with the cry of victory. And the poor little Prince has had his baptism of fire!

A battle-field—another—and another! The dogs of war are all unchained. Up the Spicherenberg swarm the men with helmets, to be shot down, mown down, trampled down. The plain and the hillside are tinted with the blood of the heroes; but the invaders prevail, and the Napoleonic legions are slain, and routed, and captured; and so the scene closes in.

Harvest! The golden grain bends to the breeze; all is ready for the reapers, but they come not. The corn is trampled under foot by the fighting men. The orchards are heavy with fruit, but there are none to gather it; and the grape-pickers—where are they? They are on the hillside at Spicheren, on the plain at Reichshofen, in the woods and vales around Beaumont, on the ensanguined fields of Lorraine, the light of life gone out of them for ever. The thew and muscle of the two great countries, the flower of an Emperor's and a King's armies, are lying side by side, and the air is full of the lamentations of the widows and the fatherless!

August, the blood-month, has passed, and in the autumnal dawn the still-contending hosts are marshalled on the hills and plains and in the valleys threaded by the river, from whose calm bosom rise the silvery mists of September. September! never to be

forgotten by the sons and daughters of France, for it marks the overthrow of an Empire and the girdling of a capital with a band of iron.

Towns are ablaze. Wherever the gaze wanders, it rests on white faces upturned to the blue sky, on stiffened limbs shattered by bullet and shell, on the wounded groaning in their agony, on nigh 100,000 captives—anon, upon an Emperor surrendering his sword to his “good brother,” the all-victorious King. The white flag floats in the soft air over the citadel, and the heart of the world stands still as the electric thread carries the words of defeat and victory to the uttermost regions of the earth.

“Nun danket alle Gott!” The strains of the hymn of thanksgiving mingle with the shrieks and moans of the maimed. Victor and vanquished lie side by side on the blood-stained turf. No laurel crowns for them.

But the end is not yet. The conquered millions must be made to drain the bitter cup to the dregs. The victors overrun the land like locusts. Here the highways are blocked by the defeated, trailing sadly and sullenly, now through the dust, anon through the storm and mire of the Slough of Despond which leads—whither? For some among them even “to Berlin!”

Proudly the victors march—to Paris.

* * * *

But She can see no more.

She turns away from the picture, her eyes dim with tears, her heart lacerated by grief. What are her thoughts? Do they linger on that fateful day at St. Cloud when Cæsar tore the Declaration of War into pieces; when, later, he signed the missive which

was to plunge two nations into war? Do they stray across the seas—to the mealie-fields by Ityotyozî? In this retreat which she has made her home it may well be that she strives to forget.

And in the Abbey of the Benedictines, on the verge of the pine-woods, lie Cæsar and Cæsar's son.

CHAPTER XXIII

HER "GREAT" YEARS: 1906—1910

ISCHL, BERGEN, CEYLON, MADRID, IRELAND

FROM March, 1880—when the Empress voyaged to Zululand, and, accompanied by General (now Field-Marshal) Sir Evelyn and the late Lady Wood, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Campbell, and the Marquis (afterwards Duc) de Bassano, visited the scene of her son's death—until 1906, Her Imperial Majesty lived in comparative seclusion at her new residence, Farnborough Hill, even as she had lived in retirement at Chislehurst. It was not until some twenty years after her removal from Chislehurst that the French Government courteously permitted her to reside at Cap Martin, where she has since passed the late winter and the early spring months—"The world forgetting, by the world forgot," or nearly so. It seems unnecessary to withdraw the veil which concealed, or at least obscured, that period of the illustrious lady's existence. It is with her public appearances from 1906 downwards that we have now to deal in some little detail.

On May 5, 1906, the Empress, who was then at Cap Martin, celebrated her eightieth birthday; and in July she visited the Emperor of Austria at Ischl. Her reappearance, after her nearly thirty-six years' withdrawal from the public gaze, surprised the Courts

and Chancelleries, who learnt that the Ischl visit was the result merely of a birthday letter addressed to Her Majesty by the Emperor Francis Joseph. Prior to the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva, and later, the Emperor had been received at Villa Cygnos; and in his interesting volume of reminiscences, "*Leurs Majestés*," which began to appear in the *Quinzaine Illustrée* at the end of 1909, M. Xavier Paoli, the ex-"Protector of Sovereigns," records the last visit to Cap Martin of the unfortunate Kaiserin (who was accompanied by her consort), and what proved to be the final adieux of the two imperial ladies.

The Emperor Francis Joseph selected for the Empress Eugénie's brief three days' sojourn at Ischl the Hôtel Elizabeth, where she occupied the apartments which, in 1908, were again tenanted by King Edward, as they had been by the German Emperor on a previous occasion. The Empress Eugénie, travelling as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds, left Venice on July 10 for Villach, where she slept, and reached Ischl, in the imperial train provided for her by her host, on the 11th. Her small suite comprised M. Franceschini Pietri, Mme. Vescey (lady-in-waiting), a maidservant, and two grooms of the chamber.

The Empress found the Ischl railway-station besieged by a vast concourse, curious and anxious to see for the first time one who had formerly been the most beautiful and most discussed woman in Europe. They gazed upon a lady, in unrelieved black, whose ebony cane seemed to be anything but indispensable; for the Empress walked firmly along the platform, and smilingly greeted the Kaiser, who kissed her cheek—a little gallantry which deeply

touched, and perhaps a little surprised, her. The Archduchess Valérie was presented by her father, as was Count Paar, His Majesty's aide-de-camp; and then, leaning on the Kaiser's arm, the Empress was led to the carriage in which, her host and his daughter accompanying her, she was driven to the Hôtel Elizabeth. The enthusiastic cheers of the crowd greatly moved the Empress; they were the first of such demonstrations of welcome she had heard for more than thirty years!

At the hotel the Empress found, amongst other despatches awaiting her, a telegram from Princess Pauline Metternich, whose rôle at the Tuileries, at Compiègne, and at Fontainebleau, during the apogee of the Empire, needs no emphasizing. There were the regulation visits, and then the gallant Kaiser took the Empress for a drive through the picturesque country surrounding Ischl, that "green cup in the hills," which has been poetically described as "in many ways the idyllic image of the Valley of Avilion." There was no escort, nobody was "in attendance"; it was all delightfully unceremonious, unconventional, and homely. Some may even have discovered in that Ischl drive a vestige of romance, tinged with tragic souvenirs.

The Kaiser escorted the Empress to and from the imperial villa, where a family dinner had been arranged in her honour. Stormy weather prevented an excursion to the Wolfgangsee. The Empress received only one visitor, the Countess Szechenyi, wife of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Rome. When the time for departure came, the Kaiser escorted his delighted guest to the railway-station. The Empress bowed low in bidding farewell to her host

and the members of the imperial family. On her arrival at Ischl the Empress caused it to be made known that she had not been photographed since 1879, and she begged that she might not be "taken" during her stay.

On Sunday, July 15, the Empress was back in Paris, having had, on her way to Ischl, a closer view of Mount Vesuvius than she had been able to obtain at the time of her previous journeys to Italy.

At Bergen, in Norwegian waters, on Sunday, July 27, 1907, the Empress, then cruising in the *Thistle*, received, for the first time, the German Emperor. This totally unexpected, and in many ways surprising, interview of the grandson of the monarch to whom Napoleon III. surrendered at Sedan with the former Empress of the French was perhaps the most remarkable episode in Her Majesty's life since her exile. No official information concerning it was forthcoming at Berlin. The English journals accorded it two lines, without a word of comment. The German Press lost itself in speculations, more or less amusing, respecting the object of the meeting and the steps which had been taken to bring it about. The Emperor of Austria was credited with having arranged the interview at the urgent request of the Empress, who, it was boldly asserted by some German papers, had "confided to the Emperor William matters of great political importance," which she had not hitherto revealed. All this was asserted by the semi-official *North German Gazette* to be imaginary; and probably it was. It must have surprised many that King Edward, as an intimate of the dethroned Sovereign and of the Emperor William, escaped the implication of having paved the way for the meeting

off Bergen. It was curious that the interview, the likelihood of which no one had ventured to predict, was not commented on by any of the leading French journals.

It is possible that, one of these days, by some pardonable "indiscretion" or other, we shall be told what passed between the Empress and the Kaiser when they came together for the first, and probably for the last, time on board the *Thistle* in the second of Her Majesty's "great" years. It is to be remarked that since 1867, when most of the world's rulers were entertained at the Tuileries by the Emperor and Empress of the French, no Prussian Sovereign had exchanged a word with the Empress Eugénie. The Bergen interview, then, was a subject for some great painter to commemorate on canvas, a theme for the historian, an episode for the poet; for here we had the epilogue of the "Terrible Year" represented on the deck of an English yacht in Scandinavian waters.

If the journey to Ischl in 1906 had been a surprise, the announcement, at the beginning of 1908, that the Empress was about to leave for Ceylon, was taken as an indication that Her Majesty had resolved to practically illustrate the axiom that, while a man is "as old as he looks," a woman is only "as old as she feels." Although the Empress had been staying, as usual, at the Continental for a full fortnight, the Paris papers were not very well informed about the voyage to Ceylon; even the published list of those selected to accompany her was amusingly inaccurate. "The Empress's suite," wrote M. Pietri, in reply to my inquiry, "consists of Mme. d'Attainville, Mlle. de Castelbajac, Miss Vaughan, and myself. Also accom-



Rolando Bonespante.

1910.

*Photograph by
Eug. Piron, 23 Rue Royale Paris.*

To face p. 344.

panying Her Majesty are Comte Clary, Comte Malvezzi, and Dr. Vitmann."

On January 9 the Empress and her little party left Paris for Marseilles, and on the 11th they embarked on the P. and O. steamer *Mooltan* for "the Scented Island."

The 9th was the anniversary of the Emperor's death, and the principal members of the Bonapartist party assembled in the Church of St. Augustin to assist at the requiem for the repose of his soul. When they remembered that thirty-five years had elapsed since the death of Napoleon III., even casual onlookers must have marvelled at the strength of the link which still binds imperialists together. Round the catafalque were seven tricolours, surmounted by the imperial eagle, held by delegates of the Imperial Committees. It was, in fact, an imperialist demonstration, without any attempt at Governmental interference.

Two Bonapartist Princes—Roland and General Louis—might have been present; but both were amongst the few absentees. The Empress was represented by Prince Murat. Here and there were seen the Duchesse de Mouchy, the Princesse de la Moskowa, Baron and the Baronne de Bourgoing, Baron Verly, M. and Mme. Gavini de Campile (the latter died in 1909), Comte Primoli (not infrequently to be found at Farnborough Hill as the guest of his illustrious relative), the Duc de Feltre, Comte Fleury (a son of the famous general who was one of the Emperor's most devoted friends), the members of the Committee of Appeal to the People, survivors (after thirty-eight years) of the magnificent Cent-Gardes and of the dashing Garde Impériale, and some old servants of

the imperial household as it existed in 1870. It was a day of coincidences, for it was on January 9, twenty years previously, that the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial were removed from Chislehurst to the mausoleum at Farnborough; and while this memorial service was proceeding at St. Augustin's, the Lord Abbot of St. Michael's, Farnborough, was singing a Mass (of the Octave of the Epiphany) for Napoleon III. and his son, in the presence of all the Benedictine Monks, who owe their beautiful home to the generosity of the Empress.

Most notable of all the Empress's "great" years was 1909, when, in May and July, she visited Spain and Ireland.

A few days after celebrating her eighty-third birthday the Empress journeyed from Cap Martin to Madrid, where she was the guest of her grand-nephew, the Duc d'Albe, was entertained by the King and Queen at the royal palace, attended a strikingly picturesque ceremony at the palace chapel on Ascension Day, and was present at a memorable religious function at Loeches.

At Madrid the Empress was, once more, *chez elle*. How often had she curtsied to Queen Isabella in the throne-room! Many times had she walked up the wide stairs leading from the entrance in Palmeria Square to the *salle des fêtes*—walked between the 200 liveried and powdered domestics ranged on the steps. How well she remembered passing through the endless rooms, all brilliantly illuminated; through the *grandiose saleta*, with its ceiling painted by Maella and its gigantic lustre of old rock crystal; and so into the throne-room, the scene of the *baise-main*—an immense apartment, with its pictures, lofty mirrors,

great windows, and its ceiling, the masterpiece of the Tiepolos; its white marble busts, its bronzes of Mercury, Themis, and Jupiter!

Here it was, as I am not likely to forget,* that on Sunday, January 17, 1875, the father of the present King received for the first time the flower of Spain's aristocracy. Every family in the "Guia" (the Spanish "Burke"), and many a one not to be found in its pages, had its representative. The "Rey Caballero" (poor boy!), standing on the dais for long hours, looked as one in a dream. The Empress Eugénie has a vivid remembrance of Alfonso XII., her adored son's playmate in Paris and occasional companion in London, where now and again the Sandhurst and Woolwich Cadets, both heirs to thrones, met at "the Borthwicks."†

Let us see what happened to the Empress at the royal palace at Madrid in May, 1908; it is sufficiently piquant.

The 20th of the month was Ascension Day. The people had assembled at the palace in force to witness the ceremony called the *chapelle publique*, and the spectators saw even more than they could have anticipated seeing. They saw in the very mixed assemblage the figure of an aged lady in the simplest black walking-dress. This was the Empress Eugénie, who, attended only by one lady, had come to witness the Ascension ceremony. If Her Imperial Majesty had often visited the Spanish Sovereigns, she had not previously figured at any official gathering. She had

* As the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the author attended this reception. With the King's permission, he accompanied His Majesty from Paris to Madrid, and later to the fighting zone in the North.

† The late Lord and Lady Glenesk.

not informed anyone at the palace of her intention to assist at the *défilé* of the Court, which evoked so many recollections of the long-distant past, but had edged her way through the throng and taken up a position near a door of the gallery, where the public patiently awaited the passing of the King and Queen. Who in that miscellaneous concourse—that human *olla podrida*—could have guessed that the widow of Napoleon III., the lady who, when Mlle. de Montijo, had been on one occasion so ungenerously treated by Isabella II., was in their midst, rubbing shoulders with some of Madrid's proletariat, waiting for the appearance of the procession on Ascension Day?

However, there she was, with her solitary "lady," in that composite, picturesque crowd. Presently she was discovered, by the merest accident, by one of the King's aunts, the Infante Eulalie, who, full of the gentlest solicitude for the imperial visitor, naturally pressed her to join the Royal Family. The Empress felt constrained to decline the invitation, on the ground, as was amusingly evident, that she was not attired for a Court function; she would be fully satisfied if she could gain admittance to the gallery by way of the inner apartments. The Infante went in quest of, and soon found, the King, who, surprised in turn, and perhaps inwardly enjoying the humour of the situation, immediately ordered that the Empress should be conducted to the haven she desired, the chapel, with all the honours accorded to Sovereigns. The people who had been jostling the white-haired lady in the simple black dress marvelled whom the señora might be, when, presently, a gorgeously-attired personage pushed his way, without much ceremony, through the crowd, and,

with deep obeisance, communicated to the mysterious lady the King's instructions. The bedizened official was Señor Zarco del Valle, Inspector-General of the Palace, who was attended by eight halberdiers, and under this escort the Empress and her lady-in-waiting were ushered into the gallery. Here were ladies in sumptuous Court costumes, which strangely contrasted with the Empress's sombre walking-gown. The people in the gallery did not need to be informed of the identity of the new arrival. "It is the Empress!" they murmured, in astonishment, as, with deep curtsies, they made place for the Queen's godmother, whom their King's grandmother, Isabella II., had so warmly welcomed in this same palace—when she had become Empress. From her place in the Court tribune Her Imperial Majesty watched the "Ascension" ceremony from the beginning to the end, not the least interested spectator of that procession through the palace corridors which all Madrid, from the highest to the humblest, had assembled to witness.

The 3rd of June saw the Empress Eugénie at her grandnephew's place at Loeches, assisting at the inauguration of the pantheon of the Dukes of Alba in the presence of the head of the family, his grandmother, (the Duquesa Fernan Nunez), the Duc de Santona, and the Comte de Montijo (a member of the Empress's family). Nearly all the noble houses of Spain were represented at this ceremony. The Empress was the object of the most flattering attentions. In this grandiose place of sepulture repose the remains of the sister whom she has mourned since 1860, and of that sister's husband, for whom the Empress had the sincerest affection. To say that she herself had once hoped to be the Duchesse d'Albe is to repeat the

story current more than half a century ago, and recalled by many who greeted the imperial *revenante* at Loeches in 1909.

If there is one public place in Paris in which the Empress particularly delights, it is the château of La Malmaison, a national treasure-house to which, as previously noted, she has made numerous gifts of historical value and interest—*e.g.*, the Empress Josephine's harp, a bust of the same lady by Chinard, and the furniture of Queen Hortense's apartment in the château. Being in Paris, after her Spanish tour, in June and part of July, the Empress, escorted by Comte G. Primoli and M. Pietri, once more visited the Malmaison, where there was to be seen an exhibition of furniture and tapestries collected by the erudite M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, of the Government Fine Arts Department. To M. Jean Ajalbert, the curator of the museum, Her Majesty expressed her warmest thanks when, by gracious invitation, he called at the Hôtel Continental.

From the Malmaison the Empress went to Rueil Church, in which are the tombs of the Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense.

The Empress Eugénie *en touriste* was the spectacle vouchsafed to the Irish in July, 1909. Her Majesty's party comprised the Princesse de la Moskowa, Miss Isabel C. Vesey, M. Carlos de Arcos, General Sir Thomas W. Kelly-Kenny, K.C.B., and M. Franceschini Pietri.

To begin the record of the Irish visit at the beginning, if only for the gratification of all in the "Green Isle"—

"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,"

the fact must be noted that the Empress arrived at Kingstown in her steam-yacht, the *Thistle* (formerly

owned by the late Duke of Hamilton), on July 17, a Saturday evening ; and that from the moment of her landing, on the following day, the most cordial *entente* with the people was established.

On Sunday a Viceregal aide-de-camp went on board the yacht, conveying a message of welcome from the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen. Her Majesty went ashore and heard Mass at a local church, and then paid Lord and Lady Powerscourt a visit at Powerscourt House, Enniskerry, in romantic Wicklow. She was shown the famous waterfall, and did not get back to the yacht until eight o'clock.

The Lord-Lieutenant's "call" by proxy was returned on the following day by the Empress, who was warmly greeted at the Viceregal Lodge by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Lafayette was honoured by a "command" to photograph a group ; the Empress is the central figure, with the Lord-Lieutenant on her left, and Bishop Donnelly on her right. Lady Aberdeen stands immediately behind Her Majesty, between General Sir T. W. Kelly-Kenny, G.C.B., and Colonel Sir A. Weldon. M. Franceschini Pietri is seen on the extreme left, in yachtsman's garb, with Lady Weldon in front and Sir James Dougherty, P.C., C.B., in the rear. Mr. Max Green, A.D.C., is on the right, standing ; and on the Lord-Lieutenant's left is the Princesse de la Moskowa. The Empress was very vivacious, and had gracious words for her distinguished host and hostess and for everybody else. Scotland is fairly well known to Her Majesty ; but I believe she now saw the Irish capital for the first time. Needless to say that the Empress took away with her the most agreeable recollections of her visit to the Viceroy and his charming wife, whose good works are manifold.

Howth Castle, irregularly built, battlemented, and made additionally attractive by the picturesqueness of its glades, appealed to the æsthetic tastes of the Empress ; and it has its legend. In the hall she saw the collection of weapons for which the castle is famous, and, in the upper regions, the bed in which King William III. slept when he visited Ireland. They told her (as she could glean from the "Peerages") of the founder of the St. Lawrence family, Sir Armoricus (variously Almericus) Tristram, a mighty fighting-man whose huge sword she saw in the hall ; and she learnt that the twentieth Baron was known as "the Blind Lord." The earldom of Howth became extinct with the death of the fourth Earl early in 1909.

From Howth the Empress went to Waterford ; on the next day she visited Kilkenny Castle, was entertained at lunch by the Marchioness of Ormonde and Lady Constance Butler, and returned to the yacht at Waterford the same night. Her Majesty's activity was extraordinary. She seemed never to tire of sight-seeing ; every day there was an excursion.

Killarney was reached on July 22 by train, carriages taking the party to the Royal Victoria Hotel, where their arrival was the greatest event in local history since the visit of the Prince of Wales, His Majesty King Edward VII. On the 23rd the Empress and her suite were driven to Killarney House, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, in whose absence the visitors were received by Captain and Mrs. Crane.

After lunch at the Victoria (with Captain and Mrs. Crane as guests) came a drive to Muckross Abbey, and thence to tea at the Queen's Cottage at Derrycunihy.

It is a deserved tribute to the juvenility of the

Empress, to her passion for seeing and learning about everything of interest wherever she goes, to note that she did not miss one of the sights of this wondrous Irish lakeland. Ross Bay, as it is seen from Ross Castle; the Torc Mountains, from Dinis Island; Muckross Abbey, dating from 1340, and sheltering in the cloisters the yew-tree "which merged into life with the abbey itself"; Torc Waterfall and Dinis Island; the old weir bridge, where, to Her Majesty's delight, the boat shot the rapids; Lord Kenmare's deer-park, with its Irish red deer (many a "royal" among them); the mountains and the lakes—all these fascinated the Empress, who took back to her Hampshire home not a few souvenirs of picturesque Ireland.

On Saturday, July 24, the Empress remained *chez elle*, and received the Bishop of Kerry (the Most Rev. Dr. Mangan) and his Administrator (the Very Rev. M. Fuller). The Princesse de la Moskowa and the other members of the party were taken in the royal barge through the Lower Lake to Mahony's Point.

Sunday was a red-letter day for the Killarney Catholics. Outside the Cathedral (the Church of the Assumption) the Bishop and his Administrator, with their boy-attendants, awaited the coming of the imperial party, to attend the 10.30 Mass. The Bishop preceded the Empress and her friends to the seats reserved for them, and after the Office Dr. Mangan explained the alterations and improvements which the Cathedral was undergoing. The crowd saluted Her Majesty with the utmost respect and sympathy.

In the afternoon the last excursion was made. The royal barge conveyed the party over the Lower Lake. From Ross Bay they got a view of Ross Castle. At

Glena the barge was rowed alongside the shore, enabling the Empress to see the Queen's Cottage. Here some of the party "snapshotted" very successfully, previous to Captain Crane explaining to the Empress the salmon hauls. The boat was rowed round Glena Bay, then past Darby's Garden to O'Sullivan's Cascade, and so to Innisfallen Island. The historic ruins having been inspected, the tourists were taken to Mahony's Point, where, in the absence of Lady Kenmare, Mrs. Crane did the honours of the "five o'clock," the gayest of functions.

Captain C. P. Crane, R.M., D.S.O., one of Her Majesty's cicerones at Killarney, wrote to me :

"I think the view from the terrace at Killarney House was one of the prospects which delighted the Empress more than anything. She turned to my wife many times, exclaiming, with great enthusiasm, 'How beautiful! How lovely!'

Her Majesty was much pleased with the drive to Derrycunihy Cottage, and with the scenery of the Upper Lake, and frequently stopped her carriage to admire the view along the road, and encouraged her party to take photographs.

Her Majesty expressed great astonishment that Muckross was not let. She made many inquiries about the sport in Kerry, and even asked about the flies used in salmon-fishing. She was enchanted with Muckross Park and the views of the forest.

My wife and I were quite astonished at the keen interest taken by Her Majesty in all she saw, and at her great personal charm, which made it a pleasure, as well as an honour, to help in her entertainment.

I am sorry I cannot remember any more of the actual words used by Her Majesty in expressing her pleasure at the beauty of Killarney. Her visit gave pleasure to all whom she met, and will long be remembered."

What struck all with whom she came in contact—and they were many—was the Empress's abandonment of all reserve. She was vivacity itself, and discussed all manner of subjects, as is evident from Captain Crane's illuminating letter. With Mr. John Maher Loughnan, J.P., Chairman of the Killarney Urban District Council, Her Majesty exchanged ideas on the scenery of the lakes, the condition of the people, and salmon-fishing—*De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*.

"I am surprised," said the Empress, "that more people do not visit Killarney, with its superb scenery. In other countries which I have visited there are coasting steamers, calling regularly at convenient ports, and sending their passengers inland for several days together, previous to rejoining the vessel at another port. Ireland seems particularly adapted for such a plan."

Mr. Loughnan was the recipient of a highly gratifying expression of opinion from the Empress, who said, before leaving the house in which she and her friends had passed so many pleasant days: "I am completely charmed with Killarney. This is the most comfortable hotel I have ever stayed at." Her Majesty occupied the suite of apartments which had been tenanted by His Majesty the King before his accession, by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other royal and distinguished personages. The visitors' book at the Royal Victoria Hotel is enriched with the treasured autographs of "Albert Edward," "Arthur," "Louise Margaret" (H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught), "Margaret," "Victoria Patricia," "Emma R. Queen of Hawaii," "Count H. Bismarck," "Louis Battenberg, Capt. R.N." (now Admiral), "Roberts, F.M.,"

“Count Paul Metternich,” and “Eugénie,” the Empress’s signature, written as firmly at eighty-three as when she was fifty years younger.

With genuine regret the *personnel* of the hotel, numbering eighty, assembled to watch the imperial visitor’s departure (July 26) for Waterford, where the *Thistle* was waiting to re-embark the party. Advancing with all the courage of her five years, little Miss Loughnan handed to the Empress a bouquet of Killarney flowers. Her Majesty threw her arms round the child and tenderly embraced her. “I hope,” said the Empress, “before you have grown up to be a young woman I shall have visited Killarney the beautiful again!” This was said with a winning smile; a gracious salutation to all and sundry, and the great lady departed, amid the cheers of all Killarney. At the railway-station there were more bouquets, Mr. O’Keefe presenting the Empress with one on the part of Lady Kenmare.

Until February 24, 1910, there had not appeared, to the best of my recollection, any record of a conversation with the Empress, excepting a very brief anonymous report published in 1876. On the above date, however, the Paris *Matin* provided its readers with an article entitled “L’Ombre: Une Conversation avec l’Impératrice Eugénie,” from the pen of the popular Italian journalist Antonio Scarfoglio.

The talented author of this “interview” and M. Stéphane Lauzanne, the editor of the *Matin* (a relative of the late M. de Blowitz, the famous Paris correspondent of the *Times*, to whom I owed many favours), courteously sanctioned the appearance of M. Scarfoglio’s charming article in this volume. But the book was already completed, and it is only possible



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, H.R.H. PRINCESS GEORGE (*née* PRINCESS
MARIE BONAPARTE), AND H.R.H. PRINCE PÉTROS.

*Photograph by Haissons & Teyssier,
12, Rue de la Paix, Paris.*

to print a few brief extracts from the conversation with Her Majesty.

The actual date of the "interview" is not given; but this is not of much moment, as we are assured that it took place during one of the Imperial Lady's last visits to Naples, probably in 1906.

The Empress was alone, sunk in an arm-chair, thinking. Her black dress was buttoned to the neck. Her eyes sparkled under her curly white locks. Not one jewel, not one white speck, relieved her deep mourning—only the whiteness of her hands, her face, and her hair. Then she spoke, calmly, slowly, accompanying her words with a slight movement of her head full of royal nonchalance.

"I have lived—I have been. I do not want to be anything more, not even a memory. I am the past—one of those distant horizons, confused and lost, which the traveller, looking back, gazes at from the summit of a mountain, and which he forgets in the expectation of viewing the new scenes already outlined before him. I live, but I am no more: a shadow, a phantom, a grief which walks. . . ."

She is silent; then talks of her travels in countries seen since her interminable exile. "The souls of men are changed—the men also. She feels a stranger among them."

"Between my past and my present not only fifty years intervene, but ten centuries!"

"But your Majesty does not speak of France."

"What should I say? Of what good would it be? I had a dream—a dream which was great for the country which received me as Sovereign, which clasped me in its arms. The dream is dead, killed by destiny. And I wanted, and still want, to disappear with it."

I am a poor woman, who has lived long and suffered much. Now I seek peace, tranquillity, and forgetfulness—a serene corner of the world where the flowers are beautiful and the dawns brilliant; a spot where my soul can dissolve itself little by little, where it can mingle with the sky and the sea, and so die before my weary body. There was so much light in my youth that my eyes are tired of it, even in the shade in which I try to envelop myself. And I have loved France too well not to try with all my strength to forget it. But these are sorrowful memories.”

With her head leaning on her right hand, the eyes vague, lost behind the marvellous vanishing of a dream, she listens to M. Scarfoglio as he talks of Italy. “Gentle, great, good sister!” she ejaculates. When he speaks of the Germans “her visage becomes hard, violent, bitter.” “Their steel-helmeted soldiers have trampled under foot the beautiful garden of Latinity,” he says.

Not a word falls from her lips, but a whole drama passes over her face, the drama of her life: her dream, her reign, her greatness mown down, trampled under foot by that race which, after centuries of slumber, now spreads itself over the routes of the world, anxious to conquer and to ravish for itself, for its flags, for its history, grandeur, glory, and strength.

“They threaten us, they hem us in, they will kill us,” said M. Scarfoglio. “Our race is old.”

Then she who was a Sovereign turns in revolt:

“Our race will not die, because it is living and immortal; because it carries, clenched in its hand, the secret of domination. Born to command, mistress of all the routes, depositary of all human grandeurs, it will live, because it alone has found beauty, because it

alone has known how to express it, and because all which is beautiful and great cannot die !"

Then, standing up, the Empress says :

"I am like one who, walking backwards, gazes towards the horizon which he has already passed. I have renounced the future. I live in my youth and in my past. And all the rest is shadow, deep shadow. Others also, like myself, live on the remembrance of their past beauty. But they await the springtime. I do not—I have no more to expect. Even my sad winter is finishing."

M. Lotti, manager of the "Continental," one of the Empress's three "favourite hotels," has to be credited with contributing to this narrative some piquant remarks *à propos* of the floods.*

"The Empress Eugénie is the bravest lady I have ever seen," said M. Lotti. "We had 350 people in the hotel, and as soon as they heard that the cellars were flooded most of them were seized with panic ; but the Empress, when informed that the basement of the hotel was under water, sent for me and asked if there was any danger. She said she did not mind being isolated from the rest of Paris, and, if the worst came to the worst, she was prepared to take her departure from the hotel on a raft ! But what she wanted to know was whether there was any likelihood of the building collapsing. I gave Her Majesty the assurance which the architect had given me, that there was no reason to be anxious as to the stability of the building. 'Then,' said the Empress, laughing, 'I will remain where I am, and do as they do in Venice, provided

* The *Daily Mirror*, February 1, 1910. The complete accuracy of the report was vouched for by M. Lotti in a courteous letter to the author.

you can guarantee we shall always have enough to eat.' I told Her Majesty she need have no fear on that score, and she is still here.* During the whole period of the floods the Empress has had friends to lunch and dinner almost every day, and, despite her nearly eighty-four years, she has gone out, whenever the weather was fine, to have a look at the flooded quarters of the city."

* The Empress left Paris for Cap Martin a week later, when all danger had passed.

CHAPTER XXIV

A LITERARY CONSPIRACY

THE year 1910 will be remembered by the Imperial Lady for three reasons: the world-wide publicity given to the story of the forged Memoirs, the premature announcement of a "contemplated" alliance between Prince Napoleon and Princess Clémentine (daughter of the late, and cousin of the present, King of the Belgians), and the great Flood.* The date of these events was January, while the Empress was in Paris, on her way to Cap Martin.

On January 7 I read, in the sparkling *chronique* with which M. Jules Claretie enlivens the columns of the *Temps*, this surprising paragraph:

"At the period of the Contemporaine there was fabricated a heap of more or less lying Memoirs, relating to the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire. This has been repeated at the present moment, and there is ready for publication, on the first opportunity which presents itself, a sensational work which will see the light of day simultaneously in the bookshops of all countries, and in all languages—the 'Mémoires de l'Impératrice Eugénie.'

I am assured that the various editions—French, English, German, Italian, and Spanish—are not only all

* During Her Majesty's sojourn at the Hôtel Continental the cellars were flooded (January 26).

printed, but bound, and even done up in parcels, ready for sending out. The inventors of these 'Mémoires' found translators immediately. I am authoritatively informed that the Empress, who has been voluntarily silent concerning the past, did not write a line of the pages now proposed to be attributed to her. I do not know who has improvised, 'polished off,' this book, nor in what spirit it is written. I know—at least I am positively assured—that there are in existence thousands of copies, that everything is ready, that people are expectant, and that, if the Empress has not been forewarned of what is in preparation (and she is said not to have been), she will now be able to speak as to the validity and authenticity of these 'Mémoires,' fabricated I know not where, by I know not whom.

In revealing this fact, I have only one object—to anticipate an imposture and to serve history, which is in need of such service."

As there was a possibility that M. Claretie might have been misinformed, I wrote to M. Pietri, who was good enough to send me the appended reply :

"HÔTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS.

January 10, 1910.

SIR,

Your letter of the 7th instant, addressed to me at Farnborough, has reached me in Paris.

M. Claretie's article in the *Temps*, to which you allude, is correct.

There has been formed a great enterprise of fabrication and of exploitation of the Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie after her death.

Her Majesty has not written any Memoirs. She will not write any ; and any publication of this kind which might be attributed to her would be false.

On the 6th of July last, with Her Majesty's

authorization, I wrote to the *Figaro* to this effect, and I now confirm it.

Accept, etc.,

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

MONSIEUR EDWARD LEGGE."

The only other letter on the subject written by M. Pietri for publication was the following, which appeared in the *Times* on January 11 :

"SIR,

The Empress Eugénie, wishing to contradict persistent rumours about the publication of Memoirs attributed to her, which are to appear after her death, instructs me to apply to the *Times* in order to state that she has not written, and is not writing, any Memoirs, and that any publication of that kind would be apocryphal.

In requesting you to give this letter the requisite publicity, Her Majesty hopes to put an end to those false rumours and make known the truth.

Please accept, sir, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI,

Secretary of H.M. the Empress Eugénie."

Later, M. Pietri thus amplified the particulars given of this monstrous literary fraud in his letter to me :

"I heard that a well-known New York publisher intended to publish, after the death of the Empress Eugénie, a work which would profess to be the Memoirs of Her Majesty. In October I wrote to that firm, informing them that any book of this nature attributing the authorship to the Empress could be only an audacious forgery. To that letter I have received no reply. It has been also said that an English publisher has in his possession the manuscript of some

pretended 'Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie,' which is ready for publication at any moment. Every day I am receiving from all parts of Europe letters asking to be accorded the right of translation, as well as a mass of details concerning this soi-disant work, which, according to rumour, is to be published simultaneously in London, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, and New York. Let us, once for all, clip the wings of this *canard*, which has had too long a life. I say again, the Empress has never written, and never will write, her Memoirs. Should a work of this kind ever be published, it can be only a forgery of the grossest description."

In reply to my inquiry whether the Empress intended to take any legal measures against the persons concerned in the fraud, M. Pietri wrote :

"HÔTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS.
January 18, 1910.

MONSIEUR,

I have already replied to your two letters of last week. I have received that of the 16th, with your article in the *Observer*, and to-day your letter of the 17th.

As the Empress desires to be referred to as little as possible in the newspapers, allow me not to reply to the questions which you have addressed to me, the matter of the pretended Memoirs being settled by the denials given to them.

In thanking you for your good intentions, I beg you to accept, sir, the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

MONSIEUR EDWARD LEGGE."

By magnanimously declining to take legal proceedings against the impudent concocters of the pretended Memoirs, the Empress once more displayed that generosity and forbearance which have always charac-

terized her. In striking contrast to the Imperial Lady's true nobility of mind is the brutal callousness of the *fausseurs*, who, as we have seen, had made the most complete preparations to spring the bogus volume upon the public of Europe and the United States at the moment of the Empress's death! It is difficult to imagine anything more cold-blooded and revolting. The forgers' secret was well kept. One of the band must, however, have given them away; or whence came M. Pietri's knowledge of the existence of the falsified volumes "in thousands"? But that acute gentleman was not born the nephew of a Prefect of Police for nothing, and we may safely conclude that he came into possession of sufficient facts to have secured the conviction of the forgers had the Empress chosen to prosecute.

We must now retrace our steps, and note the causes which led the much-harassed secretary of Her Majesty to address this letter to M. Gaston Calmette, the editor of the Paris *Figaro*, some six months previous to M. Claretie's *exposé* of the fraudulent book:

"FARNBOROUGH,
July 6, 1909.

MY DEAR CALMETTE,

For some time past the Empress has received numerous letters from persons asking permission to publish, or to translate into foreign languages, her Memoirs.

In reply to these applications, and in order to put an end to them, I am directed by Her Majesty to state that she has not written, and will not write, any Memoirs.

Any publication of this kind would therefore be apocryphal.

I shall be obliged if you will assist me by giving to this declaration the necessary publicity.

Thanking you for what you will kindly do to this end, I beg you to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

M. Pietri's forcible disclaimer was, as he says, the result of applications to secure Memoirs which had no existence in fact, and which the Empress has no intention of writing. I cannot, however, dismiss the subject with the official denial furnished by M. Pietri, for it has its amusing side, which will be shown by dotting the i's and crossing the t's of the above *communiqué*—an interesting document, ignored by the English journals.

In the summer of 1909 it was bruited about—no one can say precisely how—that the Empress's Memoirs had been in preparation for some years; and it is a fact, as proved by M. Pietri's letter, that a number of enterprising persons, of various nationalities, jumped to the conclusion that they had merely to send a civil letter down to Hampshire to secure, for publication sooner or later, these precious souvenirs of the consort of Napoleon III., mother of the ever-to-be remembered "little Prince." It rained letters at Farnborough Hill. The Imperial Lady was annoyed beyond measure; M. Pietri, most placid and even-tempered of men, was enraged. Words fail to describe the amazement of the household at "the audacity of these people." The time had come to put a stop to "this kind of thing"; so M. Pietri was directed to pen that decisive epistle, which dashed the hopes of many who had longed for the *primeur* of the unfortunately non-existent "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie," which, they had rightly calculated, would have sold like wildfire all over the world.

So there will be no imperial "Memoirs," or "Reminiscences," or "Recollections"—none, at least, in the strict sense of the word—from her own pen. That the forged Memoirs will be issued sooner or later we may be certain, unless the aid of the law should be invoked for their destruction. The public will, however, remember the *exposé* of 1910, and will resent any attempt to palm off upon them that spurious volume.

What may be ardently hoped for is a Life of the Empress, written by one, or several, of her *entourage*, and containing such selections from her voluminous correspondence as she may desire, in justice to herself, to the Emperor, and to the Prince Imperial, to leave on record. No one could perform this task more adequately than M. Pietri. The Duc de Mouchy is dead. Comte G. Primoli and Prince Napoleon, in collaboration, aided by information such as, apart from the Empress herself, only M. Pietri is now capable of supplying, would be fully capable of producing a literary memorial worthy in every way of the august lady. Valuable coadjutors might possibly be found in the Duchesse de Mouchy, *née* Princesse Anna Murat, who claims kinship by marriage with the Empress; and in the English M^{me}. de Arcos and her sister, Mrs. Vaughan. All these are honoured with the Empress's intimate friendship. The *grand monde*, the worlds of diplomacy, politics, letters, and arts, in all countries, are interested in this remarkable woman's career, with its elements of tragedy, romance, and even comedy; and it would be deplorable were this great figure allowed to vanish without due preparation being made for the compilation of an authentic record of the prominent part she has played in the history, not only of France, but of Europe.

CHAPTER XXV

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND MONSIGNOR GODDARD : CORRESPONDENCE*

" I am left alone."

" FARNBOROUGH HILL,
June, 1885.

MONSIGNOR,

I am anxious to join in the testimony of affectionate gratitude that your parishioners are about to give you on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ministry.

During the years that we spent at Chislehurst you took a large share both in our hopes and in our misfortunes, and the cruel stages through which we passed were to you the occasion of proving your attachment to us.

* From the numerous "papers" of the late Very Rev. Monsignor Goddard, for many years Priest of St. Mary's, Chislehurst, to whom the Emperor Napoleon III. confided the religious education of the Prince Imperial. For these documents the author is indebted to Mr. George Goddard, a brother of the distinguished prelate. In January, 1910, prior to publication, the author informed M. Franceschini Pietri, the Empress's secretary, that, in the event of Her Imperial Majesty disapproving of the appearance of the letters in this volume, they would be gladly placed at the Empress's disposal intact, and would not be printed here or elsewhere. M. Pietri's reply to the author's offer to present the letters to the Empress, if she would graciously accept them, is given on p. 383.

In that Church of St. Mary, where in other days we all three went to pray, there are now two tombs.* Those who were dear to me are now no more. I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck ; which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world.

In their name, as well as in my own, I join with those who desire to thank you for the spiritual care which you have lavished upon them.

Believe, Monsignor, in my affectionate sentiments.

EUGÉNIE."

" *I enclose a cheque.*"

"FARNBOROUGH HILL,
FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,

February 23.†

MONSIGNOR,

I have received your little note, and I wish to tell you with what sympathetic interest I learnt that the operation performed upon your sister was successful. Doubtless her condition is such as to require great care ; but, thanks to the progress of science, there is much more hope to-day than formerly of preserving those who are dear to us. I hope that, with God's help, you will see your sister quite well again ; and that you will let me have news of her.

I do not myself know the extent, *in England*, of the privileges which have been accorded me by Pope Pius IX.—whether they are personal or local ; but I have permission to have Mass said anywhere—in a *salon* or in a chapel—except in an hotel. However, as it is not finished, we will speak of it again.

Believe, Monsignor, in my affectionate sentiments.

EUGÉNIE.

* Written before the removal of the imperial remains to Farnborough Hill.

† *Vide* the facsimile on p. 384.

I enclose a cheque, which I beg you to accept, to help you to meet the expenditure necessitated by your sister's condition."

A Word of Thanks.

"VILLA DE LA HAUTE,
POSILEPPE,

January 16.

MONSIGNOR,

I thank you for having denied the article in the *Figaro* which concerned my poor unfortunate son. *You know what a lying story it is.**

I cannot explain M. Darimon's object ; but it is an evil act on his part, for it is impossible that he could have written it with sincerity.

It is sad that, after so many sorrows, I am not allowed that *calme* which I so greatly need.

Believe, Monsignor, in my affectionate sentiments.
EUGÉNIE."

"The Prince's chapel."

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

I intended to have gone to see you this morning to ask you something on behalf of the Empress ; but as I had not time to call I send you this note.

From the fresh conversations which you have had with Miss Edlmann, we think that her brother will consent to sell to Her Majesty the little coppice behind your garden. If Her Majesty does not purchase it in its entirety, she will take at least the equivalent of the lawn which belongs to you, and which she asked you

* The reference is to an alleged *liaison* of the Prince Imperial with a young woman. The story was promptly denied by the journal on the authority of M. Pietri. The italics are the Empress's.

for. Mr. Edlmann, however, appears to wish that in the agreement it should be stipulated that no cemetery shall be made and no buildings erected there. These two points arranged, I think there will be no further difficulties.

Her Majesty wishes to ask you, then, whether, if these two points are agreed upon, the portion which she will take of the little coppice will be handed over to you entirely.

I shall be much obliged if you will send a line in reply. The Empress is very anxious to see this negotiation succeed, as it will enable her to build the Prince's chapel as she wishes it to be, and you will not be deprived of a garden. It is so painful to her to have to occupy herself with these melancholy details that we should much like at least to lessen the difficulties which make her task still sadder.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MARIE DE LARMINAT."

Devotions.

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,

Wednesday morning.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

The Empress will be happy to hear the Holy Mass every day this month at 10.30, as you propose. All she desires is that you will so arrange matters that she will be alone for a few moments before or after Mass.

Believe me,

Always yours very sincerely,

MARIE DE LARMINAT."

An Embroidered Cushion.

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

I am directed by the Empress to send you, on her behalf, a cushion which Her Majesty has embroidered *herself* for you.

She hopes that you will be pleased with it, and that it will prove to you how much the Empress has been touched by the pious sympathy which you have shown her in the saddest times of her exile.

Accept, Monsieur le Curé, the assurance of my most respectful sentiments.

M. DE LARMINAT,

Demoiselle d'honneur."

Patroness of Schools.

"VILLA OPPENHEIM, FLORENCE,

April 4.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

Her Majesty the Empress directs me to tell you that she accepts the patronage of the schools about which you spoke to her in your last letter.

Her Majesty regrets, this year, to be unable to do for this work what she had desired to do. But, having been unexpectedly obliged, during her stay at Florence, to expend somewhat considerable sums, she finds herself checked in the wish to assist you in the works which interest her.

I thank you very much for your letter, and will certainly give you news of us when we are in Spain. To-day I have only time to send you, in haste, my best remembrances and the assurance of my respectful and very sincere sentiments.

MARIE DE LARMINAT."

Many Gifts.

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
January 9, 1874.

CHER MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

The Empress and the Prince Imperial direct me to send you £20, which you will find enclosed, for the most necessitous of the poor Catholics of the parish of Chislehurst; and £20 for the Catholic Schools, in memory of the Emperor.

Her Majesty and His Imperial Highness also request you to be good enough to forward the letter enclosed, as well as the casket, to Monseigneur the Bishop who officiated this morning. It is a little souvenir that the Empress and the Prince Imperial wish to offer to Monseigneur in remembrance of this sad day.

Will you, cher Monsieur le Curé, also be so good as to remit these £20 to Monsieur l'Abbé Frechin on behalf of Her Majesty and the Prince Imperial? It is his stipend as Second Almoner of the Chapel of the Emperor from January 9, 1874, to January 9, 1875. The first sum of £20 was for the year 1873.

Accept, cher Monsieur le Curé, etc.,

COMTE CLARY."*

Payments.

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
February 11, 1874.

CHER MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

I send you within—

1. The three cheques for Messrs. Brass, Banting, and Hardman.
2. £24 for the bill No. 4.

* Comte Clary was the Prince Imperial's aide-de-camp.

3. The bills which I shall be much obliged by your returning to me receipted, for the purposes of my accounts.

4. A word for Banting. See, please, if it is sufficient.

5. Ten photographs.

I have informed the Empress of the total which you have arrived at for the construction of the chapel, and Her Majesty, who is surprised at the moderate price, in view of the admirable result which you have obtained, directs me to convey her compliments to you.

I need not tell you that Her Majesty entirely approves of all that you have done.

I was not able to send you this little packet until now.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,
COMTE CLARY."

"Quite natural."

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST.

CHER MONSIEUR LE CURÉ,

The Empress directs me to tell you that she thinks it quite natural that you should charge a shilling for admission to the church.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,
COMTE CLARY."

The Empress and the Cardinal.

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
January 15, 1873.

DEAR MR. GODDARD,

I send you a letter from the Cardinal-Archbishop of Rouen, to which the Empress desires you should reply. She thinks you can tell the Cardinal

of the Christian sentiments of him [the Emperor] to whom we have said to-day an eternal adieu. The Empress will herself write to the Cardinal in reply to his letter of condolence.

If you wish it, I will forward your letter to his Eminence by the person who brought the Cardinal's letter to Her Majesty.

I have told Her Majesty of the simplicity and grandeur of the mournful ceremony of to-day, and she listened to the details with an emotion which did her good.

It is really this evening that we feel the void which there is at Camden !

Yours respectfully and affectionately,
F. PIETRI."

" Poor woman ! this evening she is to be pitied !"

"CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
December 31, 1879.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

" Her Majesty the Empress has been suffering for the last three days from a severe cold, which has prevented her from going to the chapel in the mornings. She hopes, however, to be able to-morrow to be present at the eleven o'clock Mass ; and she wishes you to offer it for our dear Prince. Possibly she will be too unwell to attend Mass, which nevertheless should be said for her unfortunate son.

What a melancholy end of the year ! God has given us such a sad one that it seems to me we can only ask Him not to renew such terrible trials, and that we may well wonder what could equal those which we have had to bear in 1879.

I have read to Her Majesty the passage in your letter. Yes, poor woman ! this evening she is to be pitied !

I shake your hand affectionately.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

"The Empress would like a shorter service."

CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
January 1, 1880.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

The Empress will be present at Mass on the 9th, and will occupy her *prie-Dieu* in the sacristy. She desires you to announce the celebration of the service, as heretofore.

You will remember that last year the service after the Mass was very long, and that the Empress caught a severe cold in the Emperor's Chapel. She would like the service after the Mass to be much shorter.

We shall meet before the 9th, if you have time for a talk.

Yours affectionately and respectfully,

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

"The Empress thanks you."

CAMDEN PLACE, CHISLEHURST,
January 22, 1880.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

I have handed to Her Majesty the Empress the letter which you sent me. I had already made her acquainted with your reply on the subject of the construction of the chapel, and your wish to do everything which is within your province to please her and to realize her pious desire. The Empress thanks

you, and will do so personally when she sees you shortly.

The Empress's decision to enlarge the Emperor's Chapel as far as the restricted space at her disposal will permit puts an end to all the negotiations, whether with the owner of the land or with the representative of the founder of the church.

She had thought, however, that her last proposition, to construct a vault, having an entrance outside the church, would have fulfilled all the conditions necessary to make it acceptable to the founder's family. But it has proved otherwise. Her Majesty regrets it, but she has made up her mind what to do, and she will devote herself to the prompt realization of her intentions.

Receive, etc.,

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

"In memory of the poor Prince."

"CHISLEHURST,

July 8, 1890.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

I received your letter in London. I am on my way to Paris, and I wished to see you to-day, and also to see the monument which you have put up in memory of the poor Prince. It is touching and very beautiful! It was not without deep emotion that I examined it, for all my sad recollections are aroused in this church, where we have prayed with our dear dead.

I was not able to hand your letter to the Empress. She has gone to Norway, and will be absent until the end of July. . . .

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

Monsignor Goddard's Appeal to the Empress Eugénie.

"CHISLEHURST,

September 13, 1891.

May it please your Imperial Majesty.

MADAME,

There are two favours that I entreat your Majesty to graciously accord me.

The first is that on your return from Scotland you would kindly pay a short visit to your old parish. If I had known that the erection of the monument to the Prince Imperial would be in the least displeasing to your Majesty, it would not have been put up, but now that it is there I desire very much that your Majesty should see it; and, moreover, I am sure that the church is still dear to you, which, with the beloved dead, you so long frequented.

The second is that from the beginning of next year your Majesty would generously assure me, during my life, the gift that you have hitherto made to me, and make it payable to me quarterly. The truth is that my doctor again, only a few days ago, insisted upon my taking a prolonged rest, even if I do not retire altogether. Much work, and much anxiety, for over thirty years, have completely destroyed my health, and I am suffering both in mind and body.

I have dared to ask these favours of your Majesty because you have always been good to me, and because I remember the generous words that you said on the day that I accompanied the dead to their present resting-place: 'Souvenez-vous que vous être toujours de la famille, et je vous en donnerait la preuve.'

With profound respect, I have the honour to be of

your Majesty, the very humble and grateful servant in Christ,

I. GODDARD."

The Empress's Reply.

"BIRKHALL, BALLATER,
September 24, 1891.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

I am desired by the Empress to write and give you the following message, in reply to a letter Her Imperial Majesty received from you the other day :

'The Empress regrets that she is unable to reply affirmatively to your request. If Her Majesty made a promise to you, she would be obliged to act similarly to those who are in a like position to yourself.

'As she cannot foresee the future, the Empress cannot enter into any engagements. Nevertheless, unless circumstances should prevent her from carrying out her desire, the Empress will probably always do as she has done up to the present.'

Believe me, dear Monsignor,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

CHRISTINE V. DE ARCOS."

The "Tapis" made by French Ladies.

"FARNBOROUGH HILL,
FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,
October 9, 1892.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

I have submitted to Her Majesty the Empress your letter, received this morning. Her Majesty thinks that the *tapis* made by the French ladies for the Church of Chislehurst ought to remain there. I cannot, therefore, ask you to send it to Farnborough.

I learnt with regret that the state of your health compelled you to give up the Church of St. Mary at Chislehurst. . . .

F. PIETRI."

The newspapers having stated that the Empress was represented by Monsignor Goddard at the funeral of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon III., Her Majesty caused the announcement to be denied. In a letter addressed to M. Pietri, Monsignor Goddard apparently considered the Empress's public contradiction of the original statement as a personal slight. M. Pietri removed that impression by the following letter :

"Nothing personal to you."

"FARNBOROUGH HILL,

FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,

November 27, 1891.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

As, for family reasons, the Empress was not represented at the obsequies of Prince Louis Lucien, she contradicted the inaccurate statement which was published. There was not in this anything personal to you, and I am desired to tell you so.

Accept, dear Monsignor Goddard, the expression of my devoted sentiments.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

"The Empress's house has always been open to you."

"FARNBOROUGH HILL,

FARNBOROUGH, HANTS,

August 15, 1896.

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD,

On returning to Farnborough a couple of days ago, I placed before the Empress your letter of the 3rd inst.

It is not without surprise that Her Majesty observes

your complaint of the *abandon* in which she has left you, and of the bitterness that it causes you.

Before as well as after her departure from Camden Place, Her Majesty tells me she has been the same to you. While you were the Curé of Chislehurst, as after you had ceased to be the Curé of St. Mary's, she retained, and still retains, her liberal dispositions towards you, and her house has always been open to you every time you presented yourself there. She does not see how she could have given you cause for the complaints in question contained in your letter, remembering what she has done and what she still does for you.

As to the difference which you have with your successor at the church, it is not for Her Majesty to interfere concerning it. The only point with which she could concern herself is that relating to the ornaments which were given by the Emperor, by herself, and by the Prince, which were gifts made to the Church of St. Mary at Chislehurst. This is recognized by you in the copy of the letter addressed to your successor which you sent me.

I have informed Mme. Lebreton of that part of your letter which concerns her, and I take with pleasure this opportunity, my dear Monsignor Goddard, of renewing the expression of my respectful sentiments.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

Monsignor Goddard's Reply to M. Pietri.

"August 16, 1896.

Allow me to thank you for your letter of yesterday's date. The letter to my successor, of which I sent you a copy, plainly recognizes all that the im-

perial family has done for Chislehurst, and was written to that end.

In a preceding communication I thought it right to state to him that the Empress had been most kind to me personally. I have no dispute with him of any kind. For over thirty years we have been intimate friends, and I was his first curé. I do not approve of one particular line of conduct, and I have told him so.

I mentioned to you in confidence the pain that the loss of the personal favour of Her Majesty caused me. You are kind enough to assure me that I was mistaken in the matter, and I am very grateful to you for the interest that you have shown me."

The Empress and "a little book."

"VILLA CYRNOS, CAP MARTIN
MARITIME ALPS,

DEAR MONSIGNOR GODDARD, April 26, 1906.

I have received your letter of the 20th inst., and have communicated it to Her Majesty the Empress, handing her also your little book,* which reached me by the same post. Her Majesty received it with pleasure, and will read it with interest. She directs me to thank you for it.

I am very happy to be thus agreeably reminded of you, and beg you to accept the expression of my best and very distinguished sentiments.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI."

To my written offer to present the Empress with the whole of the correspondence printed in this chapter, should she not approve of the publication of the letters, I received from M. Pietri the subjoined reply :

* "A Manual of Ecclesiastical Law and Practice in Missionary Countries."

"HÔTEL CONTINENTAL, PARIS,
January 16, 1910.

SIR,

I have received your letter of the 11th instant, accompanied by copies of different letters addressed to Monsignor Goddard which you intend to publish. Her Majesty having informed me, generally, of her intention to remain a stranger to all publication of letters and souvenirs of her time, leaving to everyone the liberty and the responsibility of that which concerns them, I have had to refrain, in accordance with her desire, to communicate to her your letter, and I confine myself to informing you of the orders that I have received to that effect.

I return you the printed matter contained in your letter, and beg you to accept the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

MONSIEUR EDWARD LEGGE."

Monsignor Goddard passed away at Nice on March 26, 1909, after a trying illness borne with Christian fortitude and resignation. A detailed biography of this remarkable man which I had prepared cannot, unfortunately, be given here owing to lack of space; it will, I hope, appear in some future work. A summary of his career was published in the *Edmundian*, accompanied by a portrait, which was courteously presented to the author by the Very Rev. Monsignor Ward, of St. Edmund's, Ware, the deservedly popular seminary in which Monsignor Goddard had held important positions.

Appended are facsimiles of letters written to Monsignor Goddard by the Empress and the late Prince Imperial.

FARNBOROUGH HILL.
FARNBORO'
HANTS. 23 février

Monsieur, que
Recevez votre petit mot-
et je suis à vous dire
avec quel sympathique
intérêt j'ai appris
que l'opération qui m'a
failli de faire à votre
sœur a réussi sans
doute il y a lieu

Je salue que vous me
remerciez de vos
nouvelles. Je
ne suis pas sûr même
quel tout l'étendue de
l'importance des privilèges
et moi accordé le Pape
Pie IX. de ils sont personnes
ou la cause, mais j'ai la
persuasion de l'œuvre
de la cause si importante

de la presse impar de son
état, mais aujourd'hui
je ai un progrès de
la science l'espérance de
l'œuvre de l'œuvre qui
sont tout chers et est-
beaucoup mieux, j'ai
je avec l'aide de Dieu
il sera les choses
de recevoir votre sœur
complètement et bien

Donc, dans une salade ou
Chapelle accepté dans
un hôtel. Par la suite
comme elle se est pas
finie nous se repassent

Croyez Monsieur
à mes sentiments affectueux

Eugénie.

J'espère que vous en
général vous pourriez
passer vous même à Paris
pour une Disposition
générale de la
Maison

Dec 26/79



Monsieur le Curé,
Je vous remercie de la
lettre que vous avez bien
voulu m'écrire, elle me
prouve toute l'affection
que vous me portez. Mais
je tiens à ce que vous ne
croyez pas que la papauté

de mon départ et le
peu de détails m'ait fait
oublier mes devoirs de chrétien.
Je me présente demain
journ à 7 1/2 ou 8 h. p. m.
me dernière fois dans la
chapelle de Christchurch et
je dois être absent si je
viens à mourir.
Votre bien affectionné
Napoleon

APPENDIX

THE FAMILY OF BONAPARTE UP TO THE YEAR 1910

A MEMBER of Prince Roland Bonaparte's *entourage* courteously supplied some of the details of the Bonaparte family given in the first part of this chapter. To begin at the beginning, Napoleon I. had only one direct heir, the "King of Rome," popularly known as "L'Aiglon" and as Duc de Reichstadt. Two of the Great Emperor's brothers—Joseph, King of Spain, and Louis, King of the Netherlands—are not represented by even one male descendant. Thus three branches of the family are extinct.

The present elder branch is that of Prince Lucien (a brother of Napoleon I.), and its only representative is His Highness Prince Roland Napoleon Bonaparte, father of H.R.H. Princesse George of Greece. The junior branch has for sole representatives their Imperial Highnesses Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte (the "Pretender," nominated by the Prince Imperial, in his will, as his successor) and his brother Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte (who is a general in the Russian Army and an attached friend of the Emperor Nicholas II. and his consort, a niece of King Edward VII.). Prince Roland has no son, and so is one of the three surviving Princes entitled to bear the historic name of the victor at Austerlitz and the defeated at Waterloo.

Few but students are cognizant of the leading part played by this brother (Prince Lucien) of the First Napoleon in the family history, especially in the events of the 18th Brumaire and the proceedings of the Council of Five Hundred. For his invaluable services Napoleon, on the eve of receiving the imperial crown, offered his brother a throne, and proposed that Lucien should contract a marriage which would give him greater political power. But Lucien was already married and father of a family, and, to his credit, refused to adopt Napoleon's cynical suggestion, much to the surprise and annoyance of his elder brother. When the First Empire was established, in 1804, the Constitution admitted two of Napoleon's four brothers (Joseph and Louis) into the imperial family, but excluded Jérôme and Lucien! Lucien was, later, banished by his loving brother from Italy and from all other territory under the influence of France; yet subsequently Napoleon was not too proud to accept the despised Lucien's purse and personal help. Times were critical, for the year was 1815, and the Emperor reinstated Lucien (he had

nobly taken his brother's money) in the imperial family, and gave him all the titles attaching to his dignity. Waterloo crushed Napoleon and ruined Lucien, who left France; all the Bonapartes were exiles (as, sixty-five years later, were Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, and their son); and Lucien's children, deprived of their father's fortune, which the French Government never replaced, had to work for their living under very difficult circumstances. Prince Roland's father, Prince Pierre, was one of those children.

Jérôme, brother of Napoleon I., had been excluded from the imperial family by the Great Emperor merely because he had married, in the United States, an American lady, Miss Patterson. At the instigation of Napoleon he abandoned her, got his marriage revoked, remarried in accordance with the Emperor's views, and became a recognized member of the imperial family. Colonel Charles Joseph Bonaparte, for many years United States Attorney-General, is a descendant of Prince Jérôme by his marriage with Miss Patterson. And here let me recall an interesting fact. When the Prince Imperial was buried at Chislehurst, Prince Charles Bonaparte-Patterson wrote to the *Baltimore Sun* to say that, not being a member of the "official" family of the Bonapartes, he and his above-mentioned brother, Colonel Bonaparte, did not consider their family as having any connection with "a succession regulated by the *Senatus Consultum*." Therefore they were not present at the young Prince's obsequies.

We now come to the Second Empire. At the outset of his reign, which lasted only a little more than eighteen years, Napoleon III. modified Napoleon I.'s decision respecting Prince Lucien's descendants by dividing his family under the headings "Imperial" and "Civil" family; those of the latter section were to be designated "Highness"—no more and no less. Prince Lucien's family, of which Prince Roland is, as I have said, a member, always protested against such a distinction, arguing that French law does not sanction any "degradation" concerning titles. They would never recognize the distinction which was arbitrarily imposed upon them. During the Second Empire they had to submit to Napoleon III.'s decision, but at the overthrow of the Empire, in 1870, they contended, and contend to-day, that the original decision of Napoleon I. came again into force. They base their contention upon the fourth clause of a law passed by the French Parliament in 1886 (June 22), which enacts that "the members of the families which have reigned in France cannot enter the army or the navy, nor hold any public post, nor accept any electoral mandate." This law was enforced against a grandson of Prince Lucien, Prince Roland, who was compelled to give up the lieutenant's commission which he had held after passing through Saint-Cyr; and this, Prince Roland asserts, is a proof of the justice of his family's contention.

In the autumn of 1907, in honour of the engagement of his daughter to Prince George of Greece, Prince Roland Bonaparte gave

an evening party at his residence in the Avenue d'Iéna. The hotel is one of the largest and most sumptuous of all the "great" houses in the capital. Those who had not previously made its acquaintance were surprised at the magnificence of the place, at its thousand and one *objets d'art*, at its *bibelots*, and its pervading note of *luxure*. "A palace—fit for an Emperor!" everybody was saying. When the fête was at its height, about midnight, the scene rivalled, and recalled to many, the Tuileries in the latter years of the Empire.

The invitation card announced that Prince Roland Bonaparte would be *chez lui* at 9.30 p.m. But the guests began to arrive before that time, and continued to drive up to the house until one the next morning. Such a procession of carriages and "autos" had not been witnessed since that memorable night, in 1886, when the Royalists invaded the *hôtel* of the Duchesse de Galliera to present their homage to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and to congratulate Princesse Amélie on her engagement to the future ill-fated King of Portugal. So dense was the block caused by the carriages in the Avenue and the Place d'Iéna that the wonder was that many of the guests ever crossed the threshold of their host's house at all. Not a few had to wait in their carriages a couple of hours or so; but they did not seem to mind it overmuch. Others left their "autos," of which there was a marvellous collection, and walked to the scene of the festivities.

At the entry to the *salle des fêtes* stood, on the right, Prince Roland; immediately opposite were Prince George and Princesse Marie. The Princesse was never in greater beauty. She was in an exquisite toilette of white tulle embroidered in white silk; at the base of the skirt was a large band of "Liberty" green. Her necklace was composed of three rows of pearls, of fabulous value, and in her abundant brown hair was a white *aigrette de Paradis*. Severe as was the ordeal imposed upon her, she bore herself with dignity throughout the long hours. It was said by many: "She looks like a beautiful animated statue." Her expressive, winning face was wreathed in smiles. Nor was Prince George less radiant. He was in evening dress, with white waistcoat, and the *grand-cordon* of the Legion of Honour agreeably relieved his black coat. The Prince had become one of the most popular figures in Paris society; and with the large Greek colony he is a great favourite. His geniality and bright talk assured him a hearty welcome wherever he appeared.

Senators and Deputies mustered strongly—even those who are not too ardent admirers of the Napoleonic legend. General Mercier and his wife were much noticed; they have many friends in London. Admiral and Mme. Fournier were the objects of much attention. Comte Robert de Montesquiou was generally surrounded by an animated group of talkers; so were the Duc and Duchesse de Morny, and seeing them one thought of the "Morny" who, as the half-brother of Napoleon III. (Queen Hortense was the mother of both), was inseparably associated with the imperial *régime*.

The principal guest of Prince Roland was that aunt of Alfonso XIII.

who has so many friends in England, H.R.H. the Infante Eulalie, who was accompanied to the reception by Mme. Lambert de Sainte-Croix. Next in importance, perhaps, was the Princesse Radolin, wife of the German Ambassador; and there are no more inveterate party-givers and party-goers in Paris than "the Radolins." The sport-loving M. Edmond Blanc, one of whose sisters Prince Roland married, looked well pleased at the triumphs of his niece, near whom were to be seen her aunts, the Marquise de Villeneuve (Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, Prince Roland's only sister) and Princesse Constantin Radzivill.

Of the men, scarcely one was undecorated. The Ambassadors and Ministers wore their stars, crosses, plaques, medals, and ribbons, and the Senators and Deputies, the members of the Académie and the Institut, all had adornments of one kind or other.

By her marriage with H.R.H. Prince George of Greece, Princesse Marie Bonaparte, Prince Roland's only child, became—

- Daughter-in-law of the King and Queen of the Hellenes,
- Sister-in-law of the children of the Royal House of Greece,
- Niece by marriage of the King and Queen of Denmark,
- Niece by marriage of King Edward,
- Niece by marriage of Queen Alexandra,
- Niece by marriage of the Dowager Empress of Russia,
- Niece by marriage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland (sister of Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia), and
- Cousin by marriage of the Tsar.

She is a connection by birth of the Empress Eugénie (whose consort was a cousin of the late Prince Pierre Bonaparte, Princesse Marie's paternal grandfather); a connection of Prince Victor Bonaparte (the "Pretender") and his brother, General Prince Louis Bonaparte; and a distant connection of the Spanish Duke of Alba (grandnephew of the Empress Eugénie, whose only sister married a Duke of Alba).

Princess Marie is a great-grandniece of Napoleon I. Her father is the only son of the late Prince and Princesse Pierre Bonaparte. Her mother was a daughter (Marie) of the late M. François Blanc, whose exploitation of the gaming-tables at Homburg, and later at Monte Carlo, enabled him to leave, according to some authorities, a fortune of £8,000,000. M. Blanc died in 1877, and is believed to have left for division amongst his five children £3,200,000 in cash, besides landed property. It is told of him that on his death-bed he plaintively remarked: "I have worked very hard, yet I have not made enough money for my children!" His widow died in 1881. Their eldest daughter married Prince Constantin Radzivill, of the well-known Polish family. One of their three sons, M. Edmond Blanc, is the popular sportsman, who from time to time increases his stud by the purchase of English horses. Mlle. Marie Blanc, on her marriage with Prince Roland Bonaparte, received a "dot" of £40,000, the sum given to her sister when she married Prince Constantin Radzivill; and it is said that when Princesse Marie, the

consort of Prince George of Greece, came of age, she inherited a sum of £800,000, which may or may not have increased during the last few years.

Princesse George of Greece, who at the date of her marriage in December, 1907, was twenty-five, is a brunette, tall and *svelte*. She is credited with possessing many accomplishments. Erudite professors instructed her in "all the sciences." She studied astronomy, for which she is asserted to have a *penchant*, under the venerable Janssen, her father's colleague at the Institut. Her father taught her Latin. She speaks with great facility English, German, and Italian, and is well versed in the literature of all three countries. Her favourite study is music, in which she is proficient. Those who are best acquainted with the Princesse commend her for her charities and her care for the humble. Wealthy, and the possessor of a great historical name, she had many suitors. Prince George was, however, the only aspirant who found favour in her eyes. There are two children: Pierre Pétros (Pierre) was born in Paris on December 3, 1908; Princesse Eugénie (named after the Empress) was born, also in the French capital, February 10, 1910. I am authorized to state that both children belong to the Orthodox Greek Church.

This marriage does not, strange to say, constitute the first link between the Royal House of Greece and the Imperial House of France—a fact which is, perhaps, little known. Princesse Marie Bonaparte had a grand-uncle in Prince Paul (a son of Prince Lucien), who, in 1826, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Philhellenic Legion. He fell fighting, and was the only Prince who sacrificed his life to obtain independence for Greece. Prince Paul had distinguished himself in several engagements, and met his fate in an attack on one of Admiral Cochrane's ships.

Prince Roland Bonaparte is not what is called an "exclusively Parisian" figure. He belongs to the world of letters and science. After the sudden death of his wife he devoted his whole time to his daughter and to scientific pursuits. As the law would not permit of his becoming a French general, he made up his mind to distinguish himself as a French *savant*. Even before leaving the army Prince Roland had cultivated science, or, rather, many branches of science, including geology, zoology, botany, and anthropology, studying the latter in the school founded by Dr. Paul Broca. His first important essays in anthropology date from 1883. In that year there was a Colonial Exhibition at Amsterdam, rich in anthropological collections. There the Prince studied types of humanity from the Malay Archipelago and South America, the result taking the shape of a volume on "The Inhabitants of Surinam," which was laid before the French Geographical Society by the renowned De Quatrefages.

The Paris Exhibitions of 1889 and 1900 furnished Prince Roland with opportunities for making fresh researches. Then he travelled through Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, previous to making the acquaintance of the Laplanders. From that expedition he returned

to Paris with notebooks well stored with anthropometrical observations and numerous photographs of the Laps, both full-face and in profile, in accordance with the teachings of Broca. These were woven into another volume. The anthropology, geology, and botany of Corsica were fully treated in the Prince's book, "*Une Excursion en Corse*," which appeared twenty years ago. At that time, too, he went on an exploring expedition to North America, Canada, and Mexico, occupying himself chiefly with a study of the Indian races. Geographical studies have had a particular fascination for the Prince, and in this direction he has made for himself an enviable reputation, while his purse has been always open when it was a question of furthering the ends of science. In February, 1907, Prince Roland was elected a member of the Académie des Sciences by thirty-six votes as against eighteen recorded for his principal competitor for the honour, M. Tannery. The vacancy was caused by the much-regretted death of M. Bischoffsheim. Prince Roland is the fourth Bonaparte who has been a member of this distinguished body: the first to be elected was General Bonaparte, the second Prince Lucien (grandfather of Prince Roland), and the third Prince Jérôme, the redoubtable cousin of Napoleon III. But for his temporary indisposition Prince Roland would have presided over the Aeronautical Conference held in London in January, 1909.

In the following June Prince Roland, representing the French Geographical Society, was a guest of the Royal Societies Club at a complimentary luncheon in honour of Lieutenant (now Sir Ernest) Shackleton; was entertained by their Majesties at Windsor Castle; and, as a foremost scientist, was the recipient of an honorary degree at Cambridge in connection with the Darwin Centenary. Honorary membership of the Royal Societies Club was also conferred upon the Prince, whose name adds lustre to the club's roll of some 3,000 distinguished *savants*. Prince Roland's congratulations to Sir E. Shackleton upon his hitherto unparalleled achievements in South Polar regions were unreservedly enthusiastic. His Highness warmly thanked the committee and the founder of the club (Mr. Lewis-Poole) for enabling him to take part in this memorable function, which was presided over by the Earl of Halsbury. Prince Roland was accompanied to England by his secretary, M. Jaunez des Mares, who was also among the guests of the King and Queen at Windsor.

Until the marriage of Prince Roland's daughter in 1907, there had been only two Bonapartist weddings since 1871. In the September of that year there was a marriage at Newport, U.S.A., between Colonel Jérôme Bonaparte (described as "of Paris, France") and Mrs. Catherine Leroy Edgar. The bridegroom was a grand-nephew of Napoleon I. and a grandson of Jérôme Bonaparte; he found favour with Napoleon III., who invited him to Paris and treated him with marked distinction. His absence from the Prince Imperial's funeral has been already explained.

The second Bonaparte marriage took place in September, 1888,

when Princesse Lætitia, daughter of the late Prince (Jérôme) Napoleon and of Princesse Clotilde (a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II.), was wedded to her widower uncle, the late Duc d'Aoste, the one-time King Amadeus of Spain. The marriage, which was solemnized at Turin, aroused intense interest throughout Italy, partly because of the high position of the contracting parties, and partly on account of their near relationship. The daughters of the Duc d'Aoste were, it was said at the time, not overpleased at the prospect of having a stepmother; but the three sons proved that they were capable of acting very generously under the circumstances. The Castle of Cisterna had come to the Duc through his first wife, and it was his intention not to have resided there with Princesse Lætitia, but the sons begged him to continue to make it his home, and he consented to do so. The late Duc d'Aoste was nearly double the age of Princesse Lætitia Bonaparte. At the marriage of the uncle and niece at Turin, the sons of the Duc d'Aoste rode to and from the church alongside the carriage of the bridal pair. There was a great coolness between the members of the Royal House of Savoy and the Bonapartes. All the wedding guests stayed at the Castle of Cisterna excepting the bride's father (Prince Napoleon) and her brother (the Russianized General Prince Louis). Prince Victor Bonaparte was not present at his sister's wedding, in consequence of his father's objection to his attendance! When Prince Napoleon and his youngest son arrived at Turin, nobody awaited them at the railway-station, not even Princesse Lætitia and her mother, Princesse Clotilde. The authorities had received instructions to receive the two Bonaparte Princes, but at the last moment the orders were countermanded, and Prince Napoleon and his son proceeded alone to the Hôtel de l'Europe. It was expected that the Empress Eugénie would have attended the wedding, but this hope was not fulfilled.

Princesse Lætitia has amongst her treasures one which she probably sets great store by now that François Coppée has passed away—this poem, written by the author of "Le Passant" on a fan, the wedding present of Comte Primoli, a devoted friend of the Empress Eugénie :

" Au sein du Paris populeux
Le Palais Royal voudrait croire
Que vous avez gardé mémoire
De ses pauvres gazons frileux.

" Que de tumultes orageux
Ont battu sa muraille noire !
C'est la poussière de l'histoire
Que l'enfance y foule en ses jeux.

" Mais devant cette image, Altesse,
Point de souvenirs de tristesse,
Et puisque votre cœur est pris

" D'une sympathie obstinée
Pour la France et le vieux Paris,
Songez quelquefois : ' J'y suis née.' "

Prince Victor Bonaparte, who has figured in the rôle of "Pretender" since 1879, is the elder of the two sons of the late Prince Jérôme, better known as "Prince Napoleon." Prince Jérôme's father, who bore the same Christian name, married an American lady, a member of the well-known Patterson family, of New Jersey. Prince Napoleon, the father of the Pretender of to-day and of General Prince Louis Bonaparte, took umbrage at the Prince Imperial's selection of Victor as his successor; for Prince Napoleon *père* was firmly convinced that he himself was the legitimate representative of the dynasty after the death of the son of Napoleon III. Prince Napoleon was present, accompanied by his sons, at the Prince Imperial's funeral, but he carried his resentment to the length of refusing to see the Empress after the obsequies; and when he, too, paid the debt of nature, it was found that he had cut his daughter and his eldest son out of his will.

Prince Jérôme Napoleon was much incensed with M. Rouher, whom he credited with the authorship of the Prince Imperial's will—at all events, with the portion of the document nominating Prince Victor as head of the Bonapartes; and he declined to recognize his eldest son as the Imperialist Pretender to the throne. The marriage of Napoleon III. was bitterly opposed by Prince Napoleon, whose appeals, threats, and prognostications of disaster to the dynasty failed, however, to change the mind of his illustrious relative, bent as he was on placing the lovely young Spaniard on the throne of France. One remembers that, at the funeral of the Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon presented his sons to Queen Victoria, and it is due to his memory to say that at that time he was saluted on all sides as chief of the imperialist party.

Prince Jérôme and his eldest son had long been *aux prises*, and they openly broke with each other in 1884. Letters which had passed between father and son were made public. According to these epistles, Victor, having promised not to take any political step in opposition to his father's wishes, nevertheless, on May 19, 1884, announced his intention of leaving his father's house and residing alone. It now appeared that the young Prince had a substantial independent income, the source of which was variously attributed to the bequest of a friend of the Pretender and to a "whip," made at the instigation of M. Jolibois, amongst the Prince's Parliamentary and other adherents.

Prince Victor, or, to give him his correct title, "Prince Napoleon," is an imposing figure. He is of more than average height and slightly inclined to corpulency. A high forehead, piercing eyes, and a heavy moustache are his facial characteristics. He lives a very quiet life in the Avenue Louise at Brussels.

In May and June, 1908, there was some little speculation concerning his reasons for undertaking a series of visits to various Courts. The Emperor Francis Joseph received him at the Hofburg, the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, entertained him for several days at Constantinople, and he was successively the guest of the King and

Queen of Roumania, the King of Servia, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Prince Napoleon concluded his *tournee* by a visit to his mother, Princesse Clotilde, at Moncalieri.

General Prince Louis, the Pretender's only brother, is an occasional guest of the Empress Eugénie. He is a Knight of the Italian Order of the Annunciada and of the Russian Order of St. Andrew. Prince Louis, of stalwart figure and distinguished mien, the soldier all over, has English friends; amongst these are Sir Edmund and Lady Loder, whom he visited in August, 1907, at Leonardslea, Horsham. He had a small property, La Borgerie, on the Lake of Geneva, which he is said to have disposed of in 1909. Prince Louis is not, as the English papers sometimes have it, the Empress Eugénie's "nephew," but simply the son of a cousin—"the" cousin—of Napoleon III. Unlike his brother, General Prince Louis is not an exile. He has many friends in Paris, and might have been seen, in the spring of 1907, lunching at a noted restaurant on the "Italiens" with the Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovitch, M. and Mme. Frédéric Masson, M. Paul Bourget, and General Brummer. Prince Louis has never been "Governor of the Caucasus," except by a freak of journalistic imagination; but he did good service, in 1906, in repressing the revolutionary movement in that region. He is highly popular in Russian military and official circles, and a prominent figure in St. Petersburg society. He calls cousins with the King of Italy, partly through his mother, and partly through the marriage of his sister with her uncle, the late Duc d'Aoste.

Prince Louis is not unendowed with this world's goods, for he inherited the fortune of his aunt, Princesse Mathilde—said to have been nearly £100,000—when she died in January, 1904. The pearl necklace which was given by Napoleon I. to the Princess of Wurtemberg was also left to the Tsar's French general by Princesse Mathilde, who bequeathed various heirlooms, jewellery and pictures, to Princesse Clotilde, Prince Victor, and the Dowager-Duchesse d'Aoste. Her private papers were left to Comte Joseph Primoli.

Princesse Mathilde was buried in the Church of St. Gratien, and just outside that little town she resided for many years in her château. By the fortune of war I was quartered, with the Saxon troops, at St. Gratien in 1870, and found the "occupied" residence of Prince Louis' celebrated aunt and the beautiful grounds very pleasant in those golden autumn days of the "Terrible Year." As it is often reported that Prince Louis may be invited by his brother to assume the rôle of Pretender at any time, the fact may be recorded that in March, 1906, the Bonapartist journal, the *Appel au Peuple*, was authorized by Prince Victor to say that he had no intention of "renouncing all political ambition." His series of visits to foreign Courts in 1908 would alone seem to be a proof that he will not abrogate his position of claimant to the rulership of France.

If, however, any doubts upon this point still existed, they were

dispelled in the following year. On March 10, 1909, the day after the Chamber of Deputies had voted the Income Tax Bill, Prince Napoleon caused to be published in the principal Paris papers a letter, of portentous length, which he had addressed to M. Poriquet, the venerable *doyen* of the Senate. This elaborate document was in effect, as it was obviously intended to be, a "manifesto," and bore the date of March 9 (the day preceding its publication). In it the Pretender attacked "l'impôt sur le revenu" root and branch. "It will enable the rich to escape from the exigences of the *fisc*; the burden of the tax will fall upon the middle class." The Prince analyzed the measure very closely and very ably; and he displayed his astuteness by getting the document published at the psychological moment. The Prince made his "appeal" in these final passages of his very able letter:

"The name which I bear imposes upon me the duty of interesting myself in the affairs of France. In addressing these lines to the venerable *doyen* of the Senate, I experience a patriotic satisfaction. I am not the man of a party, and I fully recognize the merits of my political opponents. I know that a large number of convinced Republicans think what I have expressed aloud. Exiled as the eldest member of my family, whose history, ever since the French Revolution, is closely linked with that of the country, I hope that a day will come when even those who have banished me from my native land will recognize the iniquity of these exceptional laws. They have struck, in me, a Frenchman who to-day, as twenty years ago, aspires only to the honour of serving France. I consider I am serving her in drawing attention to the peril which threatens her."

The visit of the King of Portugal to King Edward and the Queen in November, 1909, afforded Prince Napoleon an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Portuguese monarch. On November 24, King Manoel received the Bonapartist Pretender at Buckingham Palace; and an hour or two later the young King lunched with his uncle, the Duc d'Orléans (the Royalist Pretender to the French throne), at the Portuguese Legation, their host being the Marquis de Soveral, the Minister of Portugal, one of King Edward's intimate friends.

A member of the family who is seldom heard of, but who came to Chislehurst with her husband, Prince Napoleon, for the Emperor's funeral, is Princesse Clotilde, daughter of the "Rey Galantuomo," and mother of the Princes Victor and Louis Bonaparte and Princesse Lætitia, Dowager-Duchesse d'Aoste. Since her husband's death, Princesse Clotilde has lived in the strictest retirement in her Italian home, Moncalieri. Her daughter has been seen very seldom at Farnborough Hill.

I read in a London paper on February 3, 1908, in a biography of Dom Carlos, the ill-fated King of Portugal, this surprising paragraph: "Prince Victor Napoleon, in his recent volume of *Memoirs*, expressed the opinion that, among royal *littérateurs*, Queen Amélie of Portugal was entitled to the first place. She is, according to Prince

Victor, an accomplished short-story writer, and the author of several novels dealing with the social life of Portugal." So the Memoirs of the Pretender, the head of the House of Bonaparte, had been published, and we in London were in sublime ignorance of the existence of such a volume! It was more than strange, for in a certain sense the Memoirs of this Bonapartist Prince, who is so often to be seen at the Carlton or the Savoy when the Empress is in residence at Farnborough Hill, would be scarcely less interesting than the Hohenlohe volumes. I applied to His Imperial Highness for information, and was honoured by the following reply from Brussels:

"MAISON DE S.A.I. LE PRINCE NAPOLEON,
February 21, 1908.

MONSIEUR,

Son Altesse Impériale n'a jamais publié de Mémoires, ni aucun autre ouvrage.

Je ne sais d'où peut provenir cette nouvelle, qui, l'an passé, m'a déjà fait recevoir de nombreuses demandes de renseignements.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

H. BENEYTON."

[His Imperial Highness has never published his Memoirs, nor any other work. I do not know the source of the statement, which, in 1907, led to my receiving numerous requests for information.—H. BENEYTON.]

When, in the autumn of 1909, the "Waterloo Relics" were offered for sale (and not disposed of) at Brussels, the foreign and some English papers announced that Prince Victor had resolved to acquire the whole of the collection. M. Beneyton was again at the trouble of writing to me to the effect that the report was baseless, the Prince never having had any intention of purchasing any part of the collection.

The death of the King of the Belgians in December, 1909, afforded the Continental papers an opportunity of again directing their searchlight upon the Head of the Bonapartes. "Four years ago," said the *Paris Temps*, "a rumour relating to the Royal Family was circulated at Brussels. It was a question of the marriage of Princesse Clémentine (for whom King Leopold had always the greatest affection) and Prince Victor Napoleon, who resides at Brussels. The King, it was stated, strongly opposed the match, not only because an alliance between the great-granddaughter of Louis Philippe and the heir of the Bonapartes did not appear to him suitable, but also because, from the political point of view, he considered impossible an alliance of a Belgian Royal Princess with a Prince Pretender to the throne of France, who, residing in Belgium, might none the less be requested to leave Belgian territory in the event of a Bonapartist agitation in Paris."

A version of the above appeared in the English Press about the

time referred to by the *Temps*, supplemented by details which some may have considered piquant, but which were wholly inaccurate, and calculated to give the utmost annoyance to the august personages concerned.

Before taking leave of the Bonapartist Princes, I must devote a few supplementary lines to Prince Jérôme, whose widow, Princesse Clotilde, resides in Italy. Of Prince Jérôme I have a clear recollection for two, amongst other, reasons: First, because of his striking resemblance to his uncle, Napoleon I.; and, next, because he was the only man who looked on apparently, though perhaps not really, unmoved when the last rites of the Church were being performed at Chislehurst, in 1879, over the body of the Prince Imperial. "Prince Napoleon," as it will be convenient here to speak of him, has been very severely criticized by some historians of the Second Empire, whose example I will not follow. If he deserved half of what has been said about him, he has had his full measure of punishment—at all events in this world.

The Prince had, however, his admirers; and those who knew something of the line he pursued in the early days of the war were not slow to commend him. But these appear to have been few in number, and the expression of their good opinion has seldom reached this country. The Prince hastened to Paris from Norway, in response to a telegram announcing the declaration of war by France, in July, 1870. He soon made his presence felt at the Tuileries, for he roundly abused his imperial cousin for going to war with a powerful neighbour at a moment when Napoleon III. must have known that the French Army was quite unprepared to take the field, and the navy, as soon became obvious, unfit to go to sea. But nobody heeded Jérôme. Thanks, in a great measure, to his very liberal ideas, the Prince was both liked and appreciated by the Emperor, over whom he had acquired considerable influence—so much so, indeed, that he was regarded by the Court, and more especially by "the Empress's party," with the utmost jealousy and disdain. That, after the Emperor's death, Prince Napoleon was misrepresented to the Prince Imperial by interested persons there seems to be little doubt. Where Prince Napoleon has been held to be wrong was in the hostile attitude which he assumed to his son Victor when the young man resolved to quit his home and set up an establishment of his own. Here, again, some allowance must be made for Prince Napoleon, who (the Emperor and the Prince Imperial being both dead) had, as is noted elsewhere, reason to believe that he was the head of the House of Bonaparte, despite the Prince Imperial's nomination of Prince Victor as his successor.

In 1908 it was announced that the well-known M. Robert Mitchell had written, and would publish, his *Memoirs*. M. Mitchell has been all his life a devoted Bonapartist, and in his new work, which cannot fail to be of great value to the student of the Second Empire period, he has something to say of Prince Napoleon. M. Mitchell did not make the Prince's acquaintance until shortly

before the war, when he was invited to call upon His Imperial Highness at his residence in the Palais Royal—a sumptuous abode, to which, as the author of a very entertaining English work on the Second Empire has told us, the celebrated Cora Pearl (Emma Crouch) was not altogether a stranger. “It seemed to me,” says M. Mitchell, “that the Great Emperor was standing before me. The resemblance was most striking, the Prince, however, being even more imperial-looking than his uncle, Napoleon I. Born in the purple, he found himself in his right place on the steps of the throne, and perhaps thought that fortune might raise him still higher. Those of his friends who were really attached to him were few in number; for it was necessary to know him intimately in order to put up with his whims and his violent temperament. As democratic as the Roman Cæsars, he could be familiar on occasion; but oftener he displayed great haughtiness. At Court the Emperor was the only person who liked and appreciated the Prince; everybody else feared and detested him. This did not trouble Prince Napoleon in the least, nor did he attempt to lessen the hatred of which he knew himself to be the object. He was indifferent to calumny, and when he felt that he was unjustly attacked he merely shrugged his broad shoulders, without attempting to justify himself.”

The Prince took part in the Crimean War, and his detractors accused him of cowardice. He had been nicknamed “Plon-Plon,” because of his ponderousness and lack of gracefulness, but after his return, invalided, from the Crimea, that sobriquet was changed to the even more ridiculous and unjust one of “Craint-Plomb.” About this time the Court was much amused by a rather brutal *mot* attributed, rightly or wrongly, to De Morny: “Should Prince Napoleon’s stomach ever be opened and a bullet be found in it, you may be sure that it will prove to be one which he has swallowed!” This was sheer ill-nature, for, according to M. Mitchell, the Prince during the campaign in the Crimea behaved as a Prince and a soldier, showing on the battle-field a *sang-froid* which drew from our own historian, Kinglake, the warmest recognition. “I repeat,” says M. Mitchell, “that Prince Napoleon was a very brave man; it was a matter of indifference to him whether the world knew it or not. At the battle of the Alma he did not try to inflame his troops by heroic words and gestures and theatrical attitudes; he contented himself with simply doing his duty, never thinking of that military glory which so many others eagerly sought.”

Once a week Prince Jérôme Napoleon gave a dinner at the Palais Royal; Flaubert, Renan, Sainte-Beuve, and Émile de Girardin (whom the Empress Eugénie, I recall, once described as “the gravedigger of dynasties”) being amongst his most frequent guests. Princesse Clotilde disliked the author of “Salammbô” and his “exorbitant paradoxes.” Flaubert bitterly criticized the projects of reform initiated by Napoleon III. “The Emperor,” he said, “is going to bring the *bourgeois* back to power; and the *bourgeois* is the *cholera morbus*!” Prince Jérôme Napoleon assured Flaubert that

there was no fear of that. The latter, however, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "I tell you that we are about to revert to 1830, and I will bet you that within six months Thiers will be Minister, and will send you to England to bring back the remains of Louis Philippe." "But what *régime* would you like to live under?" asked Girardin. "An intellectual Empire," was the reply. "An intellectual Empire!" exclaimed the author of "*La Vie de Jésus*"; "have we not got it here? To satisfy Flaubert," continued Renan, "it would be sufficient to proclaim Prince Napoleon Emperor, and divide the Ministerial posts amongst ourselves!"

Prince Jérôme Napoleon frequently visited this country, and professed a great liking for, and admiration of, England and the English. Although, when he was amongst us, he spent much of his time in London, many seaside resorts strongly appealed to him, notably Scarborough, whether in or out of season.

At Villa Prangins, on the Lake of Geneva, Prince Jérôme Napoleon was often visited by Cardinal Mermillod, Bishop of Geneva and Lausanne. One day, in a well-known Royalist *salon* in Paris, a lady who was devoted to "le Roy" (typified at present by the Orleanist Prince at Woodnorton, by Evesham, the battleground of Cavaliers and Roundheads) reproached the prelate for visiting so notorious a freethinker as the cousin of Napoleon III.; nor did she forget to make scathing reference to Prince Jérôme's celebrated "Good Friday sausage." "Oh, madam," replied Cardinal Mermillod, with a broad smile, "God has pardoned the Prince for that mistake; and, besides, I can assure you that His Imperial Highness detested garlic" (of which the delectable sausage was partly composed). "I know also for a fact that the Prince suffered so much from indigestion after that much-talked-of dinner that, if he feasted on that particular Good Friday, he fasted both on Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday! As regards his dinner on the Vendredi Saint, I fancy he had made a mistake in the day—nothing more!"

À propos of Prince Jérôme, the following is comparatively *inédit*. Napoleon III. was hearing the little Prince Imperial read, when the child asked, "Papa, what is the difference between an 'accident' and a 'misfortune'?" The Emperor reflected for a moment; then, with as much gravity as he could command, replied: "Well, Louis, if our cousin Napoleon were to fall into the Seine, it would be an 'accident.' If someone pulled him out, it would be a 'misfortune'!"

William Bonaparte-Wyse, who was born at Waterford, Ireland, in 1826, and died at Cannes in 1892, was the son of Sir Thomas Wyse—who had been British Minister at Athens—and Princesse Lætitia Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Lucien, brother of Napoleon I., and as such he was in the receipt of an allowance from the Civil List of Napoleon III., as well as being a grantee from the Privy Purse. William Bonaparte-Wyse, after being educated in England, migrated to Provence in 1860, settling at Avignon. He became a friend of the celebrated Mistral and other poets of the region,

studied the works of the Troubadors and Félibres, and published a volume of Provençal poems called "*Li Parpaïoun Blu*" ("*Les Papillons Bleus*"). In 1882 a volume of his collected poems, entitled "*Li Piado de li Princesso*" ("*L'Empreinte des Pas de la Princesse*"), was published at Plymouth, where also had appeared in 1879 four sonnets in memory of the Prince Imperial, "*By a Grand-Nephew of Napoleon the Great*" (W. C. Bonaparte-Wyse).

Two ladies who were born Wyse figured on the Civil List of the late Emperor, and must have been more or less known to the Empress Eugénie. One of these was that Mme. Rattazzi—a voluminous writer—whose bitter pen got her into some trouble, and who further distinguished herself by marrying three husbands of various countries; the other, a Mme. Türr.

Also on the Civil List was Mr. Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte-Wyse, another son of Sir Thomas. Both William and Lucien were great-nephews of Napoleon I. through their mother. Lucien died at Cap Brun, near Toulon, on June 15, 1909. He attained considerable celebrity, for in the early seventies, in conjunction with Lieutenant Reclus, of the French Navy, he initiated the famous Panama Canal scheme,* which was first discussed in Paris in 1875 by an international congress of geographers. The late Ferdinand de Lesseps (cousin once removed of the Empress Eugénie), who took a leading part in the discussions of the geographers, raised enough money to commence operations, and later induced Lucien Bonaparte-Wyse to transfer to him the original concession which the former had been granted by the Government of Colombo. De Lesseps formed a company with a huge capital, but Bonaparte-Wyse soon withdrew from the affair, which ruined most of those who invested in the shares, and tarnished the reputation of many eminent men. De Lesseps was prosecuted and humbled to the dust. No blame whatsoever attached to Lucien Bonaparte-Wyse, who passed his later years in retirement at Cap Brun. He left one son.

None of the descendants of the Bonapartes sits on any throne, and only two are closely connected with a reigning family—the late Prince Jérôme Napoleon's daughter Lætitia, the widowed Duchesse d'Aoste; and Prince Roland Bonaparte's daughter Marie, Princesse George of Greece. The descendants of the ill-used Empress Josephine, through her son (by her first marriage) Eugène (made by his stepfather, Napoleon I., Viceroy of Italy), occupy high rank in many realms. Eugène's eldest son married a Queen of Portugal, but left no issue; one of Eugène's daughters married Pedro, Emperor of Brazil; and another daughter was the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Heckingen. Both ladies died childless. Eugène's third daughter chose a husband from a younger branch of the Royal Family of Wurtemberg, and her daughters were well married in Austria and Italy. But the greatest matrimonial match was reserved for Eugène's eldest daughter, who became the mother of the late King Charles XV. of Sweden, and also of the late King

* The canal is still (1910) in course of construction.

Oscar II., and the grandmother of the present (1910) Queen of Denmark.

In the Russo-Japanese War, the only Prince of any reigning house, past or present, who shed his blood was young Napoleon Murat, grandson of that Princesse Lucien Murat who was Miss Caroline Fraser, of Philadelphia. Both sons of King Joachim Murat of Naples and his consort married Americans, Lucien's elder brother, Achille, wedding George Washington's grandniece, Miss Caroline Dudley, who died in 1867. Like her sister-in-law (Miss Fraser), Miss Dudley was a Protestant.

The above-mentioned Napoleon Murat tendered his sword to the Tsar on the outbreak of the war with Japan, and was made a Captain in a regiment of Daghestan cavalry. In 1869 his father (second son of the late Prince Achille Murat) fought a duel with his then commanding officer, the late General the Marquis de Galliffet, who, as a result of the encounter, was arrested and temporarily disgraced. Napoleon Murat's mother is a wealthy Russian; his father committed suicide on his wife's estate in Mingrelia many years ago.

Young Napoleon Murat, who is a large landowner in France and Russia, and great-grandson of Napoleon's Marshal and of Caroline Bonaparte, has the fighting and duelling instinct strongly developed, and is equally good with the sword and the pistol. He gave proof of this in May, 1908, when he was the hero (if there be any heroism in these barbaric conflicts) of duels with two brothers, Ivan and Paul Plehn, nobles of the Pakoff Government, officers of the Tsar, and distantly related by marriage to their antagonist. Even the Petersburgers, so inured to such scenes, were thrilled by these sensational combats, while the mere fact that a Murat was the principal figure in the double event of May 26 was enough to kindle excitement in Paris, and to a modified extent in London. The brothers challenged Prince Napoleon Murat after a family dispute concerning some business transactions. The scene was the polo-ground; the conditions three pistol-shots at twenty paces. In the first encounter Lieutenant Ivan Plehn was shot, not very badly, in the thigh; Murat came off scatheless, and the couple shook hands. After a lapse of five minutes "time" was called, and Lieutenant Paul Plehn, having finished his cigarette, faced the music. Napoleon Murat was evidently in form: his first shot struck Paul's epaulette, his second "got home," the bullet lodging in the liver. Paul was for a second bout, but this the doctors forbade, laid him on a stretcher, which had been thoughtfully provided, and took him to the hospital. He soon recovered.

E. L.

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